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H. Hollister

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE

HISTORY

OF THE

LACKAWANNA VALLEY.

BY

H. HOLLISTER. M.D.

NEW YORK :

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P R E F A C E .



IN presenting to the public these "Contributions," it seems proper to state that the collection of the embodied facts was more the result of the love possessed by the writer for such incidents and history, than the hope of either a pecuniary reward or a literary reputation.

Becoming familiar with a few features in the history of the Lackawanna Valley, the writer was induced by the solicitation of his friends to put them into a shape whereby their publication might possibly awaken an interest, or perhaps elicit new and more connected material from a region where nothing yet had been done in the way of gathering its local history.

From the absence of a proper and continued record—from indistinct and often conflicting memories—and from the death of all who were familiar with its earliest settlement, it is very probable that events narrated are sometimes given in an imperfect, and even in an inaccurate manner. It would not be surprising if such was the fact ; but the reader must bear in mind that not only the personal, but the general history

recorded here was written while the author was engaged in a large practice, and harassed by all the continual anxieties occurring in one of the most exhausting and thankless professions in the country.

While the author asks no indulgence from this circumstance, yet he apprehends that a practice of twelve years, with its too often accompanying annoyances—compelled to view human nature in every possible light, and encounter it in its most humiliating aspect—eminently fits him to bear the murmurs of those who suppose that a volume can be as easily *written* as *read*.

None of the Sketches are arranged in chronological order; many are necessarily brief, meagre and unsatisfactory, owing to the great dearth of material; while some, it is possible, do better justice to the subject.

It would have given pleasure to the writer, to have presented a genealogical view of the original families in the valley; but as this contemplated feature would necessarily have enlarged the volume beyond its intended limits, without adding much to its *general* interest, it was abandoned.

The obligations of the writer are due to all his friends, who have, by their liberal subscriptions to the volume, manifested such an interest in its welfare.

H. HOLLISTER.

Providence, Pa.

THE
LACKAWANNA VALLEY.

THE LACKAWANNA VALLEY—a valley so identified with that of its sister, Wyoming, in its early settlement and privations; included in the same purchase, and subject to the same organic laws of the colony, as a considerable portion of this originally was; and in a geographical or commercial position being more important and accessible than that classic soil—it seems to many has been passed over with apparent neglect by those to whom the Wyoming Valley is indebted for its written history.

To contribute a few facts, reminiscences, and incidents in its local history, gathered from sources entitled to the greatest credence, is the purpose of the crude notes now presented; and, if their perusal should prove either satisfactory, instructive, or entertaining to anybody, ample will be the reward of the writer.

That many of the conclusions and facts, arrived at honestly, and as honestly presented, should differ with

those pre-conceived by others, will not be denied ; but their publication is intended to elicit a *local* interest in a region where the materials for its history are scanty and obscure, and where nothing has been done in the way of gathering them.

INDIAN NAMES.

The Indians, ever having an extraordinary appreciation of the beauties of Nature, have given to their rivers and lakes, their mountains and valleys, names really poetic and expressive. "Lackawanna" is a corruption of the Indian "*Lechaw-hanna* ;" Lechaw—the prefix—signifies *the forks*, or point of intersection ; Hanna, as in Susque-hanna, Toby-hanna, Rappa-hannock, Tunk-hanna, and Tunk-hannock, implies, in Indian language, a stream of water. Hence the name of our valley Lechaw-hanna or Lackawanna, the meeting of two streams—a name highly suggestive and sweet-sounding.

LACKAWANNA RIVER AND VALLEY.

This stream rises principally in Susquehanna county, but one considerable branch comes from the same marshy region in Preston, Wayne county, which gives birth to the Starucea, Lackawaxen and Equinnunk, and after pursuing a rapid and often a serpentine course, runs for a distance of about eighty miles before it intersects the Susquehanna River at Pittston.

Along its banks, the scenery is at times singularly fine and beautiful, and presents to the eye every variety

of smooth water, pool and rapids. Here its banks are bold and pleasing with the picturesque, and there opens the alluvial meadow, where the wheat, ripe for the cradle, and the luxuriant cornfield, yellow with the pumpkin, attest how fertile is the soil.

In Pittston, Lackawanna, Providence and Blakely Townships more especially, lay many farms of great natural beauty, which, would many of the farmers possessing them exhibit more skill instead of liberal means, the Genesee farms would hardly equal.

The Lackawanna Valley, watered principally by the river of the same name, lies west of New York about 138 miles, where reposes the most northerly of the only like deposits of anthracite coal known in America. It is about thirty miles in length, and runs south and southwest, and, considered in its topographical character, is nothing less than the continuation, or rather the right northern arm of the classic and celebrated valley of Wyoming. Rimmed upon either side by a range of mountains called the Mooste—from the vast herd of the moose once sweeping along the pines—it lies like a huge trough, tapering off at its upper and lesser extremity to a mere sloping, plain ravine. A few miles above Carbondale, the valley itself, somewhat narrowed before, is more successfully interrupted by a succession of boulders, or hills, facetiously called “Hog’s Back,” from their stiff bristling appearance.

Now and then the mountain, diversified by rudely broken gaps or depressions scooped from the sides, crowds upon the river in rugged, broken masses, alternating with steep slopes and dense timber-land, giving to the waters of the stream many sudden and frequent windings.

The shores of the Lackawanna are rich in many interesting and salient views, and, with the bold chain of hills and mountain slopes, and the towns and villages painted along their sides, forms a long and variegated landscape.

Along the central and lower portion, coal of the highest quality lies in careless profusion, interstratified in many places with iron ores of the most desirable and productive character.

ANCIENT COURSE OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

The Kittatinny, or blue ridge of mountain, which skirts along Pennsylvania and Virginia, is probably one of the most even ranges in the world. At its base it rarely exceeds a mile, but its summit, clothed with rank shrubbery and tree-tops, looms up against the sky, as if to get the latest glimpse of dying sunset. At some period in the world's history, this ridge seems to have been the margin of a vast lake, or estuary, into which poured the waters of the Chemung, Chenango, Delaware and Susquehanna, and over mountain and valley around us, swept one common wave. Volcanic agency, in its strange submarine operations, probably broke the various gaps in the mountain, and as the liberated waters hurried from the lake into the sea, the geological features then effaced or effected must ever remain to man a mere matter of geological conjecture. And whether this great abyss boiled with a heat far beyond the temperature of white-hot iron from the volcanic furnaces below, over the seams of liquid coal, or at what period these eruptive changes took place, lies so far

beyond the earliest times of any written history, that all attempted explanation perplexes more than it enlightens.

Contemporaneous with these phenomena, or perhaps in more pre-Adamic times, it is highly probable that the topographical character of the Lackawanna Valley was suddenly altered. The peculiar geological conformation of the country along the Lackawanna; the character, form, and direction of the Alleghany range rising along southern New York; its mean altitude near the Great Bend of the Susquehanna River, being but little, if any, greater than at Tioga (or *Tu-hi-o-ga*) Point; the comparative freshness and shape of rocks along both the Susquehanna and the Lackawanna; with the general appearance of the country along each stream, afford no little evidence to this conclusion.

Instead of breaking off so abruptly from its apparent course at this point, and cautiously feeling its way along the mountain border until it reaches Tioga Point, then forcing itself through a passage choleric and cramped, until, with all its singular boldness and beauty, it opens upon the Wyoming Valley, it probably struck boldly down into a channel now partly closed by some superior upheaval or disturbance in the geological world, and entered the valley below us, where now the Lackawanna mingles silently with the dark waters of the Susquehanna.

Trace up the Susquehanna, step by step, to where its two lakes, six and nine miles long, give it origin, or down through its unnatural passage to Wyoming, and not a single spar of coal is visible; go up the Lackawanna to the indicated point, and more than midway from the mouth of the stream, coal deposits, both grand and profuse in their character, are seen: all forcing the

conclusion upon the mind, that whatever local causes or convulsions once effected the mineralogical features around us, the sound of the ocean itself, or that of a much larger stream than the Lackawanna, gave music to our valley once.

No less than five veins of coal have been washed away from the eastern side of the Lackawanna, in Providence, by the force of water, and their crushed and blackened deposit is found in the alluvial banks a great distance below. A portion of the village of Scranton stands upon such a singular deposit. That various portions of the earth's surface have been subject to vast changes in elevations, depressions, temperature, and topography, and still are being affected thus, there can be no reasonable doubt, all confirming the conclusions we have advanced.

By the old Danish chronicles, Greenland was discovered 975 years ago, and its mountains and its valleys being everywhere spread with the richest verdure, gave to it then its present name. That it differed essentially once from its present glacial aspect, is well shown by discoveries made as late as 1850, of trees covered with lava, whose trunks measured three feet in diameter, where now shrubs not a foot high hardly exist.

Sweden is supposed by Linnæus to rise from the level of the sea about five feet per year; the Rocky Mountains are supposed to have been in shallow water long after the formation of the great Appalachian chain, while North America itself, having a greater altitude than any other portion of the globe, attains with gradual certainty, a higher elevation.

The lower border of the State of Maine abounds in tertiary series, and formed at no distant period the bed

of the ocean—the effects of whose waters are everywhere visible—*fiorde* of late date may be traced in its broad undulations and valleys, abounding in marine fossils and seaish remains. New Orleans—with all the lingering licentiousness of the Oriental world—owes its site to the fossiliferous deposits of the great father of waters—the Mississippi. The sea, which once gave Venice her glory and her wealth, is making sad inroads upon its departing glory, while many other portions of the world have not apparently changed a hair's breadth since the earliest epoch of written Roman History.

MINERALS AND MINING.

In its mineralogical character, the Lackawanna Valley is both varied and productive. From side to side it is filled with the coal measure—a series of slate and sandstone strata of great depth, interstratified with anthracite coal, from a few inches to several feet in depth, as well as bog, argillaceous and calcareous ores. Limestone is also found in the valley. The mining resources of the valley—a valley in comparison and capability behind no other portion of the world—can partly be appreciated by the fact, that four of the great coal-seams lying in the basin, the 7, the 8, the 10 and the 12 foot veins (least thickness) furnish a total thickness of 37 feet: affording a yield of merchantable coal of 27 feet or 44,000 tons per acre. The farthest mines up the valley which are worked are those at Carbondale; these are operated by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company; and the coal, by an ingenious application of the power of steam and gravitation, inclined planes and short ascents and descents, is

carried over the Moosic mountain to their canal at Honesdale.

To exhibit in a clear light the remarkable productive-ness of the Lackawanna coal-basin, we present the follow- ing table, prepared by Prof. Rogers,* and although it was intended to represent the actual thickness of the coal-measure in the vicinity of Scranton, it will hold good for a great portion of the valley:

TABLE.

| Least Thickness. | Good Coal. | Yield of good Coal per Acre. |
|------------------|------------|------------------------------|
| 5 feet. | 3 feet. | 4,000 tons. |
| 7 " | 4½ " | 7,000 " |
| 10 " | 7½ " | 12,000 " |
| 6 " | 3 " | 5,000 " |
| 12 " | 9 " | 15,000 " |
| 8 " | 6 " | 10,000 " |
| 6 " | 4½ " | 7,000 " |
| 54 | 37½ | 60,000 |

Although it is impossible to estimate with precision the total thickness of the coal in the deepest portion of the coal-basin until after fuller researches have been made by the geologist, it can be seen by this table, that the *seven* veins of coal recognized as possessing working capacity for profitable mining, produce per acre, the noble ratio of *sixty thousand tons*.

Twelve distinct, separate beds of anthracite, already have been enumerated by the geologist along the Lackawanna, besides many sub-divisions of compound beds, too thin for present use; making a total depth of strata of 74 feet, or about 40 feet of pure coal for commercial purposes. In fact, coal and iron-ore are so extensively

* Report of the Geology and Mining in the Lackawanna Valley.

concentrated and associated here, that for centuries yet to come, immense and ample will be the supply. About 25 miles in length may be considered as the extent of the Lackawanna coal formation, with an average breadth of three or four miles, and running northeast and southwest with the general direction of the Appalachian ranges.

FORMATION OF COAL.

To the curious in geological matters, coal formation affords great scope for reflection and theory. Heads eminent and grey, have supposed the coal-fields once densely covered with great and untrimmed forests, which, being suddenly submerged by volcanic action, formed a vast lake, into which wreck-like rushed mud, stone, sand and animals, flooding the vegetable mass, and making beds of shale, coal and sand-stone respectively. Different seams or veins of coal are supposed to have been formed at different periods but under similar circumstances, by being thus alternately elevated or depressed. The *progressive* character of fossils appearing in the different strata, show that they were deposited at different periods: and it is more than probable that millions of centuries intervened between their respective formation. Vegetable and organic remains have been found to exist in one stratum, which in another, were absent and unknown. The contraction of the earth's surface, or this coal-crust while cooling, naturally wrinkled it, and thus gave the broken and often dipping appearance to many veins of coal, termed by geologists an "anticlinal axis."

In the Igneous rock or that formed by fire, no carboniferous plants or organic remains are found, nor does the

coal itself contain any perceptible traces of plants unless placed under a microscope, although these were contemporaneous with its formation. More than 500 species of plants now nearly extinct have been recognized in the secondary series of rocks. The fern is found in the greatest abundance, while the branching mosses—the calamites—the sigillaria—the cycades and the palm appear in ceaseless profusion.

Geological examinations made in the Lackawanna coal-basin seem to favor the idea that the rocks of this region, with their intervening coal-strata, originally level in position, were crumpled or folded into their present form of alternate basins and ridges by the same tremendous convulsions or slow changes which crowded up the Alleghany ranges; and that, since then, the action of diluvial and atmospheric agencies have worn away the upper or coal-bearing strata on most of the high and exposed points of the Moosic hills and mountains, leaving them only in the troughs or depressions which were sheltered by the mountain rock and left in the position now found by the miner.

Coal, destitute of bitumen, or *anthracite*, is found in Russia, France, Ireland, South Wales, and in a few of the United States, and in all the carboniferous series presents similar phenomena of fossil. The fern, being identified in species and genus to all those found in coal bottoms, it is inferred that the earth in its primitive period was insular, and that the rank vegetable growing then was the result of the internal heat of the globe, which at that time was too uniform to affect the latitudes. In fact, the immense quantity of fossils brought to light along the Lackawanna, the remains of that by-gone time, attest how numerous the herd, and how hot and fertile the climate of that ancient epoch.

Many ingenious hypotheses of coal-formation connected with the change of climate and temperature thereto, have been offered by some, and by others, as often refuted. That a large portion of the earth's surface is to-day noiselessly becoming altered, is no more fabulous than changes told of in history. In the time of Ovid, the Euxine and the Tiber were frozen over, and snow lay in Rome for 40 days. Even now, on the extreme range of Siberia is found evidence of former animal existence now only known in the tropics, and, incased in the ice is the elephant of Lena, preserving the hair, the skin and the very flesh, from a remote period down through centuries to the present day.

In the preparation of vegetable matter for coal, it is probable that heat, pressure and water were the controlling agents, and that the vast mass of vegetable matter was *cooked* into coal millions of years ago.

ORGANIC REMAINS IN COAL STRATA.

Vegetable fossil and organic remains have been found in various mines in the valley—more especially in the townships of Providence and Carbondale, imbedded firmly in the inclosing strata; preserving all their original outlines, except the change effected by the superior pressure, from the rounded to the flattened form.

A large turtle family, fossil sea shells, and fish resembling the small garpike or common pickerel, in shape and size, were found in Providence during the last summer, by Captain Martin, while engaged in sinking a shaft to the depth of about 200 feet. These were all incased in the old carboniferous strata. There is every

reason to believe that these fish had once inhabited an open space of water, communicating with a larger body, or with the ocean itself, which by some means becoming closed, the pond dried up, and the fish being covered to a considerable depth by shale, sand, and stone, furnish the specimens of old and young, which have been taken from the excavation by the miner with his humble drill.

One large fish, more than a foot in diameter, and six feet in length, its fins, scales, and general structure yet distinctly seen upon the stereotyping stone, was exhumed from its sepulchre, and, blackened and brainless as it was found, takes us back to a period, unknown and remote. This fish was broken while being blasted out by the miner, so that the skillful anatomist could soon determine, by the nature as well as by the number of the exposed vertebra, its true species.

Rain-marks, foot-prints, stigmata, and other characteristics of the coal measure, have been furnished in interesting abundance, within a comparative small space, during the progress of the excavation here at the shaft of the Van Stork Coal Company.

In 1831, while Captain Stott was driving a drift in the mines at Carbondale for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, the roof off the mine becoming dislocated from the parent earth, fell in over a considerable surface, furnishing the richest aspect of vegetable and organic fossil. Deep in the fractured interstratifying stone and slate were imprinted innumerable delicate impressions of leaves, flowers, broken limbs; of the palm leaf and the fern, so remarkable in size as to indicate that the temperature of the earth's surface at the period of their growth was far too heated for human

life; fallen trunks and branches of trees, so singularly dark and beautiful, that Dagaure could neither imitate nor improve; huge outlines and tracks of the *ichthyosauri*—the giant lizard, curious in anatomical structure and strength; snakes, ribbed and rounded, whose like is rarely known, and whose analogues are only found near the tropics; a class of amphibians intermediate between reptiles and fish—the *batracian* tribe—the mammoth frog, were displayed foot-marks of which, exhibiting five toes before and four behind, marked their presence and passage in other times; all so distinctly and so terribly delineated upon this master-press of nature, as to convey to the mind some faint idea of the monsters once swarming the jungles, and whose courts on the low, wet, warm marshes were suddenly ad-journed by the great phenomena of coal formation.

Having thus briefly touched upon a few geological facts of more or less local interest to the reader, the writer will as briefly notice a little of the Indian history, which seems somewhat associated with that of the valley.

The apparently inexhaustible resources of the valley, of its hills, and its heart of coal—just touched by the drill—holding the certain advantage of their contiguity to the great metropolis, will be noticed in the future pages of the volume.

INDIAN TRIBES AND HISTORY.

Of the Indian tribes, forming the aboriginal inhabitants of America, but little is known that is at all reliable or satisfactory.

The smoked and greasy Esquimaux are said to have records upon bark of events in their history centuries back; the ancient parchment of the Icelfander tells of its once warm climate and green plateaux—now glacial with ice; but the poor driven Indians, whose war-whoop only echoes along the pine and cypress hammocks of Florida, or from the bluffs and gorges of the Rocky Mountains, have left behind them only a few legends of their ancient history. Important events are said to have transpired among them, but their certainty even is quite as doubtful as their date.

Whatever might have been the former character of Indian warfare in the earlier history of the valley, or however much the infant settlements then may have suffered from the fagot and the knife—when helpless womanhood and the innocence of childhood pleaded alike in vain, to savage mercy—it is very certain that in the more recent wars the Indians have not been the aggressors. We know by living testimony that they have been crowded inch by inch southward and westward by the incursions and shameful aggressions of the Circassian race, until from being a great, proud, and powerful nation, alike respected and feared for their virtues and their power, extending their influence far and wide over the western world, they have been reduced to a mere handful of warriors, rendered desperate by maltreatment, and impoverished by misfortune.

The Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Mohawks, early banded themselves together for mutual protection and formed the dreaded confederacy—The Five Nations. Their power was long and absolute. Their government—a limited monarchy. This was vested in a great chief or king, directed and controlled

by a council of braves and aged warriors of the nation.

Heckewelder, who was a missionary among the Delawares for many years, and who has probably let in more light upon Indian history and character than any other writer, tells us that when the Dutch first settled New York, the power of the Five Nations was so great that all the tribes along the Hudson, Delaware, and Susquehanna were compelled to pay them tribute and lift or lay the hatchet at their command. Jefferson says that in 1712 the Tuscaroras united with the Iroquois—the allies of the French in the early colonial wars—thus forming the powerful Six Nations—the Romans of the Western World.

Among the lonely and lovely lakes in the Onondaga country—the ancient *Ohnaquago*—near Chenango, blazed their great council-fire, while the voices of their chiefs, assembled in council, were heard from the quiet Manhattan to the distant shores of the great Mississippi. Their hunting-grounds lay on every hill, and spread in every valley. With a dialect whose strange intonations seemed like mere idiotic grunts to the white man, and whose tongues, from the parent language, was so diverse, corrupt, and confused, that many of the tribes could only converse with each other through an interpreter; with neither books nor charts, with no history but the wigwam's lore, no guide but the moon's grey twilight, there was no lake too obscure, no river too distant, nor no mountains too rugged and remote, to escape their reaching trails.

The Shawnee Indians, once inhabiting the everglades of Florida and Georgia, fled from the aggressive neighboring tribes, and settled in the forks of the Delaware,

under the protection of the Delaware Indians. Here the warlike character of the Indian, exhibiting itself in dissensions of so violent a nature, led to their indirect expulsion, when they sought the hunting-grounds of the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys. The remains of this tribe are now in Kansas Territory. At the great Indian Council of the Six Nations, and many of the dependent tribes, held in Philadelphia in the summer of 1742, the Delawares were assigned a portion of the same fertile region. In 1748, the Nanticokes came from the shores of the Chesapeake, and erected in the lower border of the Wyoming their rude and slender wigwams, where they remained until 1755, only about one hundred years ago, when they went up the river into the Chemung locality.

During the earliest settlement in the valley, this tribe, the Cayugas, and a tribe of the Iroquois family—the Mohawks, or Men-eaters, it being their custom to eat their prisoners taken in war*—played a murderous part. Living, as they did, upon the Susquehanna River, or upon its upper and lesser branches, their birch-bark canoes once lowered in the current, and their paddles struck, hurried them down to their old hunting-grounds, upon their bloody errands.

So well were the means understood, that this tribe, like all other kindred ones, could be collected to any given point with almost telegraphic speed and certainty. Should anything on their part demand hasty action, fire after fire would spring up with surprising rapidity, at intervals of a few miles, upon the distant hill-tops, and, successively as they opened their red, lurid tongues to

* Roger Williams.

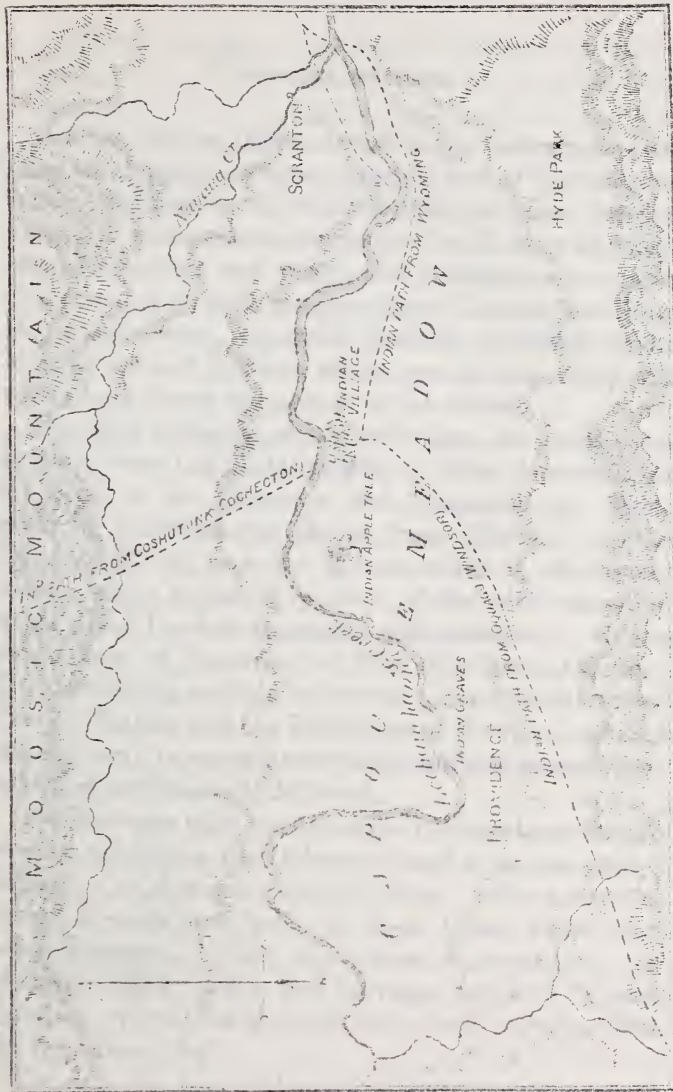
the sky, conveyed a language to the savage mind silent and terrible with import. No matter, however, how sudden the pursuit, how great the speed you reach the fire, the Indians have disappeared, leaving nothing behind them but the smoky and half burned brands.

In the numerous Indian wars, as well as in the Revolution, Cobb's or the Moosic Mountain, from its commanding elevation, and from its affording an admirable look-out over the valley below and a wide scope of the country eastward, was often used by the forest-men for this purpose. Once thus lighted, their beacon-fires could be seen for a considerable distance. Along a few of the highest peaks of the mountain, can yet be seen traces of their ancient signal-fires. Huge grey stones, which evidently filled the place of a back-log in one of these old fire-places, have been visited by the writer, upon the bold eminence over Springbrook, near the residence of that jovial philosopher, Edward Dolph, Esq. This lofty and rugged peak of the mountain is the most prominent one along the valley. These places all face the Lackawanna, and this one especially appears not to have been disturbed since the warrior's brand went out.

The domestic habits of the Indian tribes in times of peace were extremely simple and lazy. Patches of land, or "Indian clearings," early were found in the valley, where onions, canteloups, beans, and corn—which yielded the rich *nas-ump*, or samp—and their favorite weed, *tobacco*, were half cultivated by the tawny squaws.

On the low, narrow, sandy strip of land lying along the plank road upon either side, midway between Scranton and Providence, and near the tasty cottage built a

few years since by Dr. Throop, now owned by C. D. Rockwell, Esq., there was at the time of the first exploration of the valley by the whites, in 1762, the only permanent camp found here, which then existed along its darkened border. Within this ancient clearing, the passer can hardly fail to observe an apple tree, short, cragged and venerable, standing on the east side of the road. This is *the* Indian apple tree, of great age, 13½ feet in circumference, and possibly was planted by old Capouse himself, more than a century ago. By hands selfish and rude, it was bereft of all its mates many years ago, merely because their wide-spread branches threw too much shade upon the inclosing meadow! A few tall sprigs of grass probably repaid for the destroying act. This single tree now stands alone as a relic of other times; affording in the summer months, by its fatherly branches, as ample shade to the lolling ox as it did to the squaw or her wily lord, when he skimmed along the waters of the Lec-haw-hanna in his curling bark. In one of the apple trees cut down in 1804, were counted 150 concentric circles, or yearly growths, thus dating the tree back to a time long before the reports of the trapper or the story of the Indians came to the whites from the valley. Sixty years ago, a large wild-plum orchard, standing in a swale adjoining this clearing, hung with millions of the juicy fruit; while the grape, with all its tropical luxuriance, purpled the loaded tree-tops. The vines as well as the trees, were doubtless the result of Indian culture.



INDIAN MAP OF CAROUSE BEARCO.

CAPOUSE MEADOW.

Among the few Indian names in the valley preserved from the departed red-man, appears that of CAPOUSE, the Indian signification of which nothing is found bearing upon. In this meadow, surrounded by all the wild loneliness of mountain and valley, and peopled by a race or clan proud of all their savage virtues, CAPOUSE was King. He was a brave, venerable Sachem, or Chief, of the MONCEY tribe of Indians, whose council-fires lit up the valley long before the arrival of the whites.

This tribe occupied, at an early day, the country extending from the Kittatinnunk, or Blue Mountain, to the head of the Delaware and Susquehanna. Their great or principal fire blazed from Minisink, on the Delaware River, or as the Indians called it, *Ma-kerish-kiskon*, while a clan or portion of the tribe chose the wilds of the Lee-haw-hanna for their residence. Of the exact time of the arrival of this tribe here, but very little or nothing reliable is known. The difficulties with the Six Nations and the Delawares at the time, induced the Monceys to concentrate their numbers around their principal settlement at Minisink.

The Monceys paid tribute to their haughtier and more warlike neighbors, the Delawares, and of course were a dependent of that once powerful tribe. After a lapse of years of misfortune, both of these tribes have, after being wronged, driven, and almost destroyed by the spoiler of their power and heritage, reached Kansas Territory, where the Monceys are slowly merging with the Delaware tribe.

The rich, flat, beautiful meadow-land, literally scooped

out of the Moosic range, and which gives to that portion of the valley lying within the old certified town of Providence upon the west side of the Lackawanna such a basin-like appearance, was early designated by the Yankee settler "Capouse Meadow," to perpetuate the name as well as the virtues of this pacific chief. Although the whole valley was occupied by the Indians long before the blankness of his life was interrupted by the aggressions of the pale-face, or before the topography of the country was learned by the hunter, this clearing was the only one found in the valley by the pioneer, where rose from the forest banks the barked wigwam. In accordance with the usual habit practised by the wild tribes, of annually burning over their hunting-grounds, there was little or no sapling growth to interfere with the chase around this meadow; besides this, the lower and larger limbs were kept so completely trimmed by the hatchet, that game could be seen among the trees for a considerable distance.

This meadow, now known as "Tripp's Flats," and mostly owned by our liberal townsman Col. Ira Tripp, was one of their favorite hunting-places. Around this camp game was abundant. The pheasant whirred from the brake, the duck sat in the silver stream as if it was its throne, the rabbit squatted in the laurel, the elk and the fleeter moose stood among their native pines, or thundered onward like the tread of cavalry—the deer in fearless mood browsed on the juicy leaf, while the mountain sides, though stern with wilderness, offered to the panther or the bear but little shield from the well-poised arrow of the Indian. The otter, the martin, the beaver and the musk-rat, held their haunts along the stream, where fish were numerous. Perch, pike, and the chub,

in fabulous numbers, swam the Lackawanna, while every fair water brook that bubbled from the mountain was alive with trout. Hooks, constructed with singular ingenuity by the red-men from bone, or nets, wove from the inner bark of trees, or even the spear, which they threw with admirable adroitness at a distance of thirty feet while the fish were moving rapidly, never failed to supply the wigwam with this delicious fish.

The Capouse region, although traversed only by wild beasts and warriors up until 1770, has, since that period, been the scene of many an Indian drama.

Savage appetite, already sharpened by the wars preceding the Revolution, found at that time only pleasure in murder and pillage along the Delaware and the Susquehanna. In 1778, after the massacres in Cherry Valley and Wyoming, the savages swept up the Lackawanna in small parties, where but few white settlers were still remaining. The scattered houses of the whites were lit by the torch, the few inhabitants who had neglected or were unable to flee were either shot or taken away as prisoners, and the cattle, sheep, and horses, driven away into the Indian country.

Three persons, named Keys, Hocksey, and Isaac Tripp, were taken prisoners here by the Indians. The next day they were taken up on the war-path leading through the forest of Abington to Oquago, where Keys and Hocksey were tomahawked, while Tripp, who had previously shown kindness to the savages, was painted over with war-paint and sent back to the valley.

A short time after, while he was engaged in gathering his crops upon the flats, near where now resides Capt. Lewis Carr, he was shot and scalped by a straggling party of Indians.

A small detachment of soldiers were sent here in 1779 by Gen. Sullivan, to reconnoitre, but finding no Indians here, they returned to the main body of the army, and accompanied that distinguished general up the Susquehanna to the Indian villages scattered along the stream.

James Brown, who died in Greenfield a few years ago, was one of the party thus detailed.

The gun and the tomahawk, the knife and the fagot, did the work of destruction, wherever the white man was found defenceless. Three persons, named Avery, Lyons, and Jones, were taken from the Capouse about this time, and carried away as prisoners into the lake country.* These were some of the fugitives from the Wyoming Valley, rendered homeless by the Indian battle there in 1778.

WAR PATH.

One of the three long-trodden paths of the warrior leading out of the Wyoming, led eastward to Coshutunk (now Cohecton), a small Indian settlement upon the shore of the Delaware. Leaving the valley at the mouth of the Lackawanna River, as it is pleasantly called, it followed the eastern bank of this stream up to Spring, Stafford Meadow, and Roaring Brook, crossing the last two named ones a short distance below the present location of Scranton, and passing into the Indian village of Capouse. Here one path led off to Oquago, New York (now Windsor), through Leggett's Gap, and the

* Miner.

wilderness of Abington, while the other, passing up from the Lackawanna in an easterly direction, struck boldly into the forest, passing along where Dunmore now stands, and up the mountain slope where footholds seemed unsafe. This path crossed the Moosic range near the present residence of John Cobbs, and thence through Little Meadows in Salem, and the Wallenpanpack region. This trail seldom ran *through* the mountain gaps, but it generally, like all their war-paths, kept the higher ground, or where the woods were less dense, for the wild tribes preferred climbing over a considerable elevation, to the labor of cutting a trail over more level ground, or through deep wooded ravines; besides this, overlooking points were chosen so that upon entering or leaving a valley they could better be apprised of the presence or approach of an enemy. Of this old, narrow trail, few indeed are the remaining traces, where the war-song once resounded, while the brave lapped the blood of his foe or his game.

The first wagon-road cut and opened *to* the Wyoming Valley followed this path the greater part of the way, as being the most direct route from the parent State to the county and town of Westmoreland.

INDIAN SPRING.

Almost upon the very summit of the Moosic mountain, between the valley and John Cobbs, by the side of this old trail, bubbles from the earth a large spring, called the "Indian Spring." No matter how parched the lips of mother earth—how shrunken the volume of streams elsewhere, this spring pays no attention to the

drought, but, summer or winter is ever filled to its brim with the coldest and clearest water.

Away from the world's hot pulse; hemmed in completely by the pine, whose waving tops give partial entrance to the noon-day sun it seems sweeter and more sublime from its very loneliness. The mountain, the rocks, the inclosing forest—all is silence around it, but winds and bird-songs. The spring boils up from the white sand, lingers but a moment in its quiet eddy, then down the mountain staircase, dallies child-like, and forms the little Roaring Brook, one of the tributaries of *the* Roaring Brook.

In July, 1778, two fugitives were killed here. Retreating from the smoking valley at Wyoming, immediately after the massacre there by the Tories and Indians, they sat down thirsty and exhausted by this spring, for the invigorating draught. They never rose again. The gory hatchet of the savage flew from the ambush; the red knife swung through their scalps, and the wolves at night made loud their carnival over the unresisting and unburied dead.

A large red rock rims one side of this spring, whose crimson color, tradition already tells, was imparted to it by the victims thus immolated!

This spring possesses a good deal of interest to the lovers of the wonderful and the wild.

INDIAN RELICS AND FORTIFICATIONS.

No evidence is found of Indian forts in the Lackawanna Valley, although there existed one or more a few miles below it, one of which is thus described by Chapman:

“In the valley of Wyoming, there exist some remains of Indian fortifications, which appear to have been constructed by a race of people very different in their habits from those who occupied the place when first discovered by the whites. Most of these ruins have been so much obliterated by the operations of agriculture, that their forms cannot now be distinctly ascertained. That which remains the most entire was examined by the writer during the summer of 1817, and its dimensions carefully ascertained; although, from frequent ploughing, its form had become almost destroyed. It is situated in the township of Kington, upon a level plain on the north side of Toby’s creek, about one hundred and fifty feet from its bank, and about a half mile from its confluence with the Susquehanna. It is of an oval or elliptical form, having its longest diameter from the northwest to the southeast, at right angles to the creek, three hundred and thirty-seven feet, and its shortest diameter from the northeast to the southwest, two hundred and seventy-two feet. On the southwest side, appears to have been a gateway about twelve feet wide, opening towards the great eddy of the river, into which the creek falls. From present appearances, it consisted, probably, of only one mound or rampart, which, in height and thickness, appears to have been the same on all sides, and was constructed of earth; the plain on which it stands, not abounding in stone.

“On the outside of the rampart is an intrenchment or ditch, formed, probably; by removing the earth of which it is composed, and which appears never to have been walled. The creek, on which it stands, is bounded by a high steep bank on that side, and at ordinary times is

sufficiently deep to admit canoes to ascend from the river to the fortification. When the first settlers came to Wyoming, this plain was covered with its native forest, consisting principally of oak and yellow pine; and the trees which grew in the rampart and in the intrenchment, are said to have been as large as those in any other part of the valley; one large oak particularly, upon being cut down, was ascertained to be seven hundred years old. The Indians had no tradition concerning these fortifications, neither did they appear to have any knowledge of the purposes for which they were constructed. They were, perhaps, erected about the same time with those upon the waters of the Ohio, and probably by a similar people and for similar purposes."

"Another fortification existed on Jacob's Plains or the Upper Flats, in Wilkes Barre. Its situation is the highest part of the low grounds, so that, only in extraordinary floods, is the spot covered with water."* This fort seems to have been of about the same in form, shape, and size, to that described by Chapman, and in its interior, near the southern line, the ancient people all concur in stating that there existed a well.†

At the confluence of the Lackawanna with the Susquehanna, Indian graves and remains were found in great abundance, fifty years ago. Skeletons, exhumed and brought to light by the the waters of spring freshets, lay in such numbers upon the fields, and so familiar had they become to the thoughtless passer, that boys were often seen with a thigh bone in each hand, growing patriotic with the tune of Yankee Doodle, drummed upon the bleached and chimeless skulls, strewed upon the

* Miner's History.

† Miner's History.

plain around them. Some of these, no doubt, were the remains of the warriors, who fell in the battles of the valley, as bullets, so corroded as to be white in appearance, and broken arrow-heads, were often found with them, indicating the sudden manner of their death.

Others, crumbling the moment they were uncovered, or only furnishing a dark and peculiar deposit, bore the evidence of greater age in their burial. Bowls of the capacity of a gallon or more, ingeniously cut from soap-stone, were often found with the remains. These would seem to indicate the commercial or migratory character of their possessors, as none of these stones are found nearer this place than in Maryland. Hard and handsomely dressed stones, five or six inches in length, fitted for the hand and used probably for skinning deer and other animals, here and there appeared among the remains.

On the brink of the western range of the Moosic mountain, in Leggett's Gap, between Providence and Abington, an Indian grave was found in a very simple, but singular manner, a number of years ago. A deer, fleeing from his pursuers, leaped upon the end of a projecting gun barrel, bringing it to view. A little excavating by the hunter exhibited a quantity of flint, worked into arrow and spear heads, a stone tomahawk, a French gun-barrel, a hoe, and some human bones. The skeleton lay on its right side with the knees drawn up, the head pointing towards the east, while immediately over lay the implements and weapons of the deceased. The hoe and the gun, both much corroded, were probably obtained from the French, while their burial with the warrior would indicate the time of their deposit as a period of peace. In his lap were found the

arrows, made from one to two inches in length. Nearly a hundred small snail shells, all fitted for stringing, and which had probably been used for belts or beads, lay immediately under the arrows. There was also a pipe, made of dark stone, one end of it being shaped for a stopple, and the other for a scoop or spoon. This singular contrivance could either be used for a whistle, or for eating porridge or broth. A small quantity of mineral, resembling black lead, had also been deposited in the grave beside the departed.

A portion of these interesting relics, in a tolerable state of preservation, are now in the possession of the writer.

Upon the western bank of the Lackawanna in the upper part of Capouse, on the Van Stork farm, rises up a quiet little mound, where, in 1795, a number of Indian graves were discovered. As one of the mounds seemed to have been prepared with especial attention, and contained, with the bones of the warrior, a great quantity of the implements of the deceased, it was erroneously supposed to have been that of Capouse himself. These graves, perhaps, pointed to the last of the group of warriors who had offered incense and sacrifice to the Great Spirit at Capouse. The wampum and their war instruments—for which the graves were disturbed—bore them silent company as they lay piled over with the grey sand of the meadow, and were protected on their long journey by these rude amulets. These graves, however, by the operations of agriculture, have been so completely obliterated, that no trace of them now appears to the eye.

Arrows, stone vessels, tomahawks and knives, stone mortars and their accompanying pestles for pounding

corn, and other curious relics of Indian times, are occasionally met with in the valley, and although time has robbed them of much of their original beauty, they have lost none of their strange interest nor savage lore.

To the antiquarian, however, none would afford more interest than the remains of an Indian mound or encampment, found near Clifton, in Luzerne county, which to all appearances were as old as those existing in the Wyoming Valley. These remains were discovered in 1833 by Mr. Welch, now a draughtsman in the Land Office at Washington, while he was engaged in hunting along Bell-meadow Brook, a small tributary of the Lehigh. The accidental discovery of a piece of pottery among the loose pebbles upon the bank of the brook, so different in its character to anything he had ever seen before, naturally awakened his curiosity and led to the subsequent excavation of a vast quantity of sharp and flinty arrow-heads, a large stone hatchet, bowls of great capacity, fashioned from sand and a large proportion of clay. These bowls were upon their sides, indented with deep finger prints, and some were tastily and curiously ornamented with characters, original and unique.

Richard Drinker, Esq., of Scranton, to whom the writer is indebted for the above facts, was present at the time of their discovery, and says that the amount of pottery thus found was enormous. A very neat, short pipe, belonging probably to a squaw, was also found immediately under the tomahawk, in so perfect a state of preservation that it was, to all appearances, as fit for the consumption of their favorite *weed* as when first fashioned into shape. A huge pile of elk bones and teeth was also found, but the bones crumbled to dust

the moment they were exposed to the air or the touch. Underneath them all, lay the remains of a great camp-fire, which was probably hurriedly deserted, and as hurriedly smothered with sand and stone to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches. Ashes, coals, and half-burned brands, one of which still bore the marks of the hatchet distinctly upon it, were spread over a surface of fifteen feet.

The most singular article of anything exhumed from the mass, was a large number of flat, delicately smoothed stones, in shape and size resembling the carpenter's whetstone, bored with a number of small, circular holes. Whether these had been drilled and used for weaving fish-nets from hemp or wood, making belts of wampum, or for other mechanical purposes, remains a matter of mere conjecture.

Trees of Norway girth have grown upon the edge of this brook since this camp-fire was left and buried, and almost upon these remains, one immense hemlock, which has defied the storms of centuries, stands like a sentinel over this silent but savage sepulchre.

All of these relics had probably been deposited here by the red-men long before their knowledge of the European race, but why they were thus left so isolated from any of their known war-paths, or the period and purpose of their smothered fire, will be left to the antiquarian to determine.

The beaver, which was caught more for its furs than for its *castoreum*—now a considerable medicinal agent—once held their court in a little marsh or meadow adjoining this ancient camp, where the Indians evidently obtained sand for their pottery.

In fact, the Lackawanna Spring, and Roaring Brook

as well as the wilder waters of the Lehigh—the *Le-haw* of the Indian—were inhabited by the beaver at the time of the first settlement of the valley by the whites. Across these streams they built their dams upon the most scientific principles of the engineering art, living upon ash, birch, and poplars, of which they were particularly fond.* In the deepest part of the pond they built their houses, resembling the wigwam of the Indian in shape and size, with a floor of saplings, which sloped towards the water like an inclined plane. Here they slept with *their tails under water*, ascending their chamber with the rise of the stream. Rafting in the larger streams destroyed their dams, driving the beaver to brooks lesser and more remote. In 1826 there came from Canada a villainous old trapper, who caught all of these singular animals from the Lachawanna and the Lehigh but a single one; this, by his superior instinct, defied the trapper's cunning, and he, wandering down the shallow waters of Broadhead's Creek in search of his lost companions, was killed a year or two later near Stroudsburg.

Is it not a little curious that, with all the interest said to be felt in everything pertaining to the Wyoming and Lackawanna Valleys, no attention whatever has ever been paid towards collecting and preserving the various Indian implements once used in peace or in war? The writer has a strong passion for the old—not the old hills, nor the forest, through whose hoary locks centuries have rustled along unsung and unobserved, but the lingering relics of the red-man, which convey at once to the mind the ideal, the strifes, the passions, and the glory of

* There are many places along these streams which were thus originally stripped of all their growth by the beaver.

another day and a departed race. These fading links and landmarks of the past: the coarse yet ingenious utensils of pottery and bone; the rarer implements of copper sometimes found in their ancient graves; the rude inscriptions which mark the first impulses of the wild men towards letters or written legend; the stone battle-axe or tomahawk once flung or brandished by the brave; the knife whose scalping edge once gleamed over the victim, whose age and weakness plead alike in vain for life; the arrow sprung upon its fatal mission, or the pipe once smoked around the forest fire—all are so associated with by-gone times, that as the obedient plough now and then up-turns some little remembrance of the warrior's life, it seems strange that not half a dozen of these sad memorials have been gathered and preserved in the valley to-day. Such a collection could not fail to be really interesting to every thoughtful mind, and how much more valuable would they become as years rendered their possession more difficult or quite impossible!

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

It is probable that no part of the country affords a broader scope for the researches of legendary than that along the Susquehanna and the Lackawanna. Here, immured in the wide forest, and surrounded by every element of grandeur, the Onondagoes, the Senekas, the Cayugas, Oneidas and Mohawks, went forth with paint and war song, to gather the scalps of the white man—the spoiler of their thresholds. The red-men who are paying their late visit to the Great Spirit, held their coun-

cil fires on the plains, where doom and danger were breathed upon the expanding settlements.

The following is among the many legends of midnight massacres and adventures, which are yet preserved in the traditions of the valley.

Upon a commanding eminence, contiguous to, and overlooking a portion of the valley, there lived at the period we speak of, a farmer, whose hospitality and integrity the savage even could not dispute, and whose modest, narrow patch of earth, and attachments of a family, gave him all the happiness he could comprehend or wish for. The family so abruptly introduced, had fallen upon perilous times. The scenes of Colonial warfare, where the easily excited savages became active participants, broke in upon their night-dreams. The house fell by the lurid brand, and the family of fourteen persons, with one exception, perished by the tomahawk or the flames. Little David, 14 years of age, was carried away captive by the Indians, and just as morning dawned upon the hills, found himself upon a mountain which afforded an indistinct view of the then little village of Wilkes Barre. Here the Indians camped, preparatory to their migration to the Upper Indian Country. And here a mysterious transaction took place, which has subsequently given rise to no little surmise and search. An old Indian chief, to whom all paid reverence, and whose advice controlled every movement, arose, and advancing a few rods, stooped down and removed a large flat stone, exposing to view a spring. The waters of this were conducted away by a subterranean aqueduct, purposely constructed so that when they came to light every appearance would seem to indicate that they had their origin in the very opposite direction to what they

did. At the mouth of the spring, a roll of bark, forming a spout, was placed in such a manner as to readily conduct the water from it, and under this a handkerchief—belonging to David's mother but a few hours before—was so held as to receive the stream of water. For some minutes the chief stirred up the spring with so much violence as to render it turbid and sandy. After this was done, everything around the spring was restored to its former appearance by the concealing rock, earth and leaves, so that no one not familiar with the fact, could have suspected a spring in contiguity to the spot.

The handkerchief was now lifted from the spout, completely covered with fine, yellow particles resembling gold. This was taken by the chief, and placed in a rudely fashioned stone vessel, purposely made to receive the glittering treasure.

The fire being extinguished, and certain incantations necessary to prevent any but the rightful owners to discover the hidden spring being performed, the Indians left this point guarded by the wild rock, and resumed their trail to the north, guided by the polar star. Of the hopes and heart-aches of young David during the journey, it is not necessary to write.

After a walk of *six* days, the village of Kingston upon the Hudson was reached, where the substance, which the old chief had been so careful to collect and conceal, was exchanged for such tawdry goods as seemed desirable to the Indians. David was at once ransomed by the whites. In after years, he often related the incident to his children—one of whom, in company with other persons, has traversed and dug over a considerable portion of *Bald Mountain* and *Campbell's Ledge* without finding the secret channel.

Of the value of gold and silver the Indians early learned during their intercourse with the whites, and, knowing how fatal to their hunting grounds were the aggressions of the pale-face, they took the most severe caution in concealing from them all knowledge of the existence of mines and mineral substances. The Indian who informed the whites of any such location, paid the penalty of his imprudence by death. Yet the whites at an early day, by some treacherous means, knew of the locality of a silver mine not far from the Lackawanna Valley; this knowledge, however, appears to have passed away with the generation possessing it.

In the Pennsylvania Archives, we are informed, that the Indians complained to the Proprietary Government as early as in 1766, of persons who had "dug a trench, 45 feet long and 6 feet deep, from which 3 boat-loads of *silver ore* were taken away." This mine was situated 12 miles above the Indian village Wywamick, or Maugh-wa-wame (now Wilkes Barre). Instead of being taken in boats, the silver ore thus purloined was taken down the Susquehanna River in canoes.

Could we gather all the startling incidents in the early settlement of the Lackawanna, they would fill a volume larger than this is intended.

It is full of relics, full of the mysterious, full of exciting foot-prints, and those who are fond of the rigid lore of the Indian can find here all they desire.

SALT SPRING.

Passing through Leggett's Gap and near the saw-mill of Benjamin Leach, we find a point of some little inter-

est from the existence there of a salt spring, once used by the aboriginal race. It is a small spring, strongly impregnated with saline properties. When the white adventurer first sought the valley for his home and found no other luxury than steak from the bear or the deer, and no other voice than that spoken from the throat of the musket, the waters of this spring were boiled to obtain the scarce and necessary salt. That the Indians frequented this place for the purpose of curing venison and other purposes, evidence is afforded by the vast quantity of warlike and domestic relics of theirs found here at an early day.

The warrior's path from Oquago, where there also was a salt spring, came immediately along here, as it entered Capouse below. There is no "deer lick" or salt spring along the Lackawanna, other than this—the nearest being in the northern part of Wayne county.

Mr. Blackman, who was taken captive from Wyoming, relates of the Indians, that when salt became scarce, they went up the Lackawanna and returned the next day, loaded with the desired article, which was sometimes *warm*. From a knowledge of this spring, advantage was early taken by the hunter and trapper, for in such numbers deer frequented this briny fountain to lap its waters, that they easily and often fell a trophy to the woodsman.

A hunter of seventy winters tells the writer that, in his younger days, deer were so tame in the vicinity of this spring, that he has killed and dressed during his lifetime one hundred and forty-seven deer at this place alone!

This little spring was known to the Indians by the name of MESOMERSIC, or Me-shom-as-seek, which signi-

fies in their language *abundance of Rattlesnakes*.* Like all the old Indian names in the valley, this is now obsolete and quite forgotten. Within a few years, the waters of this spring have been boiled to obtain salt.

RATTLESNAKES.

When the Indian skimmed along the Lee-haw-hanna in his light canoe, the rattlesnake lay coiled on every rock. Within the old Capouse Meadow these reptiles were found in such abundance that in the year 1790 over two hundred were killed here during the year, by one man—killed, too, at a time of such great scarcity, that they were skinned eel-fashion, and furnished food to the starving settlers.

Cooked in Indian fashion, the meat of this reptile was much relished by the forest tribes, as it yet is by many.

Cows were often bitten by them, causing much suffering to the poor family depending for subsistence mainly upon their milk. An old white-headed man, whose thread of sand has not yet been broken, relates to the writer an instance of *his* only cow, thus becoming poisoned, when from *sheer necessity he brought one of his oxen to give milk*.

Of all the tropical climates, Ceylon is said to be the nursery of snakes, but the interior of Arkansas is the North American capital of the rattlesnake. Here they exist in such numbers in every thicket and meadow, that it is unsafe for the hunter to camp out at

* Mishom—*great*, and sesses and asseh—*rattlesnake*.—ROGER WILLIAMS.

night, unless protected by *white ash leaves*, or a *hair rope* drawn around the ground chosen for the camp-place. They grow here to an immense size, and many species of them fraternize in their rocky den, during their winter retreat, and only when their devouring enemy the hog, with its long, intruding, adipose snout, gets on the scent of these ugly creatures, are they disturbed and thinned. The fatty portion of swine, is so impervious to the poison of this snake, that unless the bite is introduced near some blood-vessel, where it runs along with lightning-like rapidity, it is resisted with silent and harmless indifference. Many other active poisons, among which is the *Cyclamen Eurpæum*, or common sow-weed, one of the most violent poisons, and in its effects similar to the *Curara* used by many tribes of Indians to poison the tips of their arrows, is eaten by the hog in large quantities with perfect impunity, while the juice of the root, upon all other kinds of animal life, is quickly fatal.

The fact may not generally be known that the high state of excitement of the rattlesnake attending the phenomena of charming, is nothing more than a singular and necessary provision of Nature to prepare the stomach of the reptile for the reception of the food, while the "*charming power*" as it is called, is nothing more nor less than an *electrical current*, passing from the snake to the bird, or to any object charmed. The snake, living in or on the ground, is always in the most *negative* condition of any kind of animal life, while the bird, floating in the air, where the *positive* preponderates, is always charged with this *electric* power, so naturally attracted by the oppositely charged condition of the snake. During this stimulating process, the digestive

powers are awakened, while the throat is rendered sufficiently moist and elastic to receive animals of astonishing size with perfect ease.

The rattlesnake, however, with all its dreaded and deadly qualities, possesses one honorable characteristic worthy of imitation elsewhere: it never, or rarely springs upon the intruder, without first giving warning by its rattle, nor is it known to devour an animal placed in its cage, without first exciting the large salivary organs by the phenomena of charming.

Without the *squeezing* or constricting power of the black snake, or the terrible death-wind of the boa; this essential peculiarity seems to have been furnished this species of snake, for the purpose of obtaining animal food as well as for its proper digestion.

An old settler, who often watched their movements in the valley, while he was a mere lad, relates to the writer an instance or two he witnessed of this "snake charming."

After being buried in the rocks during the months of cold weather, they emerge in the spring from their hiding places, prepared to glut themselves upon the swiftest and sweetest of birds.

In going to this Indian salt spring, in the notch, while a boy, says the old man, I perceived, coiled almost immediately before me, in the path, a huge rattlesnake, with its head slightly raised from the ground and thrown gently to and fro, like a tree-top moved by the wind. Within fifteen feet, fluttered a blue-bird, chirping piteously as it listened to the soft, sweet, death-song of the rattle, its eye fastened upon that of the snake, which flashed like the diamond as nearer drew the struggling bird. The snake threw out a strong narcotic

odor, whose sleepy effects were soon perceived on the victim.

Sweeter and softer fell the fatal music, closer and closer to the reptile hopped the helpless bird, until it came within about one foot of its mouth, when the club dropped upon the enchanter. So intent the snake's eye upon its victim, that it neither observed the intruding footsteps nor the missile of death impending. For a few moments the bird seemed intoxicated, but it soon flew away among its mates, as noisy and unharmed as before its song was interrupted.

Another instance related was that of a weasel. In passing along the Capouse Meadow in mid-summer, I saw one of these attenuated creatures, as it was running along the fence with singular rapidity, stop suddenly, uttering at the same time a wail, wild, frightful, and sad. Simultaneously with this, I heard the sound of a rattle coming from a large, brilliant, yellow snake beside the fence, having the most beautiful, fire-like eye I ever saw, looking at the weasel. Wishing to see the result of an encounter, so unusual to the sight of boyhood, and having but little sympathy for the animal, as the chicken coop, more than once, had been visited by the sharp-toothed assassin or his kindred associates, I watched the unequal combat with interest, knowing that the snake easily could be killed after its victory, as it then lies torpid and indifferent as a drunken man to every object around it.

When the weasel first halted for the snake, it was some twenty feet from it, and it was about one hour before it became a trophy to the strange power of the reptile. Now and then the poor animal would stop, then start and stagger off in a slanting direction as if to get

away, when the snake would throw the full glare of his eye upon it, accompanied with such a low, lulling sound of his rattle, that the weasel would again advance hurriedly for a foot or two, then alternately stop and start, until it approached within a few inches of the charmer, when it gave one quick, nervous spring into its excited, opened mouth. One coil the snake gave to its glistening neck and body during the operation of deglutition, then, stretching itself out in the noonday sun with the greatest complacency, dropped into a lazy slumber. A light tap on the back of his head rendered him lifeless at once. Opening its body with a jack-knife, the moment it was killed, the weasel was found dead in its stomach, without any apparent contusion or wound from the fangs of the snake.

ORIGINAL ENGLISH CHARTER OF THE LANDS OF WHICH
LACKAWANNA VALLEY WAS A PART.

The Lackawanna Valley was originally owned and settled by Connecticut, whose jurisdiction over her "Westmoreland" Colony, extended for a period of nine years.

To better comprehend the nature of her claim to these lands, over which Pennsylvania also claimed proprietorship, a very brief historical summary of their respective claims, and their ultimate adjustment, seems here appropriate.

Nations, like individuals, recognize the law of aggrandizement as being as valid as it seems natural. Thus the different nations of the world, eager to reap the ad-

vantages of any discovery of their respective subjects, claim all territory thus discovered.

That portion of North America from Florida to latitude 58° being discovered in 1497 by Sebastian Cabot, was thus claimed by the English, and when adventurers wished to settle upon any portion of such land, the rights and limits were regulated by their respective governments, to make them of any value.

Different companies, whose charters extended over a vast area, imperfectly defined and understood in its territorial limits, and only known by the reports of the Indians and the trappers, which upon all questions of geography and topography are always vague, and over which, as there had been no actual survey, claims becoming overlapped, proved conflicting.

The General Charter of New England was granted in 1620, to "the Councils established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for Planting, Ruling and Governing of New England in America."*

Lands thus granted included all "that portion of America lying and being in breadth from 40 degrees of the said northerly latitude inclusively, and in length of and within all the breadth aforesaid, throughout the mainland from sea to sea, etc."

Parts of this wide territory being subsequently transferred to other companies, new colonies were planted and organized, and as their boundaries were very indefinite even to the conceptions of the best, they often overreached each other, giving rise in their development to territorial conflicts, alike humiliating, passionate, and dangerous.

* Trumbell

Such was the contest between Connecticut and Pennsylvania in the Wyoming Valley, which has been so ably described both by Miner and Chapman.

WILLIAM PENN'S CLAIM.

On the 4th of March, 1681, William Penn,* son of Admiral Penn, a member of the Society of Friends, obtained of Charles the Second a grant of all lands embraced within the present State of Pennsylvania. This grant included "all that tract or part of land in America, with all the islands therein contained, as the same is bounded on the east by the Delaware River from 12 miles distant northwards of New Castle Town unto the 3 and 40 degrees of northern latitude (if the said river doeth not extend so far northward, then by the said river so far as it doeth extend,) and from the head of the said river the eastern bounds are to be determined by a meridian line to be drawn from the head of the said river unto the said 3 and 40 degrees in longitude, to be computed from the eastern bounds, and the said lands to be bounded on the north by the beginning of the 3 and 40 degrees of northern latitude."

This grant from the King of England was given to Penn partly in consideration of his desire to extend and enlarge the boundaries of the British Empire, and partly, as expressed in the charter, as a recompense for valuable services rendered by his father to the British nation.

* Penn received from the Indians the name of *ONAS*, *i. e.*, quill or pen, from the fact that he governed by these instead of guns.

Nearly forty years before the settlement of Penn, a portion of this territory was colonized by the Swedes. These lands, which were sold July 11, 1754, by their original owners, the Six Nations, to the Susquehanna Company of Connecticut, were again sold by the Indians, assembled Nov. 5, 1768, at Fort Stanwix, to the Pennsylvania Proprietaries.

INDIAN PURCHASE BY CONNECTICUT.

Nineteen years, however, previous to this grant to Wm. Penn, an association of men under the name of the Colony of Connecticut, purchased of the proprietors of the old Plymouth grant, all their right and interest in the original charter, for 16,000 pounds sterling.

In 1662, King Charles the Second confirmed and renewed the Connecticut charter proper.

“The charter of Penn extended his claims as far north as the boundary of Connecticut, and there was consequently an interference in the two claims, equal to one degree of latitude and 5 degrees of longitude,”* embracing the Lackawanna Valley and the adjacent country.

Thus stood the charter claims at this time, between the respective parties, to lands which were yet in the possession of the Indians, without whose talk or title no colonial settlement could expect to be permanent, prosperous, or safe.

In 1753, 673 persons, ten of whom were Pennsylvanians and the rest inhabitants of Connecticut, associated themselves for the purpose of extinguishing or procuring

* Miner.

the Indian title, by presents and purchase, of the very lands already acquired by royal grant.*

At a general treaty, held at Albany in July, 1754, with the Five Nations, the Susquehanna Company, by the payment of 2,000 pounds sterling to the assembled Indians, received from them a deed signed by eighteen Sachems, the Indians reserving to themselves the right of hunting upon the land they had sold for the term of seven years. This conveyed to this Company† all the lands “beginning from the one and 42 degree of north latitude, at 10 miles east of the Susquehanna River, and from thence with a northward line ten miles east of the river to the end of the 42d or beginning of the 43d degree of north latitude, and so to extend west 2 degrees of longitude 120 miles, and from thence south to the beginning of the 42d degree, and from thence east to the above mentioned boundary, which is 10 miles east of the Susquehanna River.”

INDIAN PURCHASE BY THE DELAWARE COMPANY.

All of that portion of country lying between the Delaware River and within ten miles east of the Susquehanna, was subsequently purchased of the Indians by a Connecticut company called the “Delaware,” so that the southern and western portion of the Lackawanna was embraced in the original Indian sale of lands to the Susquehanna Company, made at Albany in 1754, while the upper and northern part of the valley, as well as the country eastward, belonged to the Delaware Company.

* Miner.

† The Susquehanna Company.

The region embraced within these purchases received the name of "Westmoreland."

With a view of settlement here, commissioners were chosen by the Susquehanna Company to survey these lands. In the summer of 1755, they commenced their explorations in the Wyoming Valley, and although their discoveries and surveys were sadly interrupted by one of those French and Indian wars so frequent and terrible in their character, the Commissioners returned to Hartford satisfied that these lands lay within the jurisdiction of Connecticut.

FIRST SETTLEMENT UPON THE DELAWARE PURCHASE.

About one hundred years ago—in 1754—a settlement upon the Wallenpaupack (now in Wayne county) was attempted by a man named Carter. Here, upon the products of his gun, his trap, and his line, his simple wants drew plenty. He lived here but a short time, however, before he fell by the tomahawk. No other white man ventured to settle in the Paupack region again for a number of years, and it was not until a short time previous to the Revolutionary War, that a settlement here was successful. The remains of an old block-house, used by the early adventurers at this place, could be seen a few years ago. In 1793, these ancient lands upon the Paupack passed into the hands of James Wilson, the founder of Wilsonville, the first county seat of Wayne county.

The nearest settlement to this point at that day was at GRAD-EN-HUTTEN,* near Mauch Chunk, where the

* Huts of mercy.

Moravians, in the friendly character of missionaries, settled as early as 1742 among the Indians.

In the summer of 1757, the first settlement attempted by the Delaware Company within the limits of the Connecticut charter west was at Coshutunk, now Damascus, on the Delaware River.

The accretions to this were so rapid, that in three years from its commencing it contained 30 dwelling houses.

FIRST SETTLEMENT UPON THE SUSQUEHANNA PURCHASE.

To push a colony farther to the west—to Westmoreland—an attempt was made in August, 1762. Under the authority and direction of this Company, 200 pioneers from Connecticut arrived at Mill Creek, in the Wyoming Valley, making the first improvement there.* Canada being ceded to England by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, hostilities between the French and English were closed. This, however, was no sooner done than an Indian and English war broke out with such violence as to strike terror among the little Colony at Wyoming. It was attacked by the Indians on the 15th of October; and of the settlers about twenty were slain, and the remainder driven across the mountains to their native State in 1763.†

* Miner's History.

† Gov. Hamlington, of Philadelphia, ordered Col. Boyd to repair to Wyoming, in the month of September, who found the valley abandoned by whites and Indians.

From the "Pennsylvania Gazette," Nov., 1763.

Extract of a letter from Paxton, in Lancaster county, dated Oct. 23 :

In 1768, those persons who were interested in this purchase, upon the Susquehanna River, met at Hartford, Connecticut, and "resolved that 5 townships, five miles square, should be surveyed and granted each to 40 settlers" in Westmoreland. Thus persons were induced to migrate to these wild and then almost worthless lands. These original settlers, or proprietors, were each to have a whole share, or *settling right*, or half-right, on which they were obligated to remain, so as to be able to repel encroachments either of the Indians or those from Pennsylvania claimants.

Forty settlers thus emigrated to Wyoming, where they arrived February 8, 1769—200 others followed in the spring.* These settled in the five townships, then existing, viz. Wilkes-Barre, Hanover, Kingston, Plymouth and Pittston.

The wilderness between the settled points of the Eastern States, and Canada, began now to fill up and feel the tide of emigration.

Along the Wallenpaupack Creek was an "Indian clearing," near which the whites made a permanent settlement in 1774.† Lands occupied by the original emigrants here are known as "The Wallenpaupack Manor."

"When the first Wyoming emigrants from Connecti-

"Our party, under Capt. Clayton, has returned from Wyoming, where they met with no Indians, but found the New Englanders who had been killed and scalped a day or two before we got there. We buried the dead, nine men and a woman, who had been most cruelly butchered; the woman was roasted, and had two hinges in her hands, supposed to be put in red hot, and several of the men had awls thrust into their eyes, and spears, arrows, pitchforks, etc., sticking in their bodies. We burnt what houses the Indians had left, and destroyed a quantity of Indian corn. The enemy's tracks were up the river, toward Wighaloasing."

* Miner's History.

† Ibid.

cut reached the Wallenpaupack, the main body halted, and some pioneers were sent forward in a westerly direction to procure intelligence of the position of the country on the Susquehanna.

The pioneers followed the Indian path before alluded to, leading from Cohecton in New York, across the Lackawaxen, to the point on the Wallenpaupack below the Carter House, where there was an "Indian clearing," and thence to the "Indian clearing" on the Susquehanna. This path crossed "Cobb Mountain." The pioneers attained the summit, from which the Susquehanna was in view, in the evening, and built up a large fire to indicate to the settlers the point to which they should direct their course.

The next morning the emigrants commenced their journey, building their road as they proceeded. That road, being the Sterling road before mentioned about a mile down the creek, below the site of the Carter House, is the one which is now constantly travelled between Wilkes Barre and Milford. It is said to have been most judiciously located. The point on which the fire was built on Cobb's Mountain, was near the present residence of John Cobb, Esq., and is pointed out by the people residing on the Wallenpaupack to the present time.*

The "Lackawa" settlement was in the Wallenpaupack Manor, and was not merely within the territorial limits of Westmoreland, but united in jurisdiction; taking part in the Government, and attending elections at Wilkes Barre.†

* Miner's History of Wyoming.

† Ibid.

PENNYMITE SETTLEMENT.

Lands upon the Susquehanna, purchased in 1754 of the Five Nations by the Susquehanna Company, were also sold in 1768 by the Indians, to the Pennsylvania Proprietors.

With a view of turning to some account this purchase, one hundred acres of it were leased by the Pennymites to Ogden Stewart and Jenkins, for the term of seven years for the purpose of establishing a trading house in the Wyoming Valley, which from the contiguity of numerous tribes of Indians and the abundance of furs, was supposed could not fail to result greatly to the advantage of its projectors.

The first gaze of Ogden and his party upon Wyoming was given in January, 1769. He took immediate possession of the rude block house at Mill Creek, from which the Connecticut emigrants had been driven six years before.

One month later—on the 8th of February, 1769, the first forty of the Connecticut settlers arrived at the Block House, and finding it in the possession of an enemy, prepared to recapture it.*

The alternate successes and reverses of the subsequent civil conflict upon the fertile flats of Wyoming, although affecting in a greater or less degree the few inhabitants along the Lackawanna, possess too little general interest to draw larger or longer upon the patience of the reader.

* Chapman.

TRENTON DECREE.

For a period of nine years Connecticut held jurisdiction over Westmoreland, when the long and fratricidal dispute here, between Pennsylvania and Connecticut claimants, was settled by the "Decree of Trenton."

During the Revolutionary War, State governments were too much absorbed in the great life-struggle to remedy internal strifes and wrongs, even when they appealed urgently for redress, but when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army on the 19th of October, 1781, to the American and French forces, thus virtually closing the war, it imparted to individuals as well as to States the brightest hopes of domestic repose.

Immediately after this momentous event, the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania petitioned Congress to have some measures adopted to settle the respective claims of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, to lands lying upon the Susquehanna and Lackawanna. Five Commissioners composing this Court met at Trenton Nov. 12, 1782, and, after a session of forty-one judicial days, decided that Connecticut had no right to the lands in controversy.*

This decision which gave peace to a region long harassed by internal warfare, is known as the Trenton Decree.

In 1787, the *confirming* law was passed. It provided "that all said rights or lots, now lying within the county of Luzerne, which were occupied or acquired by Connecticut claimants, who were actual settlers there, at or before the termination of the claims of the State of

* Miner.

Connecticut, by the (Trenton) decree, aforesaid, and which rights or lots were particularly assigned to the settlers prior to the said decree, agreeably to the regulations then in force among them, be and they are hereby confirmed to them and their heirs and assigns."

April, 1790, this act was repealed. In 1799, an act similar to the one repealed was passed, providing for a final settlement of the prolonged controversy, so far as it related to the inhabitants of the seventeen townships.*

Commissioners were appointed by this act, to re-survey all lands claimed by Connecticut settlers as well as Pennsylvania claimants, situated in these townships, which were then to be released or re-conveyed by such claimants to the Commonwealth. A number of settlers in the Lackawanna had bought and paid both the Susquehanna Company and the State of Pennsylvania, for their lands, but in order to restore harmony, and give full operation to the compromising law, they surrendered their titles again to the State for a mere nominal consideration, and purchased their own lands again at the appraisement of the Commissioners appointed by the State.

Such land, according to its quality, was divided into four classes: "As soon as forty thousand acres should be so released to the State, and the Connecticut settlers claiming land to the same amount should bind themselves to submit to the determinations of the Commissioners, then the law was to take effect and the Pennsylvania claimants, who had so released their lands, were to receive a compensation for the same, from the trea-

* Miner.

sury, at the rate of \$5 per acre for lands of the first class, \$3 for the second, \$1 50 for the third, and twenty-five cents for lands of the fourth class. The Connecticut settlers were also to receive patents from the State, confirming their lands to them upon conditions of paying into the State Treasury, the sum of \$2 per acre, for lands of the first class; \$1 25 for lands of the second class; fifty cents for lands of the third class, and 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents for lands of the fourth class."*

FIRST SETTLEMENT IN LACKAWANNA VALLEY.

Contemporaneous with the permanent settlement of the Wyoming Valley, began that of the Lackawanna. This was in the summer of 1769.

The first party of emigrants from Connecticut, as they came into Wyoming or Westmoreland this year, located themselves in a body as much as possible, so as better to defend themselves from attacks, should they come from the red or the white man. After the Pennsylvania claimants had been temporarily expelled from Wyoming, the Yankees began cautiously to extend their "pitches,"† farther back into the unpruned wilderness.

Five *towns* were originally recognized in Westmoreland; subsequently it was divided into seventeen towns, or districts. Settlers were permitted "to make a pitch" or settle in any of the towns, only by the consent, or the vote, of the inhabitants, who held their stated meet-

* Chapman.

† The homes or clearings of the settlers took this name.

ings at Wilkes Barre Fort; and then only upon certain stipulated conditions.

“At a meeting of ye Inhabitants of ye townships at Wyoming, in Wilksbury, legally warned and held Dec. 7, 1771, Capt. Zebulon Butler, was chosen moderator for ye day,” it was voted “that this Company is to take in Settlers on ye following Considerations, that those that take up a Settling Right in LOCKAWORNA, shall pay to this Company Forty dollars; and those that take a Right in Wilksbury or Plymouth, shall Pay Fifty Dollors; and those that take a Right in Kingstown shall pay Sixty Dollors all for ye use of this Company, etc.”*

A committee was also appointed to take bonds from those who should be admitted as settlers.

Lackawanna—or Lockaworna, as it then was designated—being farther from the main settlement and consequently more exposed to wild beasts and Indians, than either Wilkes Barre or “Kingstown,” was offered

* *Westmoreland Records*.—These old Records, which deserve a more honored place than the musty coop they occupy in Wilkes Barre, are the records of the doings and laws of the Colony at Wyoming, while the authority of Connecticut was acknowledged here.

As often as occasion required, the settlers met together at Wilkes Barre Fort, or at Kingstown, to pass laws and transact public business. These meetings were designated as “ye meeting of ye Proprietors” where all who chose to attend had an equal voice in the proceedings. A “moderator” was chosen at each meeting as well as a “clerk,” whose duty it was to record in a book purposely kept, all the proceedings. This book took the place of Blackstone and Chitty, and was commenced in 1770, and terminated only with the expulsion of the jurisdiction of Connecticut, at Wyoming, in 1783. We know of no other ancient manuscript, whose publication would afford more interest and insight of other days, than the three or four written volumes of Westmoreland Records which are now so rapidly passing to decay.

to the adventurer upon terms apparently more advantageous.

Lackawanna, then extending the farthest up the Lackawanna Valley of any of the existing Districts, contained in 1770, only thirty-five settlers.

In regard to these, it was voted April 25, 1772, by this Company, "that those 35 men that is now in ye township of Lockaworna shall be entitled to all ye Companies Right to sd. township."

With a view of imparting to the colony, a healthy, moral stamina, a committee of five were appointed at the same meeting "to admit settlers into ye six mile township. But for no one of the committee to admit in settlers unless ye major part of said Committee be present to admit," etc. and then to allow only "such as good wholsom inhabitants" to settle.

December 17, 1771, "this meeting is opened and held by adjournment, voted, that Joseph Sprague, David Sandford, Barnabus Cary, Elezer Cary, jun., Arter French, John Frazier, Timothy Reine, jun., Stephen Harden, and Caleb Bates, have each one, a Settling Right in ye township."

Not only had morality its defenders in the early settlers, but *industry* was considered one of the essential virtues at this period, for at the meeting held in Wilkes Barre, December, 1771, it was voted "that Frank Phillips be admitted to Purchoys a settling Right in Lockaworna, Provided he puts on an Able Bodyed man on sd. Right and Due Duty Equal to ye Rest of ye Settlers," etc.

April 29, 1772, voted "that Samuel Slougher is admitted in as a Settler, in ye Room of Mortin Nelson, in ye township of Lockorworna," and in January 13, 1772, voted "that David Carr is admitted in as a Settler in

Lockaworna & hes Given His Bond for Forty Dollors," etc.

Samuel Harden and Solomon Johnson were residents of the valley at this time, for in December, 1772, Harden was chosen collector for Pittston, and Johnson "for ye town of Providence."

Out of the original number of 240, who emigrated to Wyoming in 1769—all of whom were males—only 35 were located along the Lackawanna. The old "Westmoreland Records," while they furnish so much that is valuable, fail to throw any light upon the precise location of these; they all lived, however, near the mouth of the stream.

The absence of any block-house or fort nearer than Pittston, to afford security at night or day, in case of any great emergency, rendered the settlement farther up the stream neither desirable nor safe.

A block-house was built in Pittston in 1772. At a meeting of the proprietors and settlers, held in Wilkes Barre, May 20, 1772, it was voted "that ye Proprietors Belonging to ye town of Pittston Have ye Liberty to Go into their town, and there to fortyfie and Keep in a Body Near together and Gourd by themselves until further notice from this Committee."

Pittston, one of the original towns, lying as it did but a little distance above the block-house at Mill Creek, began to fill up with the Yankee emigrants, before the Lackawanna Valley. Among the early families here, were the Marcys, Careys, Bennetts, Benedicts, Blanchards, Sawyers, Silbeys, St. Johns, and Browns. One of the forts at Pittston, being built by the Browns, took the name of Fort Brown, and was commanded at the time of the Wyoming massacre by Captain Blanchard.

By the roadside in Pittston township, could be seen, a few years ago, the remaining stone once forming the rude chimney of one of the earliest cabins of the white man, from which a faint wreath of smoke arose in 1770. This cabin was erected by Zebulon Marcy, who emigrated from Connecticut the same year, in the 26th year of his age. He was brother of Ebenezer, who shortly after came into possession of the narrow clearing with its modest dwelling.

Choosing this spot upon the warrior's path from its inviting situation and soil for his residence, his little Hottentot-like hut, subsequently became famous for its hospitable fireside. This was but a short distance below the retrograding locality—long known as "Old Forge."

At the time of the Wyoming massacre in 1778, Ebenezer Marcy was engaged with his comrades in defending the valley below from the ravages of the British, Tories and Indians, when the news of the defeat of the Wyoming soldiers flew through the defenceless settlement with painful rapidity. Marcy's wife was among the fugitives who fled from the valley, on the evening of the 2d of July, 1778, across the mountains to Strondburg. She "was taken in labour in the wilderness. Having no mode of conveyance, her sufferings were inexpressibly severe. She was able to drag her fainting footsteps but about two miles that day. The next, being overtaken by a neighbor with a horse, she rode, and in a week's time was more than 100 miles with her infant from the place of its birth."* The child born then and subsequently married twice, died a short time since in Wyoming county.

* Miner.

Marcy himself was a man of some prominence and usefulness in his day, and January 30, 1772, was chosen the first Constable in Pittston.

BARNABAS CAREY, whose right to settle here was voted in 1771, pitched further up the valley, where, from the fallen tree and gathered bark, he fashioned a frail cabin, so as to afford a little protection from the storms and the wolves. It is believed to have been the first one erected by the white man *above* the Falls of the Lackawanna. The next year, 1772, Carey sold his claim to "the eight meadow Lott in ye township of Lockaworna to Jeremiah Blanchard for thirteen pounds and four shillings."

JOHN TAYLOR early made his "pitch" in Providence. He sought the solitude of the Lackawanna forest while he was young and filled with boy-dreams, settling near the farm, now familiarly known as "Uncle Jo. Griffin's."

With no companions but his axe, his spade and his rifle at the time, he subsequently became a man of more than ordinary usefulness in the colony. He was a member of a number of committees, which received their existence with the expansion of the settlement, and he took an active part in the social and political organizations of the day.

CONSTANT SEARLES and JOHN PHILLIPS were among the Connecticut emigrants who located in the valley in 1771. Frank (Francis) who was voted a settling right in "Lockaworna" in December, 1771, was the father of John—then only 14 years of age, and settled in the "gore," between Pittston and Providence; his lands adjoining those of Barnabas Carey. In April, 1777, Phillips' farm was sold to his son John for thirty pounds current money.

Among the five commissioners chosen to purchase

land, whereon to erect the necessary public buildings, at the time Luzerne county was formed, in 1786, appears the name of John Phillips.

After the Trenton Decree authorized a re-survey of the prolonged disputed lands in the old certified townships, the Pennsylvania soldiers, excited and brutal with rum, began to lay open fields of grain for common pasturage, destroying all belonging to the Yankee settlers, while establishing the boundaries of Pennsylvania, regardless of those of Connecticut.

Phillips and his family were among those driven from their farms in 1784, in a manner so graphically described below by Charles Miner, in his History of Wyoming:—

“On the 13th and 14th of May the soldiers were sent forth, and at the point of the bayonet, with the most high-handed arrogance, dispossessed one hundred and fifty families; in many instances, set fire to their dwellings, avowing the intention utterly to expel them from the country. Unable to make any effectual resistance, the people implored for leave to remove either up or down the river, as with their wives and children, in the state of the roads, it would be impossible to travel. A stern refusal met this seemingly reasonable request, and they were directed to take the Lackawaxen road as leading most directly to Connecticut. But this way consisted of sixty miles of wilderness with scarce a house; the roads were wholly neglected during the war, and they then begged leave to take the Easton or Stroudsburg route, where bridges spanned the larger streams, still swollen by recent rains. All importunities were vain, and the people fled towards the Delaware, objects of destitution and pity that should have moved a heart of marble. About five hundred men, women and children,

with scarce provisions to sustain life, plodded their weary way mostly on foot, the roads being impassable for wagons; mothers carrying their infants, and pregnant women literally wading the streams, the water reaching to their arm-pits, and at night slept on the naked earth, the heavens their canopy, and scarce clothes to cover them. A Mr. John Gardner and John Jenkins, both aged men and lame, sought their way on crutches. Little children, tired with travelling, crying to their mothers for bread which they had not to give them, sunk from exhaustion into stillness and slumber, while the mothers could only shed tears of sorrow and compassion, till in sleep they forgot their griefs and cares. Several of the unfortunate sufferers died in the wilderness, others were taken sick from excessive fatigue, and expired soon after reaching the settlements. A widow with a numerous family of children, whose husband had been slain in the war, endured inexpressible hardships. One child died, and she buried it as she could beneath a hemlock log, probably to be disinterred from its shallow covering and be devoured by wolves."

A little mound, spread over with wild vines, lies by the old roadside in Salem, where this child was buried.

"One shocking instance of suffering is related by a survivor of this scene of death, it is the case of a mother whose infant having died, roasted it by piecemeals for the daily subsistence of her suffering children."*

Elisha Harding who formed one of this party, says that "the first night we encamped at the Capouse; the second at Cobb's, the third at Little Meadows (Salem), cold, hungry, and drenched with rain, the poor women

* Chapman.

and children suffering much. The fourth night at Lackawaxen, fifth at Bloomington, sixth at Shehola, and seventh on the Delaware, where the people disbanded, some going up and some down the river."

Pennsylvania repudiated this ferocious conduct of the soldiers, and at once indignantly dismissed the respective companies engaged in proceedings so infamous.*

After the Compromising law gave peace to the valley, Phillips returned, taking possession of his former farm.

Timothy Keys, Andrew Hickman and Hocksey, settled in Providence Township, in 1771. Six years later they were all killed by the Indians.

Keys was chosen Constable of Providence, June 30, 1772. Among the five first women in the Wyoming Valley, was the wife of Hickman.

At this time the old Records inform us that "Augustine Hunt, one of ye Proprietors in ye Susquehanna Purchase has made a pitch of about one hundred and fifty acres of Land in Lockaworna township."

ISAAC TRIPP.

Among the names of the original Proprietors of the Susquehanna Company, appears that of "Isaak Tryp."

Emigrating to the Wyoming, in 1769, with the first Pioneer Company, and, finding the blockhouse at Mill Creek in possession of the Pennymites, under Captain Ogden, Tripp and his companions made preparations to recapture a prize of such vital importance to their Colonial existence.

Tripp himself, had seen some service in the French

* Miner.

and Indian wars, of that period, while a few of his companions had been schooled in the raw exercises of the Militia of Connecticut. All however, were familiar with the use of the musket, for their flint guns, powder-horns, and shot bags, had often accompanied them in former days, in pursuit of game.

But with their conceptions of military discipline or border life and warfare, they were here completely outwitted by the superior tact of the party in the block-house, under Captain Ogden. Ogden, "having only ten men able to bear arms, one-fourth only of his invading foe, determined to have recourse to negotiation. A very polite and conciliatory note was addressed to the commander of the *forty*, an interview respectfully solicited, and a friendly conference asked on the subject of the respective titles. Ogden proved himself an accomplished angler. The bait was too tempting. Propose to a Yankee to talk over a matter especially which he has studied, and believes to be right, and you touch the most susceptible chord that vibrates in his heart. That they could out-talk the Pennymites, and convince them the Susquehanna title was good, not one of the forty doubted. Three of the chief men, were deputed to argue the matter, viz: Isaac Tripp and Benjamin Follet, two of the executive committee, accompanied by Mr. Vine Elderkin. No sooner were they within the block-house, than Sheriff Jenkins clapped a writ on their shoulders.—'Gentlemen, in the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, you are my prisoners!' 'Laugh when we must, be candid when we can.' The Yankees were decidedly outwitted. By common consent the prisoners were transported to Easton jail, guarded by Captain Ogden; but accompanied in no

hostile manner, by the thirty-seven remnants of the forty." *

Tripp was liberated from jail by his friends at once, and returning again to the valley, was a continual actor in the seven years' conflict before it found a peaceful solution.

Upon the old Records, the name of Isaac Tryp or Esq. Tryp, as he was familiarly termed, often occurs. At a meeting of the Susquehanna Company, held at Hartford, June 2d, 1773, for the purpose of electing officers for the Westmoreland Colony, Gideon Baldwin, Timothy Keys and Isaac Tripp were chosen Directors or Proprietors of Providence.

By reference to that curious body of fact and literature—the Westmoreland Records—we find the first purchase of land in Providence, by Tripp, was made in 1774. This was upon the flats subsequently known as "Tripp's Flats." As the deed, from its age and peculiarity possesses some local interest it is inserted entire.

"To all People to whom these Presents shall come. Know ye that I Daniel Adams of west-moreland, in ye County of Litchfield and Colony of Connecticut, in New England, for and in Consideration of Ninety pounds Currant money, of Connecticut, to me in hand, Paid Before ye Ensealing hereof to my full satisfaction by Isooc Tripp, Esq., of ye same town, County and Colony, aforesaid, ye Receipt whereof I am fully sattisfyed and contented and Do therefore freely, fully, and absolutely Give, Grant, Bargain, Sell, alienate. Conway, and Confirm unto him, ye said Isooc Trypp, His Hairs, Execors. Adminors. and assignhs, for Ever all and singular one

* Miner.

Certain Lott of land, Lying and Being in ye township of Providence, Known by No. 14, Lying on the west side of Lockawanna River, and Butted and Bounded as follows : abuting East on sd. River ; west on sd. town Line, North and South on Land Belonging to sd. Tripp, and Contains by Estimation 375 acres, be ye same more or Less, Reference being had to ye Survay of sd. town for ye more perticulerments. Bounds thereof to be and Remain unto him ye sd. Isooc tripp, and to his heirs, Execu—ors, or Admin—ors, or assigns for Ever free and clear from me, ye sd. Daniel Adams, or any Heirs, Execu—ors, or Admin—ors, or assigns, or any other Persons by from or under me or any part thereof, as witness my hand this 7th Day of July, in ye year of our Lord, 1774, and in ye 14th year of his majosties Raigh.

“Signed, sealed, and Delivered In Presence of

“ DANL. ADAMS.

“ NATHAN. DENISON AND

“ SAML. SLATER, JR.

“Received ye above Deed to Record July ye 8th, A.D. 1774, and Recorded By me.

“ EZEKIEL PEIRCE, clerk.”

Tripp, being one of the original proprietors of the Town of Providence, had already located himself within the old Indian clearing, as early as in the summer of 1771. Providence at that time was designated as the “sixth town of ye Capouse Meadows.”

These flats, perpetuating the name of the first white settler upon them, are now in the possession of another branch of the Tripp family.

Isaac Tripp, the grandson of Isaac Tripp the elder,

came into the valley in 1774, choosing this spot for his residence.

They were both "taken prisoners in 1778, and two young men by the name of Keys and Hocksey; the old gentleman they [the Indians] painted and dismissed, but hurried the others into the forest (now Abington) above Liggitt's gap, on the warrior's path to Oquago. Resting one night, they rose the next morning, travelled about two miles, when they stopped at a little stream of water. The two young Indians then took Keys and Hocksey some distance from the path, and were absent half an hour, the old Indian looking anxiously the way they had gone. Presently the death-whoop was heard, and the Indians returned, brandishing bloody tomahawks and exhibiting the scalps of their victims. Tripp's hat was taken from his head, and his scalp examined twice, the savages speaking earnestly, when at length they told him to fear nothing, he should not be hurt, and carried him off prisoner." *

Finding him apparently happy and harmless, the Indians painted his face with their war-paint, which would enable him to pass with safety any body of Indians he might chance meet on the war-path, and then allowed him to return to the Capouse again, where the next summer he was shot by the Indians who overran the valley.

In the spring of 1803, two skulls and some human bones were found in Abington by Deacon Clark, upon the edge of the little brook passing through Clark's Green, and were at that time supposed to be, as they probably were, the remains of Tripp's two companions.

* Miner.

Isaac Tripp the elder was shot by an Indian, in 1779, within speaking distance of the fort at Wilkes Barre. This was done under such singular circumstances, that we will relate the facts.

At the time of the Revolutionary War, the British often offered large rewards for the scalps of Americans. This was done for the purpose of inciting the savages to more murderous activity, and to annoy and exterminate the frontier settlements as fast and frightfully as possible. As Tripp was a man of some little prominence among his associates, the Indians were often asked by the British why he was not killed? They replied, "Tripp was a good man." He was a Quaker, and his intercourse with the Indians had been so universally kind and conciliatory, that when he fell into their hands as a prisoner, in 1778, upon the flats of Capouse, they were not disposed to harm him, but let him go, after painting his face with war-paint, as it was their custom to do with those they did not wish to harm.

A short time after this, Tripp was sent to Hartford, Connecticut, to represent the wants and the grievances of the Wyoming Colony, and he very naturally removed this paint from his face.

After his return, a double reward was offered for his scalp, and having forfeited their protection by displacing the war-paint, was shot and scalped the first time he was discovered.

The meadow lot, No. 13, in Lockawanna, was sold to Jeremiah Blanchard, for fifty pounds of lawful currency, by Dr. Joseph Sprague, one of the proprietors in the

town. This sale, the records inform us, was made on the "27th day of May, and in ye 12th year of ye reign of our Sovereign Lord, George ye 3d, King, &c., A.D., 1772."

John Stevens was a proprietor in "ye township called ye Capouse Meadow." As early as May, 1772, for the "Consideration of ye Love, Good will and affections I Have, & Do Bare towards my Loveing Son in Law John youngs, son to my wife Mary," he conveyed to Young a settling right at a place called "ye Capouse Meadow."

In October, 1773, Maj. Fitch Alden purchased of John Stevens, of Wilkes Barre, "one Certain Lott of Land Lying in ye township of Providence on ye North side of Lockaworna River; sd. Lott is known by Number two & Contains 370 acres." Fifteen pounds lawful currency was the price given.

It does not appear that Fitch, Young, or Stevens ever settled in the forest of the Lackawanna, for its attractions at this period were few. Fitch sold his land in 1774 to John Alden, for eighty pounds New York currency.

It must be borne in mind, that after the original survey of the Connecticut Indian Purchase of the Susquehanna Company, all the land thus embraced within their survey was laid out in lots or rights, many of which lay for years unimproved by a "pitch," while others were sold, by the proprietors of each town, for a small sum, and resold by the purchaser to any person who dare risk fortune or life among Indians, panthers, and wolves.

EARLY EMIGRATION.

Previous to 1800, the settlement in the valley had made but little progress.

The French and Indian wars, the opposing claims of Pennsylvania and Connecticut to the lands of Westmoreland, and the absorbing war of the Revolution, all contributed to darken, and at times to render hopeless and appalling, the life of the early emigrant.

In fact, the greatest obstacle to the accretion of the settlement here was the rival claims to the country along the Susquehanna and Lackawanna.

As early as 1768, a body of adventurers from Philadelphia came to Wyoming, taking possession of lands which, in 1762, had been claimed and settled by others, and from which they were driven by the Indians in 1763.

This led to the alternate success or expulsion of one party or the other, for a period of seven years, embittering the intercourse of the colony, and giving a sanguinary character to inhabitants naturally quiet, industrious, and peace-loving.

Many, too, of those whose humble cabins stood along the Lackawanna, returned to the Delaware after finding the valley so exposed to cruelty and invasion from every quarter; others moved down nearer the forts in Wyoming, so as better to avoid surrounding danger.

Eighty-eight years ago, the settler fought against enemies more savage and exasperated than the yellow panther or the bear! People in our easy day, can hardly estimate the exposure and insecurity of that time. The pioneer, as he toiled on the plain or in the narrow clearing, kept closely at his side his sharpened knife and

loaded musket, expecting every rustle of the leaf to announce the stealthy approach of the savage. And even when they slept in their lonely cabins, their arms stood freshly primed beside them.

The following persons were residents of the Lackawanna Valley for a longer or shorter period between 1769 and 1776:

| Names. | Where Settled. | When. | Remarks. |
|------------------------|----------------|-------|--|
| Thomas Brown | Pittston | 1769 | Erected the first stockade here. |
| John Brown | " | " | Both slain in the Indian battle. |
| Danl. St. John | " | 1770 | Massacred in 1778. |
| Zebulon Marcy | " | " | Erected first cabin in the valley. |
| Ebenezer Marcy | " | " | Purchased of Zebulon in 1771. |
| Samuel Harden | Lackawanna | 1771 | First Collector in Pittston. |
| Barnabas Carey | " | " | First permanent settler above the Lackawanna falls or rapids. |
| Arter French | " | " | } One "settling right" was voted to each one of these in "Lockaworna." |
| John Frazier | " | " | |
| Timothy Reine, Jr. | " | " | |
| Stephen Harden | " | " | |
| Caleb Bates | " | " | |
| Isaac Tripp, the elder | Capouse | " | Emigrated to Wyoming in 1769. |
| Dr. Joseph Sprague | Lackawanna | " | First physician in the valley. |
| Martin Nelson | " | " | Voted a right. |
| Solomon Johnson | Capouse | " | Emigrated to Wyoming in 1769. First Collector in Providence. |
| Frank Phillips | Lackawanna | " | Right voted. |
| Augustus Hunt | " | " | A proprietor. |
| Timothy Keys | Providence | " | } Tomahawked in Abington, near Clark's Green, 1778. |
| Solomon Hocksey | " | " | |
| Andrew Hickman | " | " | Killed at Capouse, 1778. |
| Samuel Carr | Lackawanna | 1772 | } All forfeited their bonds. |
| Daniel Allen | " | " | |
| Rickard Wert | " | " | |
| Peter Matthews | " | " | |

| Name. | Where Settled. | When. | Remarks. |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|-------|--|
| Frederic Curtis | Providence | 1773 | Lived by trapping beaver. |
| Isaac Tripp, the younger | Capouse. | 1774 | Located in the "Indian clearing." |
| Thomas Pukits | "Town of ye Capouse Meadow." | " | Soon removed. |
| Wm. Shoy | Pittston | " | Purchased of Hickman. |
| John Dewit | Capouse | " | Half right voted. |
| Wm. Hopkins | Pittston | " | Purchased of Bates. |
| Isaac Baldwin | " | " | Purchased of Moses Utler. |
| James Leggett | Providence | 1775 | Cabin stood near the mouth of Leggett's brook. |
| Gideon Baldwin | " | " | |
| Jonathan Haskall | Pittston | " | Sold to Phillips his "pitch." |
| Jonathan Parker | " | " | |

One of the famous "Boston tea party" visited Capouse Meadow in the fall of 1776, with a view of making it his permanent residence, but while he was looking forward to the coming spring as the most suitable time to emigrate here with his family, he was taken ill and died.

JAMES LEGGETT.

That swift, loose-tongued tributary of the Lackawanna, leaping along the rocky staircase in the gap of the mountain between Abington and the valley, "Leggett's Creek," derived its name from Mr. Leggett.

He was from "ye Province of New York," and his axe was the first to swing in the deep forest where now lies the Heermans' farm.*

* This farm successively passed through the hands of Abraham Stanton, John Staples, David Thayer, James Leggett, James Bagley, Elephean Spencer, and McKeel, before it reached those of Harry Heermans.

By an original draught of the Town of Capouse, or Providence, this land fell into the hands of Abraham Stanton. This was in 1772. As it was so wild and seemed so worthless to him he sold it the next year to John Staples. By a vote of the Susquehanna Company Staples's right to this property was declared forfeited, and in 1774 it formed a basis for speculation by David Thayer. His investment proved unfortunate, and he soon became poor as former owners. June 24th, 1775, he sold out several tracts of land lying in this portion of the Lackawanna to James Leggett, who was the person first making an improvement upon it.

A little distance above the present gristmill of Judson Clark, in Providence, Leggett cleared a small spot sufficiently large to show the fertility of the soil, where he erected his simple cabin, in 1775; but the treacherous, and often exciting aspect of border life, rendered sometimes appalling by the howl of the wolf or the whoop of the red-man, contributed so little to his love of quiet, that he soon abandoned the place for a time, retiring to White Plains.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, he again took possession of his land here, living upon it a number of years, and upon this creek erecting the first saw-mill in this portion of the Lackawanna.

That many others emigrated to the valley and left again without making a permanent pitch, there can be no doubt, while many of those thus enumerated becoming discouraged or alarmed during the war, sought the larger and safer settlement in Wyoming or at Sanbury.

FIRST ROAD FROM PITTSTON TO THE DELAWARE.

The nearest point from the Westmoreland Colony to the abode of the whites, was to the Delaware—a distance of about forty miles. From this, the valley was separated by a country whose general features partook strongly of the sternness of the times; and the intervening wilderness, frowning with wild beasts and the unsubdued savage, had through it no other road than that hurriedly constructed by the emigrating party from Connecticut, in 1769.

This followed the warrior's trail, and was formed in a very indistinct manner, by simply removing the larger trees and a few of the more troublesome stones.

Paths through the forest, made by the tread of the Indian for centuries, or tree-marks of the pioneer axeman or hunter, furnished the only guidance along the profound wilderness.

This natural privation to every frontier settlement—the absence of roads—and the necessity of a better communication with the parent State, or nearer villages along the Delaware, induced the proprietors and settlers, as they held their meeting in Wilkes Barre, October, 2d, 1772, to vote “that Mr. Durkins of Kingstown, Mr. Carey of Lockaworna, Mr. Goss for Plymouth, Mr. Danl. Gore for wilkesbarre, Mr. william Stewart for Hannover, are appointed a comtee to Draw subscriptions & se what they Can Git sighned by ye adjoined meeting for ye making a Rode from Dilleware River to Pitts-town.”

At the adjourned meeting, held October 5th, 1772, it was “voted that Esq. Tryp, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Phil-

lip Goss, Mr. John Durkins, Captain Bates, Mr. Daniel Gore, Mr. William Stewart are appointed Comtee-men to mark out ye Rode from Dilleware River to Pittstown," etc.

This committee were to act until the completion of the road. October 19th, 1772, "voted that Esq. Tryp is appointed to oversee those persons that shall from time to time be sent out from ye severall towns to work on ye Road from Dilleware River to this place & so that ye work be Done according to ye Directions of ye Comtee, that was sent out to mark out ye Road," etc.

This herculean task, at that day, was commenced in November 1772; every person who owned a settling-right in the valley, as well as those living upon "ye East Branch of the Susquehanna River" contributing towards its construction.

Wages paid then for the necessary labor would hardly be deemed tempting to the idler of to-day, for it was "voted, that those Persons that shall Go out to work on ye Rode from Dilleware River to ye westermost part of ye Great Swamp Shall Have three sillings ye day Lawfull money for ye time they work to ye Exceptance of ye overseors; and from ye Great Swamp this way, shall Have one shilling and sixpence pr. Day and no more," etc.

Tripp, who was appointed to oversee the work, was allowed "Five Shillings Lawfull money pr. Day."

This road—a road quite as important in its consequence, to the inhabitants of that day as any railroad communication subsequently has been to the valley—was at length completed, and it is said to have been very judiciously located.

MILITARY ORGANIZATION.

When this road was built, times were perilous indeed. As early as 1772, it was voted that each settler should provide himself with a flint lock and ammunition, and continue to guard and scout around the settlement.

- Those genuine outlets to Yankee patriotism—"Training days"—seem here to have had a hurried inception.

At a meeting of the inhabitants and proprietors held March 22d, 1773, it was voted "that the Comtee of Settlers be Desired to send to the several towns or to their Comtee Requiring them to Call all the Inhabitants in Each of ye said towns to meet on Thursday Next at five a Clock in ye afternoon on sd. Day in some Convenient place in sd. town, and that they then Chouse one Person in Each of sd. towns as an officer to muster them & so that all are oequipt according to Law with fire arms and ammunitions, & that they Chuse two Sergeants & a Clerk, & that the sd. Chieff officer is Hereby Commanded & Directed to Call ye Inhabitants together once in 14 Days for ye future until this Company orders otherwise, & that in Case of an allarm or ye appearance of an Enemy, he is Directed to Call ye sd. Inhabitants together & stand for ye Defense of ye sd. towns & settlements without any further order."*

Order and discipline were not only observed in a military point of view, but were carried into every social, commercial and domestic arrangement.

Thus by paying a trifle, settlers had voted to them an

* Westmoreland Records.

ear mark for cattle and sheep. The Records tell us that "Joseph Staples, his Ear mark a square Hole through ye Left Ear." "Job Tryp ye 2nd, His Ear mark—a smooth Cross of ye Left Ear, & a Half penne ye fore side of Eack Ear." "William Raynold, his Ear mark a swallow's tail in ye left Ear & a Half Cross on ye Right Ear.

"Entered April 28th, 1774, pr. me Ezekiel Pierce, Clerk."

John Phillip's ear mark was "a smooth cross of ye Right Ear & a Half penney ye fore side ye same."

Swine, too, had rigid laws imposed upon them.

A wandering one having intruded or broken into Mr. Rufus Lawrence's field of oats, "back in the woods," damaging thereby 15 bushels of oats, "August ye 23d, 1777, then ye above stray Hog was sold to ye Highest Bidder, & Simon Hodds was ye Highes Bidder, and Bid her of at

| | |
|---|----------|
| | D. 1 3 3 |
| Constable fees for Posting the Hog..... | 0 2 3 |
| And travil to Kingstown District | 0 1 3 |
| Selling ye Hog..... | 0 3 0 |
| Clerk's fees for Entiring, &c..... | 0 1 0 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 1 10 9 |

RELIGION, TEMPERANCE, AND STILL-HOUSES.

As there are no Colonial nor private records to be found of the early Church movements in the Lackawanna Valley, even if any were made at the time, it is extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, to form anything like a correct estimate of the moral and religious standard of the settlers at that day.

For religious purposes alone, the old Christian Church standing in Hyde Park was the first one erected in the valley, with one exception. This was built in 1836. Some six years previous to this, a church had been built in Carbondale. The plain, substantial school-houses or the log cabin of the settler standing in some narrow clearing, furnished hospitable points where meetings were held before this time.

The old French war commencing in 1754 and lasting nine years, checked religious advancement throughout the borders of New England, while the Indian wars subsequent to that period, the Revolutionary struggle, as well as the intestinal one in Wyoming, all seem to have been in their influence as fatal to morals as to life.

"Bundling," that easy, but wicked habit of our grandfathers, appears to have been wonderfully prevalent at an early period along the valley, as well as in many other portions of country, and was not unfrequently attended with consequences that might naturally have been looked for. Besides this, there is every reason to believe that the current morals of the day had the greatest liberality of standard, and that one prominent and almost universal characteristic of the people was, the real love of *whisky*.

Indians, however, were not permitted to drink the inspiring "fire-water," as can be seen by a vote of "the Proprietors and Settlers Belonging to ye Susquehanrah Purchase Legolly warned and Held In Wilksbarre, December 7th, 1772. Voted that Asa Stevens, Daniel Gore and Abel Reine are appointed to Inspect into all ye Houses that Sell or Retail Strong Drink, that no Person or Persons shall at any time Hereafter Sell or Lett any Indion or Indions Have any Strong Drink on

forfiture of his or their Settling Right or Rights, and also forfit ye whole of ye Remainder of their Liquor to this Company, and that ye Comtee above are appointed to take care of ye Liquor Immediately."

The Yankee-like and profitable provision of having the liquor forfeited, and the *immediate* care that no doubt was directed to it by those to whom it was thus intrusted, did not prevent its sale to the Indians, who were extremely turbulent and dangerous when under its influences. In fact, their women, during their drunken frolics, were often cruelly beaten, and sometimes badly wounded.

Measures still more stringent and severe were adopted by the inhabitants a short time after this, to prevent access to it by the neighboring savages. It was "voted that no Person or Persons, settlers or forrinors Coming into this place, shall at any time hereafter Sell or Give to any Indian or Indians any Spiritous Lickquors on ye forfeitures of all such Lickors and ye whole of all their Goods and Chattles, Rights and Effects that they Have on this Purchase; and also to be voted out of this Company, unless upon some Extraordinary reason, as sickness, etc., without Liberty first had and obtained of ye Comtee of Settlers, or Leave from ye Comtee that is appointed to Inspect into them affairs, etc."

In 1772 there was but one licensed house in the valley to sell spirituous liquor. This Committee, composed of Avery, Tripp and others, met in Wilkes Barre in June, 1772, "at six a Clock in ye forenoon," where, in the simple language of the times, they resolved that "Wheros there is and may be many Disorders Committed by ye Retailing of Spiritous Lichquor in Small Quanteties Both to ye Indion Natives, which Disorders

to prevent it is now Voted, that there shall be but one Publick house to Retail Speriteous Lichquors in small Quonteties in Each of the first towns, and that Each Person for ye Purpose of Retailing, as aforesd. shall be appointed by The Comtee they Belong; and that they and each of them shall be under the Direction of sd. Comtee, by whom they are appointed, Not Repugnant to ye Laws of the Colony of Connecticut, and that such Retailors that shall not Duly observe such Directions and Restrictions as they shall severally receive from sd. Comtee, shall on Complaint made to this Company, shall see Cause to Inflict, Not Exceeding his or their Settling Right, Regard being Had to ye Nature and agrevation of ye offence.”*

At this time there was no *still-house* in the Colony. An embargo was, for a short time, laid upon the transportation of grain. Dec. 18, 1772, it was voted at the Town Meeting, “that no Person or Persons Now Belonging to the Susquhannah Purchase, from the 18th Day of this present December, until ye first Day of May Next, shall sell to any person or Forrinor or Stranger any Indian Corn, Rye or Wheat to Carry Down the River out of ye Limits of this Purchase.”

In fact, the amount of grain then raised both in Wyoming and Lackawanna, was so scanty and limited, that within all the country now embraced by Luzerne County, no *half bushel* measure was required until 1772. It was then voted “that this Company shall at ye Cost & Charge of this Company as soon as may be, send out to ye Nearest County town in ye Colony’s, & Procure a Sealed Half Bushel & a peck measure & one

* Records.

Gallon pot, Quort pott, point pot, Half point & Gill measures, for a Standard and Rule for this Company to by soon as may, and also sutable weights as ye Law Provides, etc."

Nothing, probably, contributed more towards establishing still-houses here than the absence of any other market for grain after it began to be raised in abundance. Whisky had a commercial importance better suited to the people than the depreciated and almost worthlessness of the Continental currency. A gallon of whisky being worth 20 cents, was considered equivalent to a bushel of rye. To Easton, a distance of nearly 70 miles through the wilderness, wheat was sometimes taken in huge wagons, and exchanged for large iron-kettles for boiling maple sap into sugar. The journey generally took a week, and the wheat brought from 70 to 80 cents per bushel. The kettles were hired out to persons having sap-woods; one pound of maple sugar being given for every gallon it held, for the use of a kettle one year. The sugar was worth five cents per pound.

The isolated condition of the settlers, though stern and sombre in many respects, was not without its gleams of light. When the wool was gathered from the sheep, or the well-dressed flax ready for the spindle, the young and blooming girls, according to the custom of the people, assembled at some point in the neighborhood, generally under the shade of some tree, with their "spinning-wheels;" where, in a single afternoon, knot after knot of yarn came from their nimble hands, which afterwards was probably wove and whitened into sheets for the coming bride. Dressed in neat red-dyed fabrics, manufactured by their own tidy hands, they brought, with their simple gear and glowing cheeks, more artless

pleasure, and gave more natural charms to the maidens than all the spurious hats and diamonds are able to bestow upon the too often thoughtless wearer of to-day.

In the clear, crisp edge of evening, came troops of boys from remote parts of the valley, on foot or on horse-back, as was then the custom to travel from place to place; if women rode, they rode behind the man upon the horse's back. As the spinning ceased, the enjoyments of the evening commenced. The supper-table was now spread by clean hands, with rye-bread, pumpkin-pies, dough-nuts, and "Jonny-cake," and perhaps by a mug of beer or the richest milk; when all gathered around the honest fare, and many a good wish and sweet word was whispered behind a pile of dough-nuts or a friendly glass of beer. Some boisterous games or wild sports closed up the amusements of the evening; when, in the soft light of an autumn moon, the "gals"—as all women at that day were called—wended their way slowly homeward with their beaux.

In accordance with the New England habit, Saturday night, if *any*, was observed instead of Sunday evening. With the sunset of Saturday night all labors closed until the following Sunday at sundown. The youth went to see his sweet-heart on Saturday evening, as it then was considered the regular time for courting. As "many hands make light work" the older people often met for a "logging bee,"—a way of destroying logs, by rolling them in heaps and burning them; which was at one time the only mode of getting rid of some of the finest timber growing in a new country, before railroads, with their iron nets, caught the forest from the spoiler's hand-spike.

The coarser grain raised in the valley being turned

into the still-house, made whisky so cheap that no "logging bee," "husking," "raising," nor any of the social gatherings of the early settlers took place without the inspiring product of the still.

The spread of vice and immorality absorbed some attention in the Wyoming Valley, four years after the date of its settlement. A committee, consisting of "William Stewart, Isaac Tryp, Esq.," and others were appointed, February 16th, 1773, "to Draw a plan in order to suppress vice and Immorality that abounds so much amongst us, and Carry ye same Before ye Next meeting." *

Twenty-five years later, we find the *progressive* spirit of the times recorded in the following curious deed of land, bearing date August 13th, 1798, from Baldwin and Faulkner to Joseph Fellows.

"Know all Men by these Presents, that we Waterman Baldwin & Robert Faulkner, both of Pittstown in the County of Luzerne, in the State of Pennsylvania, being *desirous to promote the interest and general Welfare* of said Pittstown, and to encourage and enable Joseph Fellows of the said Town, County and State, To erect a Malt-house and Beer-house, *which we conceive will prove of general utility to our neighborhood*, as also in consideration of Fifty cents to each of us paid by the said Joseph Fellows to our full satisfaction, &c., sell to said Fellows a certain piece of land for the purposes just named."

Two or three years later than this, *eight* still or beer-houses stood along the Lackawanna, from its mouth up to the upper border of the Capouse, in successful oper-

* Westmoreland Records.

ation, viz: Asa Dimock's and Joseph Fellows in Pittston township; Hubbuts, in Lackawanna; Benjamin and Ebenezer Slocum's two, in Slocum Hollow (now Scranton); Vaughn and Stevens, in Providence; and Stephen and Isaac Tripp each had one upon Tripp's Flats; all distilling the rich and surplus corn and rye. Being located, as it were, almost before every door, they drew from the ripened grain the wished-for beverage, which then was in common use from the cradle to the grave. Children put to sleep by eating bread soaked in whisky, gave little trouble to the mother or nurse, and were said to grow rapidly in stature and good nature.

As gold or silver rarely found its way to the settlement, and as the Revolutionary scrip was of no real value then, the commercial agency of whisky was recognized by the trader quite as much as beads or wampum by the Indians.

One of the most desirable locations of coal property, sloping down into the valley, was sold some sixty years ago, as will be shown, for five gallons of whisky.

All these still-houses were better patronized at that day than any church in the valley, whose spires point to a better world, has subsequently been.

As late as 1788, the only person recommended to the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, as fit to keep a house of entertainment in Pittston, was Waterman Baldwin. He seemed to have been unworthy of the position, for in 1789 he was indicted for keeping a tippling house and fined five pounds.

The next person in the valley receiving a license from the Governor of Pennsylvania was Jonathan Davies, in 1791.

MILLS AND FORGES.

For a time, logs rolled up in their primitive state into the rough log-house, or barks peeled from the tree, and shaped by the aid of poles into the wigwam-like cabin, formed the only dwellings of the pioneer. Bark, or the tree itself ungracefully split by the beetle and wedge into layers, afforded roofing, whose special purpose seemed to be to *let in* every element, with little regard to economy.

There are probably few streams in the State furnishing water-power of such extent and durability as the Lackawanna and its various tributaries; more especially the Roaring Brook, which offers, within every mile of its course, no less than three or four water-privileges for mills and the lesser kind of machinery.

In the summer of 1774, a saw and grist-mill were built upon the Lackawanna, below "Ye Great Falls in the Lackawanna River." These were built by the town. The same year these both were purchased by Solomon Strong, and from him they passed into the hands of Garrit Brinkorkoof, July 6, 1775.

This was then in Pittston, and they were the first mills standing along this stream. Both of these were swept away by the spring freshets, a few years later.

The great and growing want of sawed lumber, as the settlement began to assume more developed proportions, combined with the admirable water-fall, induced Solomon Finn—or Elder Finn, as he was called, from the fact of his being a rigid Baptist—and Elephat L. Stevens to build a saw-mill in 1780, nearer the mouth of this stream.

Down the steep bank opposite the remains of the old still-house of Barnams, totter the grey walls of a departed grist-mill, once standing upon the foundation of this saw-mill. Its clatter and its usefulness long since have passed away.

OLD FORGE AND DR. SMITH.

One of those unusual characters who give color and shape in a great measure to the community around them was Dr. William Hooker Smith. Having a winning and a superior tact, he was enabled to take hold of the affections of the inhabitants of Wyoming Valley, which he retained as the chief physician for a long period of years. He was a citizen of influence and property. Among the first justices appointed under the State of Pennsylvania to hold the courts of the county, appears that of Dr. Smith. He represented the 5th District, and his commission is signed by Benjamin Franklin, bearing date May 11, 1787. Franklin, it will be recollected, was President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania at this time.

Upon the old Westmoreland Records his name appears as buying land in the District of Wilkes Barre, in 1774. He came "from North Caster, West Chester County, in ye Province of New York," in 1772.

His remarkable acuteness of perception is exhibited nowhere so boldly as upon the Luzerne county records, where are recorded his purchases of the right to "dig iron ore and the mineral called *stone-coal*, or any other mineral as he the said Smith may think proper to dig

or raise." These purchases, considered then so visionary by the inhabitants, who knew nothing of the nature nor the existence of coal, were made between the years of 1791 and 1798, in the townships of Exeter, Plymouth, Pittston, Providence and Wilkes Barre. The first is made July 1, 1791, of Scot of Pittston, who, for the sum of five shillings, Pennsylvania money, sold "one half of any minerals, ore of iron, or other metal which he, the said Smith, or his heirs, or assigns, may discover on the hilly lands of the said John Scot by the red spring."

While these purchases were the result of the superior foresight of Smith, stone coal and iron ore lands possessed so little value here that their owners were glad to exchange them for a mere nothing.

In 1850 these old claims passed into the hands of G. P. Steele, and the same year to their present owner, James R. Snowden, of Philadelphia.

Among the many anecdotes related of the doctor, none exhibit more of the shrewd peculiarity of the man than the following one.

Possessing many scientific notions which were not readily comprehended by people around him, he was suspected more than once in his life of making counterfeit Spanish dollars. Once, in fact, he was arrested for passing what was supposed to be a spurious silver dollar upon a merchant whose store stood near the doctor's residence. He had been told by the merchant that if anything of the kind was ever passed upon *him*, trouble would follow.

The doctor, always ripe for any encounter partaking of fun, and wishing to give action to the naturally

irruptive nature of the merchant, put some alum and milk into an iron skillet and placed it over the fire. He now threw into the heating mixture a good Spanish dollar, leaving it until it was white with heat; then taking it out of the vessel and wrapping it quickly up into a paper, gave it to one of his boys, telling the little fellow to run to the store as fast as possible and buy a piece of chalk.

The suspicious store-keeper unfolding the paper, took the glistening coin in his hand. His fingers were soon burned and blistered. With an oath he threw the coin down upon the floor, saying to the lad that *he* would bring the change himself. As the doctor was enjoying the joke in an eminent degree, in came the enraged merchant, whose abuse was so violent that it became necessary to eject him summarily from the house. After the lapse of a few hours, a constable, accompanied by the prosecutor, and his posse, marched Dr. Smith before a justice of the peace. That he had passed the objectionable money he admitted, but that it was good or bad could only be told by his chemicals and assistance. As the squire nor the party would trust neither, the suspected coin had to be sent to Wilkes Barre, a distance of twelve miles, in order to have the judgment of a silversmith passed upon it. In a small log cabin, standing by the roadside, the alleged counterfeiter was imprisoned during the absence of the messenger, guarded by two uneasy-looking men. These he jocosely proposed to bribe for ten dollars, but they too, looking upon his money with distrust, refused the tempting offer, so he was confined here thirty-six hours before the silversmith decided it was good silver.

After being released he refused to leave until remunerated for loss of time, practice, character, and false imprisonment.

The storekeeper himself felt awkward in his own new and unsought position. His estimation of himself could hardly have been flattering, for his friends then deserted him, laughing at his useless and hasty course in arresting a person of such worth, attainment, and standing, as *Doctor Smith!* This shrewd genius, with his usual adroitness, gave such effective prominence to the idea of false imprisonment that, to settle the matter at once, the merchant turned over to the doctor the store and the goods, upon the condition that he would pay all costs of this suit and release him from damage.

Dr. Smith opened *his own* store the next day, and as long as he drank his whisky-toddy with his friends did he amuse the circle by relating this singular adventure. A good-humored and generous old gentleman now lives in the valley who recollects well, while a boy, offering the money to the merchant.

After accompanying Gen. Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians and Tories along the upper Susquehanna in 1779, as chief surgeon to the army, he returned to the valley, locating himself upon the Lackawanna, near a place subsequently designated as "Old Forge," where first in the valley the trip-hammer sound reverberated along its banks, or mingled with the wild babblings of its waters.

This forge stood immediately below the rapids, or falls in the Lackawanna, and was erected upon the site of the grist-mill spoken of before, by Dr. William Hooker Smith and James Sutton, in the spring of 1789.

Before these iron-works none existed in Westmoreland,

expt those in Newport, which were in operation as early as 1777.

From the impure nature of iron ore, and the extreme difficulty of finding it, even in this shape, as well as the imperfect method known of producing iron from the raw material without the assistance of stone coal or machinery, the operations of this forge were necessarily limited. Its extraction in fact being attended with more labor than real profit, ultimately compelled it to be abandoned.

Two fires and one trip-hammer furnished about 400 pounds of iron in twelve hours; this was principally taken up the Susquehanna River in boats.

Dr. Smith, in 1810, made a very singular will, and in 1815 he died in Tunkhannock, at the ripe age of 91. In 1838, his heirs received from Congress, the sum of \$2,400, as pay for Acting Surgeon, in the Revolutionary War.*

SETTLEMENT OF SLOCUM HOLLOW, NOW SCRANTON.

The warrior's path from the Delaware to Wyoming came into the Capouse near the northern part of Scranton, and was, before the arrival of the whites, the only known trail approaching the valley from the east.

The first road built in the adjoining county of Wayne, started from Cushetunk (now Damascus), and ran from thence to Big Eddy (Narrowsburg), thence to the narrows on the Lackawaxen, through Paupack, Salem, sloping into this old Indian meadow, about one mile above Slocum Hollow.

Before this, however, the Shahola or Connecticut road

* Miner.

was marked out by the early emigrants from Hartford, in 1769. Being the nearest route, it was selected, and as it followed this old trail of the Indians, it required less labor to give it the few advantages it possessed over the surrounding wilderness.

The close of the revolutionary struggle naturally awakened hopes of permanent repose to the inhabitants of a valley well known to be fertile and inviting.

Settlers began to pour in from New England, and many who had been driven from the country by the savage assailants, returned again after the arrow and the hatchet no more appeared around their fire-sides. Among them was Philip Abbott, who returned to the Lackawanna Valley in 1786, at the time the renowned Col. Ethan Allen, of Vermont, visited Wyoming Valley, with a view of forming an independent State of "Westmoreland," with the Capitol at Wilkes Barre. Philip was a native of Windham county, Connecticut, and had previously owned property in Wyoming, which he had disposed of, in 1777, to his more daring brother James, who was among the number expelled by the Tories and Indians the ensuing year. After Philip had explored the fine water-power along the Lackawanna, with a view of supplying the present or any future want that agricultural development in the Capouse Meadow, or elsewhere along the valley, could not fail to inspire, he commenced to erect a mere miniature corn or grist-mill, upon the northern bank of the Roaring Brook,* just as

* This brook was called *Nay-aug* or *Naw-yaug* by the Indians. The etymology of this word is something in doubt. The syllable *na*—pronounced *naw*, seems to have been associated with the idea of *noise—sounding*, or *roaring*, in the Indian language, as well as in many other tongues.—PROF. CHAPIN AND ROGER WILLIAMS.

it enters the Capouse region, and but a few rods above the location of the present grist-mill in Scranton, in the year 1788.

This was constructed in a manner simple, original and primitive, merely by elevating the mill-stones sufficiently from the necessary gearing beneath. A rude leather belt placed on the drum of the water-wheel, then twisted and put on the spindle of the mill-stones, comprised the total and complete machinery of the mill. The flinty silicious stones first used here in this mill for grinding were brought from an adjoining ledge, and were as rudely shaped as was the mill itself. Slabs split or hewn from the tree, and barks lashed on with withes, composed the roof as well as the sides of this structure; all of which was supported by six strong crotches cut from the sturdy saplings growing upon the banks of the stream. Its *bolt* was quite as unique and curious as any part of the contrivance, consisting of a dry *deer skin* completely perforated with small holes. This being operated entirely by hand, made the only separation of the flour from the coarse bran. An old gentleman, who has passed from among us, once told the writer that, while he was a mere boy, he often accompanied his father to this mill, and that while the grist was being ground he was compelled to shake this novel bolt, while "the old man and the miller got jolly on the whisky punches in the house." Constructed so imperfectly, it could for some time only crack the Indian corn for *samp*, one of the greatest luxuries here at that period.

James Abbott became interested in this property in October the same year, and in April, 1789, Reuben Taylor was associated with the Abbotts in the mill. They

also cut and cleared off a few acres of land immediately below this point on the bank of the brook. At this time only two other grist-mills were in all the vast area now embraced by Luzerne, Wyoming, Wayne, and Pike counties. Grist-mills of grain were brought from the bordering counties to Slocum's mill, upon the backs of the poor pioneers, and sometimes even by hardy and heroic women, who undertook the journey alone and on foot, while the husbands toiled for a sustenance in the narrow clearing at home. In 1814, Timothy Stevens erected a grist-mill in Blakely, upon the Lackawanna, and two years later Edmund Harford commenced another one upon one of the fair-water tributaries of the Wallenpack in Salem, Wayne county a short distance above the ancient "Lackawa" settlement.

In the spring of 1790, a Yankee, named Howe, purchased the mill from Messrs. Abbotts and Taylor.

Taylor then took possession of the land now known as the Uncle Joe Griffin Farm, but, coming to the conclusion that it would never be worth the trifling tax imposed upon it, disposed of it at the first opportunity. Upon Stafford Meadow Brook,* a little below Scranton, the Abbotts built a saw-mill which finally passed into the hands of the Slocums.

A man named Gwin emigrated from New Jersey, in 1799, to "Slocum Hollow," as this portion of Capouse was designated *after* 1798. Howe and Gwin built a log grist-mill, in 1804, upon one of the most southern branches of the Tunkhannock, now in Scott Township, and hence the impression by many, that the first mill in Slocum Hollow was built by them. In 1793, there

* This brook took its name from Captain John Stafford, who made his first purchase upon the head waters in 1777.

stood here but *one* house, which was occupied by John Howe and his family.

THE SLOCUMS.

Benjamin and Ebenezer Slocum settled here in 1798, when this infantile mill and its simple appurtenances passed into their hands by purchase.

Roaring Brook, by its frequent fall and liberal current, offered to energy, capital or toil, productive return. The pine, Norway and sturdy, the hemlock and the oak, rose with such profuse majesty upon its banks, that comparatively little seemed the labor to fit them for a market.

A saw-mill was built here by the Slocums, in 1799, after they had enlarged this pristine grist-mill.

To the vigorous mind of Dr. Wm. Hooker Smith, the lower portion of the valley was indebted for the conception and existence of a forge, which at this time was converting the raw ores into ready iron; but no attempt to develop the mineral wealth of any other portion of it was made until the Slocums erected their forge in Slocum Hollow in 1800. Near the grist-mill and the extra dam already thrown across the stream, stood this forge with its fires and single trip-hammer, and from the bog ore, cropping out along the various creeks in the valley, was forged out the iron. Here these sun-burnt, energetic men, under the shadows of a projecting cliff, fashioned and worked their forge, and the sound of the trip-hammer and the roar of the waterfall formed the chorus of their domestic life.

Not knowing the mechanical use of the anthracite

coal blackening the creek sides around this forge, they had to depend solely upon charcoal for heating. Anthracite, in fact, was used nowhere in the United States for making iron until 1837, although *bituminous* coal was thus employed in England, for the same purpose, by Dudley, about one hundred years before.

The ore, generally found in small pieces, was broken still finer and roasted, then placed into the conical-shaped furnaces, constructed from stone, and the slag separated from the iron. In these furnaces it was mixed with the proper quantity of charcoal, then melted and separated from the slag. The cast-iron then being very brittle, was reduced to malleable-iron by heating again in a bed of charcoal, rolled into balls, when it was caught and shaped by the clattering trip-hammer into any desired form or size.

Iron thus made here by the Slocums, is said to have been fibrous in texture, very stout, and little liable to rust. About 25 per cent. was allowed for waste.

The expense of thus making iron was found to be so considerable, that only its increasing demand for mill irons, blacksmith purposes, ploughshares, etc., from many parts, but more especially from the Lake Country, enabled them to manufacture it with a living profit.

Up until 1828, a period of twenty-eight years, was this productive forge ceaseless at work, and then the great difficulty of obtaining the necessary ore, some of which was brought from several miles up the Lackawanna, over a road winding among the close thick underbrush of the forest, the worn-out condition of the forge, combined with the imperative demands of other business, tended to its final neglect.

In connection with this forge, a saw-mill, two distil-

leries, and their grist-mill were successfully operated by the Slocums, who, in return for early investment and privations, began to receive ample and well-deserved remuneration.

At various times, the Slocums had purchased land in the vicinity of the Capouse, and at the time of the death of Ebenezer, he owned some 1,700 acres—most of which was coal-land.

Ebenezer and Benjamin, it will be recollected, were brothers to Frances Slocum, who was taken prisoner by the Indians at Wilkes Barre, in 1778, and whose sad subsequent history, awakened throughout the country an interest so thrilling.

The sister, Frances, died at Logansport, Indiana, in July, 1853, among the red tribes who had taught her to love them, and whose habits had become her own. She left two daughters, one of whom has since gone the way of her mother.

Ebenezer himself was picked up by the savages at the same time. "The mother stepped up to the savage, and reaching for the child, said: 'He can do you no good; see, he is lame.' With a grim smile, giving up the boy, he took Frances, her daughter, aged about five years, gently into his arms, and, seizing the younger Kingsley by the hand, hurried away to the mountains."*

Strange as was this escape from life-long captivity or death, it was not more miraculous than an event in his history in 1803. At this time Ebenezer was engaged in removing some slight obstruction about the race of the forge, when he accidentally fell into the current while the forge was in full operation. The negro, who was at

* Miner.

work with the trip-hammer at the time, sprang for a piece of wood, which, with great presence of mind, he placed under the hammer in such a manner as to arrest the motion of the water-wheel at once, leaving the buckets so in range with the race, that Slocum passed through with the current, coming out below the forge without sustaining any greater injury than the terrible fright the submarine journey gave him. What seems the most incredible is, that while Slocum was a man of more than liberal stature—weighing about two hundred pounds—he could pass alive through a race whose actual width was only *eight inches!*

His son Joseph yet retains the purse, etc., his father had in his pocket at the time of this remarkable adventure. Until after this *impressive* event, he never acknowledged the existence of another world.

In 1810, although there were but *three* houses in Slocum Hollow, a postoffice was established here, and Maj. Slocum appointed Postmaster. Ten years later it was discontinued here, and the point upon the turnpike at Fellow's Corners selected as a more suitable place for the inhabitants in Providence to receive their letters and papers.

The office itself was not exceedingly lucrative, for the mail was only brought here over the mountains from Easton *via* Wilkes Barre once a week, upon horseback or by hand, and the grand total of the mail-bag in those times, for this destination, was often less than the mail matter now received each day by many business firms in the same vicinity.

July 11, 1821, Ebenezer received a commission for Justice of the Peace. Previous to his death—which took place suddenly at Wilkes Barre—he had such a

strong presentiment that "the Hollow" would at some period be a great place, that he often wished he could revisit it fifty years after his departure. Although half of the time has not yet expired, a portion of his land is so divided and parcelled out among the sons of toil, and so changed, that could we summon his spirit from the "vasty deep," he could even now hardly recognize his former home.

ELISHA HITCHCOCK, Esq., moved into the country from New Hampshire in 1809, and purchased land in Slocum Hollow in 1816. For a period of twenty-four years he was the only person in the upper portion of this secluded glen. He has lived to see the forest retreat before the intruding axe-stroke; and by his long years of usefulness, sobriety, and experience, has contributed no little to elevate and improve the generation around him. The fine brick mansion, standing on the slope of the hill northeast of Scranton, from which one of the prettiest views of the valley, with its close-headed hills, is had, and where the villages, reposing in its bosom, and the sturdy locomotive sweeping along the greensward, as if it were mere chess-play, the rich farms, and the shaded streams, all make up a picture framed by the Moosic range of mountain, is the present residence of the venerable old gentleman.

After the forge in Slocum Hollow had ceased to operate, in 1828, there was nothing at this point to attract the attention of the passer but the saw and grist-mill and the busy still-house of the Slocums. In 1828, the North Branch Canal was commenced at Pittston, and it was hoped by many of the citizens along the Lackawanna that it might be extended up this stream as far as Slocum Hollow or Providence. Meetings

were held in Hyde Park, Providence, and Blakely, for the purpose of urging upon the Legislature the propriety of extending "the *feeder* of this canal, or some other improvement, up the valley as far as would be thought of service to our citizens and the commonwealth." Although the moving spirit in these gatherings was Charles H. Silkman, the names of Thomas Griffin, William Merrifield, Sylvanus Heermans, Elisha Hitchcock, John Vaughn, William W. Winton, Moses Vaughn, Lewis S. Watres, and the veritable John Q. Smith, appear as a committee to correspond with the members upon the subject. While these meetings denounced the "*blackleg drivellers*, in the shape of incorporated companies,"* they no doubt directed a little attention to the coal and iron hills along the valley, where nothing had been done yet in the way of their development, except by the simple operations of Dr. William Hooker Smith at Old Forge, by the Slocums at Slocum Hollow, and by the more comprehensive yet persecuted Maurice and William Wurts in the forest at Carbondale.

It is a curious fact that the village of Scranton owes its inception to an effort made by the friends of the "Drinker Railroad" to get it constructed. Henry Drinker and William Henry, who were actively and prominently associated in this enterprise during a series of years of terrible commercial embarrassment and disaster, and who, after great pecuniary sacrifice and physical labor, could not infuse into the stubborn times the importance of this eastern outlet, although they themselves never despaired of ultimately seeing it

* See *Wilkes Barre Advocate*, Dec. 19, 1833.

opened, concluded to let the age ripen before again urging capitalists to look upon their proposed highway.

Years of reconnoissance along the western end of the contemplated route, made Henry so familiar with the mineralogical character of the country, that at a meeting of the friends of this road, held three days in Easton, in June, 1836, he expressed a belief that if an iron interest was awakened in the Lackawanna Valley, a town would probably be built as well as the road. He proposed to the gentlemen present to erect a *blast furnace* somewhere on the route above Pittston, and if success attended the manufacturing of iron, as he was sanguine it would, it could not fail to accomplish in a short period of time the great desideratum years had failed to mature. Men composing this meeting were marked by strong good sense and liberal views, and yet this idea partook so much of the bold and the original, that with a single exception it received about the same attention from them as the public generally had given their own favorite project. Edward Armstrong, a gentleman of wealth, residing on the delightful east bank of the Hudson, not only favored the proposition, but offered himself to Mr. Henry as a partner in the purchase of land, and in the erection of such iron works at any point deemed most judicious by him, after a more minute survey. During the summer of 1839, Mr. Henry traversed the country westward and southward, examining various places along the route, to find the best location.

On the low, wild, narrow strip of land, lying almost in the forks of the Lackawanna and the Roaring Brook, from which Scranton itself seems to have *exhaled*, he found iron ore, the analysis of which proved so produc-

tive and inviting as to determine at once the site of the furnace.

This tract of land comprised a portion of the old "Parsonage lot," which was so wisely set apart by the original laws of the Connecticut settlers in Westmoreland, for the use of the *first* minister *in fee*, and which was so shrewdly obtained subsequently of the State of Pennsylvania, and disposed of by Elder William Bishop, the first Baptist preacher in the Lackawanna Valley. This tract of land, after passing through several hands, had fallen into the possession of William Merrifield, Zenus Albro, and William Ricketson. Situated as it was upon this brook, where water comes bubbling down from the mountain side; imbedded with vast deposits of iron and coal; and being on the route of the Susquehanna and Delaware Railroad, the location apparently furnished every feature and element essential to success. The ledge of rock here projecting its silicious face over the brook, promised a good article of hearthstones for the furnace, and stone for the erection of the stack. Nor was this all; the North Branch * excitement was reaching its meridian. Col. H. B. Wright, and Chester Butler, Esq., two of the foremost politicians of the day in Luzerne county, became interested in the project, and gave assurance of its being carried up the Lackawanna, as far as Roaring Brook, so that limestone, for the use of the works, could be abundantly and cheaply furnished.

Of all these facts, Mr. Armstrong was apprised by Mr. Henry in January, 1840; visited by him in the following March, when every arrangement was made

* As early as 1817, an act to incorporate a company for improving the navigation of the Lackawanna Creek was passed.

by them to form a copartnership in the purchase of this property, consisting of 503 acres, and in the erection thereon of one or more blast furnaces. Henry returned to the valley; and, after negotiating some three months for the land, finally purchased it for \$8,000, or about \$16 per acre—a price then considered enormous by people generally, for land possessing no other attractions than the useless minerals reposing within its bosom, and the huge stones and trees concealing the scanty soil. As the purchase-money was to be furnished by Mr. Armstrong, he required the deed to be made in his own name. For the first payment, a draft of \$2,500, in favor of the owners of the property, was given by Mr. Henry on Edward Armstrong, at thirty days; but before it matured Mr. Armstrong was laid in his grave. A few days previous to his illness, which lasted but four days, he wrote to Mr. Henry "to be sure and secure the Slocum property." He died with the scarlet fever, a disease which, at the same time, carried off two of his children, and for a long time rendered helpless and heart-broken his wife. Thus death, at one stern blow, not only made the fireside desolate with grief, but seemed to claim for the sepulchre the efforts of the living partner.

Mr. Maitland, his administrator, at once wrote to Mr. Henry, at Stroudsburg, to abandon the purchase by all means. Depressed, but not daunted by this painful misfortune, he immediately wrote to Messrs. Merrifield, Albro, and Ricketson in Hyde Park, the news of the death of his late partner, and the non-acceptance of the draft; asking them to extend the time of payment thirty days, and in the meantime he would endeavor to engage with other parties to step in

and take the place of Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Merrifield returned a prompt reply, that the request would be acceded to on the part of the sellers, provided funds were paid, should the sale be effected, which were par in New York.

The death of Mr. Armstrong—a gentleman eminently able, consistent and liberal—introduced persons into the valley, who, subsequent to this event, began to figure conspicuously in its rapid and healthy development. Not willing to lose a bargain deemed so great, Mr. Henry left Stroudsburg to see some friends in Morris county, New Jersey, who before had been anxious to join an enterprise of this character. Meeting his son-in-law, Selden T. Scranton, who then resided at Oxford Furnace, New Jersey, he communicated these facts to him; urging him to come forward himself, or induce his friends to do so, and assume, at least as far as the purchase and payment were concerned, the place of Mr. Armstrong. At a public meeting held at Stanhope in the memorable year of coon-skins, Col. George W. Scranton learned from his brother Selden the nature of the contemplated purchase. It was at once determined by them to go to the Lackawanna Valley with Mr. Henry, and if, upon a personal examination of the property, it should be found as promising and valuable as represented, they then would assist in carrying out the purchase-agreement previously made by Mr. Henry. Mr. Sanford Grant, then residing at Belvidere, was solicited to accompany the exploring party, and join in the proposed purchase.

On the morning of the 17th of August, 1840, the Messrs. Scrantons and Grant left Belvidere, and being joined at Stroudsburg by Mr. Henry, proceeded to

Slocum Hollow. It was then two days' journey from this point to the valley, over the old Drinker turnpike, which lay over the swamps and jungles of the Poconas: where nature seems to have concentrated all that is barren, gloomy and savage. The passer who has escaped with his life over the rude hospitalities of this turnpike, knows that the whole scenery from the Delaware to "The Hollow" (now Scranton) consisted of nothing but mountains, hills, and woods, and, save the whir of some pheasant, or the wild babblings of the trout-brook, all was silence and desolation.

Hardly a cabin or a sign of love and life appeared anywhere along this lonely road. The first night was spent in Covington, where a little round sign, creaking from a post standing almost in the road, announced that "man and beast" *were entertained*. The next noon, the party reached Slocum Hollow, drove into the woods and tied their horses to a tree, near where now stands the residence of Mr. Archibald; wound their way among the slim pines and undergrowth of laurel and saplings, down the steep east bank of the Roaring Brook to the large vein of coal then prominently exposed to view, and since opened and worked. None of the party, except Mr. Henry, had ever seen a coal-vein before. Among the brush and leaves, the pick previously concealed by Henry was exhumed, by the aid of which large pieces of coal and iron-ore balls, lying in the vicinity, were dug up. After making a careful examination of the fine water-power then murmuring idly through the property, they drove over to Hyde Park, having been nearly a half day surveying the unpruned premises without seeing or being seen by a single person.

A single saw-mill, with its clattering saw, and two small, wooden dwelling-houses, were all the evidence upon this property that it had passed from the Indian to the white man. Immediately below and adjoining, lay the *débris* of the old forge of Slocum's, near which now stood the grist-mill, two dwellings owned by Barton Mott, and next below was the large red stone house and barn of Samuel Slocum, which yet remain like landmarks of other days; and a little schoolhouse, yet in use, made complete the town of Slocum Hollow in 1840.

Mr. Hitchcock lived in the house now occupied by Charles F. Mattes, which was then considered a good way out of town.

Harsh as seemed the features of the valley, and particularly of the chosen portion of it, it was concluded to purchase, and on the following day the parties with whom Mr. Henry had negotiated accepted the renewed proposition, and the titles were executed. The parties in their return home, *via* Wilkes Barre, discussed various plans for an organization, preparatory to commencing operations. Mr. Henry submitted a plan and the estimate for a blast furnace, with sufficient houses to accommodate the necessary workmen.

The Company now consisted of four persons, viz., S. T. and G. W. Scranton, S. Grant, and W. Henry. It was decided to unite Philip H. Mattes with the enterprise. He examined the purchase and became a partner, when the Company was immediately organized under the firm of Scrantons, Grant & Co.

On the 11th of September, 1840, the first day's work for this Company was done here upon the furnace by Mr. Simon Ward, under the direction and superinten-

dence of Henry, who had moved his family from Stroudsburg to the house now occupied by Henry Fellows, in Hyde Park.

Hyde Park contained at this time one store, one tavern, and six or eight dwellings; Providence (then *Razorville*), some ten or twelve, while Dunmore (also The Corners, or *Bucktown*), simply four brown, unpainted buildings.

New men naturally introduced new names into a region which was found so silent and drowsy among the pines. At first, it was the simple, sweet-sounding Capouse, replete with Indian song and legend. Hardly had the Slocums destroyed the balance between the savage and the civilized life by the erection of their structures upon the bank of the brook before "Deep," or "Slocum Hollow," became a place famous for its good *whisky*. In fact, it retained this name from 1798 until 1840, when "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were sweeping like an avalanche towards the White House, and then Mr. Henry gave to the new work and the location the name of Harrison. This name, affording as it did evidence of the proverbial feebleness of the American people in name-power and invention, lost caste after eight or ten years. *Scranton* was now substituted as being more beautiful and less meaningless. But the boy with his father's clothes on could hardly swaddle, so the doctor was called, and after a little amputating and medication, the name of Scranton was born—a name probably good enough, but how much more appropriate and musical would have been its primitive one, *Capouse*, or *Lee-haw-hanna*, or even *Nay-ang*, the Indian name for the Roaring Brook?

Providence, too, has run through the curious and

purifying nomenclature of names. After the jurisdiction of Connecticut had departed from the Yankee town and county of Westmoreland (now Luzerne county, etc.), Providence was called *Jamestown*; when the "Drinker turnpike" was completed and brought, or was expected to bring, this portion of country *exactly* in the centre of the world, it was called *Centre-ville*, and when a Jerseyman could not exchange his *pewter sixpence*, which he had long carried, for some of the inspiring rye, he wet his whistle indignantly with cold water, turned his back to the offending town, which he called "*Razorville*"—a name so full of music that for many years it was retained among Jerseymen. It finally returned to its first-love—Providence. But we digress.

While a few tenant-houses and the furnace were being erected, the new county measure and the canal project up the Lackawanna—two unfortunate twin-children—began to excite a deeper interest. Already had a law been passed, authorizing the feeder dam to be located at the falls on said river, but as nothing yet had been done towards its construction, hopes were entertained by the sanguine of having the northern terminus of the canal at or near the embryo town of Harrison. For the purpose of raising funds to defray the expenses of some individual to go to Harrisburg and advocate the proposed measure, a subscription was raised in January, 1841. This new company, through Mr. Henry, paid \$5, Samuel Slocum and Barton Mott, \$5 each, John Sax and S. P. Templin, fifty cents each; to make the \$25 up Mr. Henry paid \$4.

For this thankless, outside mission, Charles H. Silkman, Esq., a lawyer, whose ingenious persuasions it was

supposed none could gainsay or resist, was selected, and although he drew up several bills favorable to the valley, and strenuously urged their adoption, the Canal Board, the Legislature, and even the Governor himself, after looking upon the measure with apparent approbation, averted their kindness, and both fell into a volcanic grave.

During this winter considerable progress was made on the furnace, and a small store-house, office, and dwelling, all under one roof, were erected. This building, after being enlarged, was subsequently known as Kresler's Hotel. It is now torn down to make room for the imposing works connected with the manufacturing of iron. In the spring of 1841, Mr. Grant, with his family, came here, and the store of the Company, then opened, was conducted under his management for several years. Mr. Charles F. Mattes, son of P. H. Mattes, and representing his father's interest in the concern, also came here about this time, and from the time the first furnace was put in blast has been actively engaged at the head of some of the departments; at this time he is the manager of all the Company's blast furnaces.

Iron was first made with anthracite coal about the year 1836 in Wales; in 1837 the idea of using anthracite for smelting iron ore began to be agitated in the United States, and few thought it would succeed, although bituminous coal had thus been employed about one hundred years before for this purpose in England. Experiments made in 1837 and 1838 proved such failures, that those who had witnessed their phenomena, saw nothing to hope for in the final result, but associations of loss and defeated expectations. The first successful experiment was at

the Crane Iron Works, on the Lehigh, and the next at Danville.

The furnace being erected at Harrison was to be adapted to the use of anthracite. It was contemplated from the first to use the iron ore, commonly called *ball ore*, lying adjacent to one of the veins of coal running through the whole coal region, but it was found to be too expensive to mine. Fortunately for the Company, in the spring of 1841, a large, rich body of iron ore was discovered on the southern slope of the Moosic Mountain, about three miles from the furnace, which was purchased; but in order to get the ore to the brook at Harrison, nearly four thousand acres of the intervening land had to be purchased, thus subjecting the Company to an investment not contemplated nor provided for in the original outline and estimate. This unavoidable yet unforeseen outlay, together with the increased cost of the iron works, which were now ready to go into operation, and the cost of a new and expensive railroad constructed to these iron deposits in the mountain, three and a half miles distant, and the mining houses, etc., exhausted the capital and left, upon the very outset, an oppressive debt.

Col. George W. Scranton, in the fall of 1841, became a temporary resident of Harrison, and at once an energetic associate with Mr. Henry in the superintendence of the affairs and interests of the Company, just as the furnace was ready to be put in blast. The first attempt to start it was made by Mr. Templin, the head founder, but the stack was new and wet, so the experiment failed.

The next attempt was made by Mr. Clark, of Stanhope, N. J., and this, too, failed to produce the desired result. Alterations in the machinery and in the hot-air ovens were made, and the services of Mr. John F. Davis, a

practical workman and the present head founder, being procured, the furnace was successfully blowed in December, 1841.

During the period of these disheartening attempts to start the furnace, which occupied some three months, it began to be generally feared and predicted in the neighborhood that *the thing* was a failure, if not actually a "*Jersey humbug!*" but when the great obstacles had been rendered powerless, and the massive walls of the furnace yielded from the reddened crater great rolls and bars of iron, light broke in on the gathering cloud, and there was genuine rejoicing among the inhabitants of the valley, as well as among the Proprietors themselves, who now looked forward with cheerfulness to the time when their united and untiring duties would be appreciated and rewarded. For several months, the operations of the furnace were satisfactory, although the quantity of iron made was less than had been expected; its quality for foundry purposes was fair, and for bar iron, superior. In the following spring, some alterations and improvements were made in the machinery.

At this time the only market to any extent for the product of the furnace was on the sea-board. To this the Company had the choice or rather the *necessity* of only two routes, which were both hard, slow, and expensive, viz. the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and the other the North Branch and tide water Canal to Havre-de-Grace. In either case the iron was compelled to be drawn upon wagons. To the canal at Pittston it was seven miles, and to Carbondale, then the western terminus of the railroad running to Honestdale, fifteen miles. The first year's product was shipped to New York and Boston, *via* Havre-de-Grace, at a time when great commercial

embarrassment was pervading the whole country, and threatening to annihilate manufacturing interests all over the country.

Iron had fallen in price since the commencement of the furnace, 40 per cent., and in fact the demand for it soon became so feeble that it could not be sold at any price.

This was not without its influence, even upon a Company so sanguine and tireless as this, and had they not been temporarily relieved from financial difficulty, at this time, by a loan made to them by Mr. Joseph H. Scranton and E. C. Scranton, then of Augusta, Georgia, it is difficult to conceive at this period, the disasters which, after accumulating, might have swept away this struggling Company, and left the Lackawanna Valley enjoying its slumber and visions of idleness for at least half a century to come.

The enterprise, so far, had been a losing one, and it soon became apparent that making and selling pig-iron alone, would always make it so. All of the Company were disheartened, as they were out of money—out of credit—out of everything, and their notes could hardly be sold at 40 per cent. discount. Even Col. Scranton himself, with his naturally confident temperament, began to despair. S. T. Scranton was sent to New York to negotiate for funds, and the effective influence of his peculiar address was illustrated in the result of his mission. The very first man he called upon was John H. Howland, who at once advanced the Scranton Company \$20,000, and whose son John subsequently became a partner in the concern, and furnished additional capital. It was now concluded to make iron into bars and nails, thus giving it increased value, with 25 per cent. less ton-

nage to transport to market. To secure the largest advantage from the location in the coal-basin, where coal was cheap, this plan was adopted, and by the assistance of Mr. Howland began to mature. During this year (1843) the first rolling-mill and nail factory were commenced on the northern border of the brook where it first comes through the mountain rock into the valley. In February, 1844, the mill was completed, and the nail factory a few months afterwards; both working to the fullest anticipations. Additional business rendered necessary additional houses for employees, and this called for more capital than was at first apprehended to answer. In March, 1844, S. T. Scranton removed from Oxford Furnace, New Jersey, and settled at the "Lackawanna Iron Works," in Harrison, where he assumed the position occupied by his brother George, who in return took the place just vacated at Oxford Furnace, by Selden. For the next two years the business of the Company at Harrison was under the immediate supervision of Mr. Grant.

The plan of the village of Harrison being laid out in April 1841, by Captain James Stott of Carbondale, on a very small scale, however, it began to grow with jealous rapidity. Starting from nothing as it did, some of the surrounding villages of a dozen houses, feared it might at some distant day *equal* or perhaps rival theirs! During this year an attempt was made by Dr. B. H. Throop, Chas. H. Silkman, Esq., and others, to get a post-office established here. There was at this time but two offices in the Township of Providence (now there are five), and letters reached this new Company only through the Hyde Park or Providence offices. As the application met with opposition from the two named places, and as the

Department at Washington saw no necessity for locating an office within half a mile of the old one, at a point, too, so obscure that the Hyde Park office a number of years before, while Slocum was Postmaster, was removed from it, the measure was easily defeated.

Railroads—those great blood-vessels now pulsating with long, living, snaky trains throughout almost every portion of the Union—had begun to awaken throughout the country unusual attention. This naturally introduced among iron-men the subject of making railroad iron. The English iron-masters across the water, had predicted that this was a branch of the trade that their ambitious, simple Brother Jonathan would never blunder into; consequently, the monopoly of making the heavy T rail could never pass from their hands. How thoroughly this illusion has been dispelled, let the thousands of miles of railroads laid with this superior kind of rail bear evidence.

The T rail was first made in the United States in 1845. The same year the Scranton Company, after a little deliberation, decided to add this more profitable branch of the trade to their business.

A happy circumstance, now threw upon the Company a glimpse of sunnier days. The New York and Erie railroad—that grand *aorta* which now flows along southern New York, and over a mere corner of the “*Key-stone*” State, and from which our own State *steals* \$10,000 per year, for the simple privilege of crossing its before useless, inhospitable border—was at this time in operation no farther than Goshen, as the Company were besieged by embarrassment and surrendered the whole concern to new and stronger-headed men, soon after-

wards, who at once took hold of this magnificent undertaking, determined to push it to Lake Erie, as was originally intended. English iron, which this road so far as completed was laid with, cost the Railroad Company \$80 per ton. It was believed by the Scranton Company that good T rails could be furnished the Erie Railroad Company, especially upon the Delaware and Susquehanna divisions, on terms more advantageous to the interests of the road than it before had enjoyed.

Joseph H. Scranton purchased the entire interest in the concern of Mr. Grant, in 1845, who retired from a position subsequently filled by Mr. J. C. Platt. Mr. Platt became a partner the next year, and although the firm has been changed several times, and gradually enlarged their borders by the purchase of real estate, and by continual enlargement and improvement around them, he has ever held the same satisfactory relation to the place.

The year of 1846 was one of the most important ones in the history of Harrison. Col. Geo. W. Scranton, having returned to the works to reside permanently, at this time, negotiated, by the assistance of his brothers J. H. and S. T. Scranton, a contract with the Erie Railroad Company, for 12,000 tons of iron-rail, to weigh 58lbs. to the yard; to be made and delivered at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, in Pike county, during the years of 1847-8, at \$70 per ton. To estimate rightly which of the contracting parties gained the most by this arrangement, is now impossible. Mr. Loder, President of the Erie Company at this time, stated in a public speech at the opening of the northern division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, that had it not been for this contract and its prompt fulfillment, the road could not have been

opened at the time specified to Binghamton, as the Erie Railroad Company must have failed or suspended. To the Scranton Company it was everything. Those even who knew, that in spite of all the close economy and foresight with which the affairs of this Company were conducted, how fearfully it was involved, can hardly appreciate the invigorating influence this large sale of iron infused into the Proprietors.

To fulfill this heavy agreement required mills and machinery of a corresponding character. Not only had these to be erected, but the essential wherewith to be obtained.

Several wealthy gentlemen, warm friends of the Erie Road, promptly came forward, and on the simple obligations of the Scrantons alone, with no security, loaned them \$100,000 to construct the necessary iron-works so that the contract should be fulfilled. Extraordinary activity was now displayed in Harrison in every department of business, the active management of which passed into the hands of Joseph H. Scranton, who came here to reside in 1847. Up to this time, the means of transportation to market of the now largely increased annual product of iron, remained as difficult as at the commencement, with the exception of the extension of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railroad, from Carbondale to Archibald, which reduced the hauling by teams to nine miles; the iron ore was carted three miles and a half from the mines; the limestone and pig-iron * purchased at Danville, drawn from the canal at Pittston, seven miles, and the Railroad iron

* As the production of the blast furnace was not equal to the wants and capacity of the mill, pig iron in large quantities was purchased and brought up the canal from Columbia county.

(which had become the principal product of the works, as the manufacturing of nails had ceased), was drawn to Archibald upon heavy wagons, a distance of nine miles from Harrison, requiring the use of over *four hundred* horses and mules. In fact, during the summer months, so slow and difficult was the transportation of the iron by their own force, that all the horses belonging to the farmers in the Township of Providence, which could be, were engaged by this Company, to assist in delivering it to the indicated point by the indicated time.

Two large blast furnaces were now in the course of construction, as well as a railroad to their ore mines on the mountain. To make this grade so that the cars could be drawn up to the ore places by mules, and when loaded, return to the furnace by the power of gravity, five and a half miles of road were rendered necessary. This, however, dispensed with nearly all the team power heretofore essential in delivering the raw material.

The Company had, previous to this, organized under the General Partnership law. George W. Scranton, Selden T. Scranton, Joseph H. Scranton, and J. C. Platt comprising the general partners, and several well-known, wealthy gentlemen of New York being special ones. With this change, the capital of the Company was correspondingly increased.

On the south side of the Roaring Brook some three hundred houses for the workmen had been built by the Company, while the only building up to this time, aside from those of the Company, put up upon the other, was one made by Dr. Throop for his brother, and now occupied by Mr. Albright. The doctor, at this time, resided in Providence, but as there was no physician at

Harrison (now there are just *twenty* at this point, of every size, color, and calibre), he removed here, and among the shady pines which gave a fresh and tranquil air to the old road leading from the "Hollow" to "Razorville," he built his cottage-home. Here, retired in a spot too lonely to tempt hither the indolent, with no house in sight but his own, he lived many years, where, after the exhausting and often thankless duties of his daily professional drives, he enjoyed the cheerful fireside and smoked his pipe in peace, unless disturbed by the clear, deep-throated *bo-loonk-blunk* of the frogs, holding nightly their carnival in the neighboring pond. This cottage is yet in good condition, and is now occupied by Mr. Phinney, secretary of the Iron Company, surrounded by large blocks of brick stores, and hotels, and immediately under the towering spire of the Presbyterian church.

Up to this recent period, from the time railroad iron was first made here, the Company labored under every variety of disheartening influences and elements, the secrets of which were only known and felt by themselves. To carry out the great programme which they had undertaken to do, with the limited capital at command, required exertions almost superhuman. Extra work, additional machinery, and various and expensive materials, all called for restless labor and more money. Large iron contrivances, which were essential to the works, had to be carted by the stubborn mule, or the jaded horse, about sixty or seventy miles, over roads leading over mountains covered with a growth of hemlock and spruce as black as night.

Eight mule teams were used for this service—a service so full of the wearisome and so apt to derange the patience of the drivers, that it often was impossible to

get willing and competent ones anywhere. When it was thought such were obtained, the Company found it necessary to contract with the keepers of the small, loitering taverns along the road, to furnish suppers for their drivers, and feed for their teams, and forward their bills each month to the office for payment. It was especially provided that *no liquor* should be furnished them or paid for upon *any terms*; but some of the men, in common parlance, would "whip the devil round the stump," and bring in bills with "sixteen glasses of *leming ayde*,"—a very poetic drink—"at sixpence a glass, and one pint of whisky,"—probably for a cooling lotion for the mules' backs. These bills came from places where a lemon had never been seen or heard of before.

The business of the Company, so broad, so vast, so comprehensive in its character, and so beneficial in its influence, afforded throughout the country, and the Lackawanna Valley, where its benefits were more especially felt, a theme of great congratulation. To see a town emerge from the barren surface with a growth marvellous as tropical life, into a maze of foundries, furnaces, manufacturing works, and dwellings, was an occurrence so rare as to cause no little astonishment and pride among those accustomed to the slow accretions to the valley before. The rise of real estate along the Lackawanna Valley since the inception of this Company, was at least 100 per cent., while the relations of the Scrantons with the public were harmonious and characterized by general good feeling.

We say *general*. There were then, as there are yet, and as there always probably will be, a debilitated, but croaking class of persons who by some hidden process

manage to keep up a little animation in their useless bodies, who, gathered in bar-room corners, and who, with a peculiar wisdom belonging to this class while discussing weighty matters, gravely predicted that "the Scrantons must fail!" A line of four-horse stages ran through the valley on the western side of the Lackawanna from Wilkes Barre to Carbondale, and, connecting at each place with a similar line, *via* Milford and Morristown to New York, and *via* Easton to Philadelphia, furnished the only mode of conveyance to or from the Lackawanna Valley.

The mills were completed, and as they began to convert the hills into railroad iron the last lingerer among the dark clouds moved off from the Lackawanna Iron Company. The first fifteen hundred tons of railroad iron that was made on the 12,000 contract were delivered at the mouth of the Lackawaxen. Here it was taken by canal to Port Jervis and laid on the road between Port Jervis and Otisville. After that portion of the Erie Railroad was opened for use, the Company having been so delayed by injunctions and the want of the *piratical* legislation to cross the river into Pennsylvania at the Glass-house rocks, that they found they were certain to be defeated in opening their road to Binghampton by the time they had specified, unless they could get the Scranton company to deliver the balance of the iron on the line of the railroad, at different points along the Delaware River. The terms of delivery having been arranged, the Scranton Company carted by teams about seven thousand tons of iron and delivered it at Big Eddy (Narrowsburg), Cochecton, Equinunk, Stockport, Summit, and Lanesborough, an average distance of about fifty miles, thus enabling the Company to lay the

track at all points along the Delaware division as fast as the grading was ready, and open the road for one hundred and thirty miles at once—four days ahead of the time appointed. The difficulty of carting so large an amount of iron in so short a time can be inferred by those familiar with the mountainous roads and the wilderness intervening.

Another effort now being made to get a post-office established at Harrison, was, by the assistance of the late Chester Butler, then a Member of Congress, successful; at the time *he* gave the name of Scranton to the village of Harrison. This was in 1848. The same office, now hardly nine years of age, is the only salaried one in northern Pennsylvania. The same year, Scranton was divested of its superfluous appendage, when "Carpouse," "Slocum Hollow," "Harrison," "Lackawanna Iron Works," Scranton were all laid aside for the name of SCRANTON.

The rapid expansion and concentration of business at this point, as well as the absence of all necessary communication with the sea-board and the lakes, rendered more apparent and desirable an outlet east or west. The subject of connecting the valley by railroad with the New York and Erie Road in a northerly direction was frequently discussed by the general partners; in fact, it was with the most sanguine expectations of a line of public improvement being extended both north and south at no distant day, that went far towards deciding the original proprietors in locating here.

With a view of bringing the subject of railroad projects and connections generally with the valley before the minds of capitalists, in a manner both advantageous and effective, Col. George W. Scranton was detailed

from the active management of the affairs of the Iron Company in the summer of 1848.

Valuable coal lands had been secured as a reliable basis of such an enterprise; large delegations of New York and New England gentlemen were persuaded from time to time to visit the valley and examine the vast mineral resources everywhere apparent along its border, and witness the dark croppings of coal, the fertile farms and luxurious intervales, the abundant water-power for mills, or manufacturing purposes, the splendid sights and the fine timber; all of which, the moment a railroad outlet appeared, would be trebled in value. By many, the valley was considered too wild and remote, or too difficult of access, even for an exploring tour. Such never left the parental roof, and it was left for bolder ones and stouter arms to sow and reap the harvest. An extra stage-coach, with its five miles an hour speed, now and then brought into the valley delegation after delegation from the East, which were hailed with friendly solicitude by the inhabitants. Often and always was the inquiry heard of that firm friend of the public interest, Sam Tripp, when the "*Yorkers*" were coming? All eyes for a time were directed towards the local movements of the *Yorkers*, and the hope of every honest citizen then, as well as now, was that long life and prosperity would accompany all who came.

The subject of connecting the Susquehanna River at Pittston with the Delaware Water Gap, suggested itself to the mind of Henry W. Drinker as early as 1819, long before his vigorous mind comprehended how much more formidable a railroad project would prove than the turnpikes his energy was about directing through the trackless forests. In 1826 he obtained a charter for

this road; six years later, the first instrumental survey of the contemplated route was made by Captain Beach, who was employed and principally paid by John Jordan, Jr., H. W. Drinker, and William Henry, the last two of whom became intimately associated in the enterprise. They spent years of exhausting toil, and largely of their means, to throw living functions into this highway; but, wisely as seemed the plan to have been conceived, it failed entirely in its gestation. Time, however—the great administrator of events—has shown that not only was their judgment correct, but greatly in advance of the age in regard to this new breathless road.

This line was run with a view of inclined planes, operated by water-power, and perhaps a canal a portion of the way. The “headwaters of the river Lehigh and its tributary streams” were prohibited from being used for feeding the canal, as it might “injure the navigation of said river Lehigh.”

Another charter, known as the “Ligett’s Gap,” had been obtained simultaneously with this survey of the “Drinker road.” It authorized the construction of an inclined plane railroad, from some point near Cobb’s Gap to the State of New York, in a northwesterly direction. Both of these charters, kept alive by supplementary acts, were found to be too defective for practical purposes. Upon one, the use of horse power, between the planes, to draw the cars, was contemplated by the original projectors of the road, while the other provided that toll-houses were to be established along the line, and collectors appointed, and that the drivers or conductors of “such carriage, wagon, or conveyance, boat, or raft,” were to give the collectors notice of their

approach to said toll-houses by blowing a "trumpet or horn;" these and many other singular features were afterwards replaced by those more in harmony with the times.

The Ligett's Gap (afterwards Lackawanna and Western Railroad) was consolidated with the Delaware and Cobb's Gap charter, under the name of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. The old Drinker charter was never used. The Company generously paid to all the different parties who had assisted in obtaining the several charters, and making the original surveys, over seven thousand dollars, although not legally bound to pay a farthing.

Up until 1847 no car had rolled, nor had a single rail been laid, along the Lackawanna, with the single exception of those upon the railroad running from Carbondale to Honesdale. This road, too, was a gravity one, worked by stationary steam engines and horse power, over the Moosic Mountain, and was one of the first railroads built in the State of Pennsylvania.

The honor of the inception as well as the completion of a *locomotive engine road*, from Great Bend to the Delaware Water Gap, belongs justly to Colonel GEORGE W. SCRANTON. Mountainous and forbidding as were the natural features of the country through which it was to pass, and formidable as appeared the idea to many of his associates around him, he nevertheless advocated and clung to the object of his sanguine hope as clings a parent to his child. At his own suggestion, and under his immediate direction, the preliminary surveys were made upon the route by Major Murrel, assisted by the late James Seymour, and E. McNeill, since chief engineer of the whole line. The route was

found quite as feasible as Colonel Scranton had supposed, from his own personal observations, and, as the charter of the "Ligett's Gap Railroad" was found suitable for all practical purposes, after a little alteration, it was purchased.

To inspire general confidence in an undertaking which, when completed, would not only make Scranton matchless in life and growth, but revolutionize a valley so long buried in its slumber, a bold move was made. The books of subscription were opened at Kresler's Hotel in Scranton, in 1847, by the Commissioners, and the whole stock subscribed, and 10 per cent. paid in. While these flattering movements were not without some good effect, it was the work of more than two years' ceaseless labor, amidst every possible discouragement, before any real capital could be calculated upon. As this road was to lead to the Erie Railroad instead of the Erie Canal, it was thought by many moneyed men that the coal market, for a while, would be so limited, that no investment would pay. This road was commenced in 1850. To overcome this objection, as far as possible, and reach and *make* a more northern market (for the first loads of coal taken hither were *given* away, in order to introduce the black stuff into general use), the Ithaca and Oswego Railroad, one of the oldest roads in the country, was purchased by the Iron Company and their associates, in 1849. This old road, like all railroads in the United States, was laid with the *flat* or strap rail—a rail possessing neither strength nor safety, as one end of it sometimes becoming bent, would dart with the rapidity of lightning with its "*snake head*" into the passing train, marking its red progress with appalling slaughter upon the living and the loved.

A new company being now organized, called the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad Company, for the purpose of building this road, Col. G. W. Scranton was chosen President, who at once repaired to Ithaca to engage in his active duties, which were discharged with the happiest ability and success.

To carry out the original plan contemplated by the colonel, of connecting the Iron Works with New York City, a survey was made in 1851-2 for the eastward outlet, and in 1853 the present line adopted. While this new, absorbing project was taking shape and being, the business of the Scranton Company was still enlarging. The Iron Company organized this year under a special charter with a capital of \$800,000, and Selden T. Scranton elected President, and Joseph H. Scranton, Superintendent—positions they yet retain.

After the Lackawanna and Western Railroad was consolidated with the Delaware and Cobb's Gab charter, under the name of "Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company," work was commenced vigorously on the southern division of this road. On the 21st of January, 1856, the first locomotive and train of cars passed over the Delaware.

Rapid as has been the *sympathetic* growth of Carbondale, Archibald, Jessup, Dunmore, Providence, and Hyde Park, theirs has been a snail's pace compared to the stronger development of Scranton. In July, 1840, only seventeen years ago, *five* brown dwelling-houses made up the complete town at "*The Holler*," where now the village of Scranton, founded on the sure basis of manufacturing industry, stands in the doorway to the east, with a population of ten thousand!

The tourist who visits Scranton to-day, may not find

as much wildness and sublimity around it, as when from the Pocona range, his eye first catches a glimpse of the truly bold outlines of the Delaware Water Gap, he will, nevertheless, as he walks along the walls of Roaring Brook, and gazes on the massive piles of furnace-stacks pouring out, day after day, ponds of rude or finished iron, from the ponderous bar to the delicate bolt, and witness the quiet, yet resistless motion of the largest stationary engine on the American Continent, will feel proud and pleased with the sights of industry and thrift everywhere around him.

One of the most *home-like* hotels found in the State, is the Wyoming House, in Scranton, kept by Judge Bristol. To get and appreciate a bird's-eye view of the town, let the tourist ascend to the balcony of the Judge's house, where the charming panorama that unrolls itself before him, will compensate in the highest degree for the trouble of the visit. He will then look down into a region interesting for its scenery, its strata of coal, its beds of iron ore, and its Indian history. The first impression is one favorable towards this portion of the valley, as there appears upon every side evidence of neatness and life.

Yonder, the *noisy water* of the red-man (Roaring Brook) takes a white leap from one of the loveliest and loneliest nooks carved from the mountain, before it splashes on the busy wheel of the manufacturers, and and after being used three or four times in its passage through the village, mingles with the waters of the Lackawanna below. The huge, round slate-roofed locomotive dépôt filled with engines, as it first strikes the eye, reminds him of the Roman Colliseum, while the landscape sprinkled with brown colored dépôts, car-

shops, and Vulcan's works upon every side; the chaste, imposing churches, the long, white lines of public and private architecture contrasting finely with the deep green of the surrounding trees, tastily left for shade; the train of coal-cars, serpentine and dark, emerging from the "Diamond Mines," or skimming along the iron veins down a grade of seventy feet to the mile from the productive coal-works at the "Notch," some two miles distant, on their passage to New York; the locomotive, with its nightingale song and vapory breath, rushing along the western side of the Lackawanna, from the Wyoming Valley over the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad which terminates at Scranton; the villages of Hyde Park, Providence, Dunmore and half a dozen little rosy buds of villages, standing like sentinels at the out-posts about to be surrendered; the Lee-haw-hanna, with its modest throat and richer shade, drawn like a belt of silver along the picture; the neat farm-houses here and there nestling in some lovely meadow or half hid among the blossoms of orchards, and the background of the unshorn mountain swelling upwards from Wyoming or the Lackawanna region, all make up a sight as beautiful as the Jewish ruler of old once witnessed from the sacred Mount. Nor is this all, as he looks into the bosom of "Capouse Meadow," his eye wanders over coal lands which, fifteen years before the completion of a railroad outlet north from the valley could be purchased for fifteen dollars per acre, and which now are worth \$800; and lots which then no respectable man was willing to accept as a gratuity, now readily bring from one to two thousand dollars!

This sketch of the history of Scranton can hardly appropriately be closed without a glance at the great

iron works now in blast here, capable of smelting about seventy thousand tons of ore a year. The sizes of these blast furnaces may be inferred from the diameter of the *boshes*, which are respectively 15, 17, 18, and 20 feet, with a height of 50 feet. Into these furnaces air is forced by double, connected, lever-beam engines, of vast power. The steam cylinders are 54 inches in diameter.

The blowing cylinders are 110 inches in diameter, with 10 feet stroke. The wind is forced by this apparatus into the furnaces, under an average pressure of four pounds to the square inch. The huge fly-wheel which regulates the movements of this enormous apparatus weighs forty thousand pounds. In order to be prepared for any possible exigency, and have increased blowing power, the Iron Company are now building appropriate apartments upon the very ground where formerly stood, under one roof, the first office, store, and dwelling, of Messrs. Scranton and Grant, in Harrison, subsequently known as "Kresler's Hotel."

The pair of engines will have cylinders 59 inches in diameter, and the blowing cylinders will be 90 inches. Each engine is to have two fly-wheels, 28 feet in diameter, and to weigh seventy-five thousand pounds. By this power they will be able to force the air into the furnaces under a pressure of eight or nine pounds to the square inch, a great advantage, as it is found by experiments that, in order for a furnace to yield the greatest product, it must not only have a certain amount of air, but that the air, to be most advantageous, must be introduced under heavy pressure, and at many places simultaneously, when it is more equally diffused through the stack. Some thirty thousand tons of pig metal can now be produced each year.

A walk of five minutes brings one to the rolling-mills, which also stand on the north side of the Roaring Brook. Midway between the furnaces and the mills, down the bank of the brook, to the right, is seen a railroad track leading into a mine directly under our feet, into which a few blackened coal-cars, drawn by mules, disappear in midnigh. This vein of coal, at this point, which is used in all the iron works now, is the very one first seen by the exploring party, in 1840, led by Mr. Henry, and which, in connection with the adjacent iron deposits, decided the Scrantons and Mr. Grant to purchase this property for sixteen dollars an acre. Entering the rolling-mill, one is surprised to see the magnitude and the precision of the whole arrangement. The principal product of the mills is in T railroad bars, of which from fifteen to twenty thousand tons a year are finished. A great quantity of railroad spikes and chairs are made, beside some three thousand tons of merchant iron.

Some *general* idea can be inferred of the imposing character of the iron works by the fact that one hundred thousand tons of anthracite coal per year are consumed by them alone, while they furnish employment to an effective army of *one thousand* men!

The amount of capital already expended by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company in their railroad and coal property, including the Cayuga and Susquehanna Railroad, and the Warren Railroad, in New Jersey, is, at this time, over twelve million dollars, and a large amount will yet be required to complete the double track and properly equip the road.

The influence of the opening of this great eastern and western outlet upon a valley so long imprisoned by

mountain barriers, facts of yesterday and to-day, bear too recent evidence to need repeating. It is visible in every hamlet, it is felt in every cottage by the wayside, and it is written in genial lines everywhere along the Lackawanna, as well as in the historic valley of Wyoming.

MAIL OPERATIONS IN THE VALLEY AND ADJACENT COUNTRY FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

As late as 1812, while much of the country was unsubdued, except here and there where the stumpy clearing of the settler broke in upon the wilderness, the United States Mail was carried once a week, from Wilkes Barre up the Lackawanna Valley to Capouse, or Slocum Hollow, thence through the Paupack settlement to Milford; returning by way of Indian Orchard, Bethany, and Montrose, and down along the Susquehanna villages to Wilkes Barre.

Having no other outlet, all mail packages for the Lackawanna had to pass through Wilkes Barre, as they came over the mountain, *via* Easton.

The inhabitants being few and sparse, the post-office was sometimes located at points where there stood but a single cabin, but where the operations of the office were none the less harmonious and comprehensive.

There yet lives in the valley an old gentleman, performing then the duties of mail-boy, and who not only encountered dangers in fording streams, often swift and swollen by the rains, traversing new roads and marked paths, but who found much to amuse his boyhood while the mail was being changed at places along his route.

At one point, the "office" was kept in a low, log, savage-looking bar-room, where the contents of the mail-pouch were emptied on a floor, suggestive of a freshly dug potato-patch, where all the inmates of the house gave slow and ponderous motion to each respective paper and letter.

Sometimes the mail-boy, finding no one at home but the children, who were generally engaged drumming on the dinner-pot, or the housewife, unctuous with lard and dough, lol-li-bye-babying a boisterous child to sleep, was compelled to act as carrier and post-master himself.

At another point upon the route, the commission of post-master fell upon the thick shoulders of a Dutchman, remarkable for nothing but his full, round stomach. This was his pride, and he would pat it incessantly while he dilated upon the virtues of his "krout" and his "frow."

It would have been amazingly stupid for the Department to have questioned *his* order or integrity, for as the lean mail-bag came tumbling into his door from the saddle, the old comical Dutchman and his devoted wife carried it to a rear bed-room in his house, poured the contents upon the floor, where at one time it actually took them both from three o'clock one afternoon until nine the next morning to *change* the mail! Believing with Lord Bacon, that "knowledge is power," he detained about election time, all political documents, directed to his opponents. These he carefully deposited in a safe place in his garret until after election day, when they were handed over with great liberality to those to whom they belonged, provided he was paid the postage.

At another of the obscure cabins where the office was

kept, beyond all but the noon-day sun, the mail-bag being returned to the post-boy often quite empty, led him to investigate the cause of this new and strange feature, especially as nobody else lived in the neighborhood. The prolific number of ten children, graduating from one to twenty years in age, all called the Postmaster "dad," and as none of them could understand or read a word, letters and papers came to a dead stop when they arrived here. As these were poured out on the floor among pans and kettles, each child would seize a package, saying, "this is for me and this for you, and that for some one else, until the greater portion of mail matter intended for offices more remote, was thus parcelled out and appropriated, and probably never heard of again.

THE WYOMING MASSACRE IN 1778.

Although the inhabitants of the State of Connecticut met at Hartford, as early as September 1774, for the purpose of adopting measures of resistance to British tyranny, her young colony at Westmoreland (Wyoming), consisting of about 2,300 persons within all its boundaries, were so much absorbed in the long strife with Pennsylvania claimants to the very land they themselves occupied, that nothing was done in the way of building forts or preparing for the sterner and bloodier conflict of the Revolution, until after it had actually commenced. Forty Fort and one at Wilkes Barre were erected a short time previous to this.

The spirit of the Revolution, however, was not without impulse even here on the old grounds of the Five Nations.

As the war broke out, measures were taken to place the valley in a defensive condition. At a town meeting "legally warned, and held in Westmoreland, Wilkes Barre district, August 24th, 1776," it was voted that forts be built in Hanover, Plymouth, Wilkes Barre and Pittston, at once, at points deemed most judicious by the military committee. In the simple language of the times, it was voted that the people erect such forts "without either fee or reward from ye town."

Before the battle on Abraham's Plain, July 3d, 1778, there stood in the valley of Wyoming, eight Forts—one of which was the Tory Fort of Wintermoots. Among the families, which at the time of the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, left the eastern shores of the Hudson, and sought the fertile border of the Susquehanna, for no good purpose, was a large, rich, Tory family named Wintermoot, who, on the high, right bank of the river, at the extreme head of the valley, where a noble spring of fairest water boiled up from the earth, cleared a small piece of land. Here he erected a rude fort known as Wintermoot's, and, although this simple fact afforded no actual evidence of Toryism, its erection at this point and at this exciting period, justly aroused the suspicions of the neighboring settlers, who forthwith erected another one about one mile above this point, where lived the truly patriotic families of the Hardings and Jenkins. This was called Fort Jenkins. It stood nearly opposite the celebrated ledge of Campbell, a little distance above the mouth of the Lackawanna.

The war, which the stubborn and stronger power of England forced upon America, already had began with fearful strokes at Lexington, Ticonderoga, Bunker

Hill, and Montreal, and, while the Connecticut Colony at Wyoming were exerting every means to promote the cause of American freedom, by protecting its own frontier fire-sides from the rapine of Tories and Indians, who grew more bold and haughty in their intercourse with the settlers, Connecticut was called upon by Congress in August, 1776, to raise two companies of eighty-four men each, to be stationed at proper places in Westmoreland, for the defence of its inhabitants. Connecticut—a state which furnished to the Continental army during the Revolutionary War, the greatest number of soldiers raised by any *one* State, with the single exception of Massachusetts—raised the one hundred and sixty-eight men in Wyoming, for its defence. No sooner, however, was the number complete, than Congress conceived that the wants of the country elsewhere, were more imperative and critical, if possible, than they were here. The American army of about 14,000 men, under General Washington, had been driven from Long Island and New York by the British army, numbering 25,000. Forts Washington and Mifflin, on the Hudson River, were taken by the superior forces of the enemy, November 16th, 1776. With only 3,000 men, General Washington retreated to Lancaster, and was driven from camp to camp with his desponding soldiers; crossing the Delaware as the victorious British approached Philadelphia. At this imminent moment, Congress, which adjourned the same day from Philadelphia to Lancaster, ordered these two Wyoming companies to join the Commander-in-chief "*with all possible expedition.*" This was done, and at once Wyoming was left without soldiers. Disheartening events in many portions of the country began to transpire and dismay. With 10,000 troops, Gen. Bur-

goyne was sweeping down from the Canadian frontiers, accompanied by his Indian allies, which it took little to excite to war upon their white brothers, and to what is ever so dear to the wild-man's breast—revenge. Ticonderoga had already fallen into his hands, while General Howe was crowding up victory after victory in New York and New Jersey, and the Indians living along the upper branches of the Susquehanna and Chenango, became restless and joyous at the prospect of once more visiting and possessing their old hunting plains at Wyoming. Parties of them were often seen here and there, to emerge from the mountain forest into the valley, and although at first they shed no blood nor destroyed any property, a captive now and then was hurried off towards the Indian country. Persons in the settlement saw the gathering danger. Scouting parties—bold and experienced woodsmen—were sent out daily from the valley to watch the war-paths leading over the mountains, while trainings were held every *fourteen* days in all the settled towns, where the old and the young drilled side by side, in their country's service; expecting every report of the musket, or the bark of the watch-dog, to announce the approach of Indians.

The Colony was now (1778) but nine years old, and out of its total population of about 2,000 persons, 163 formed part of the main army under Gen. Washington, when the meditated attack on Wyoming was made known to the inhabitants. A large body of Indians and Tories were already assembled at Niagara and at Tioga, for this purpose; the Indians being under the command of the famous Chief of mixed blood, named Brant, or Gi-en-gwah-toh.* This attack was possibly suggested

* "He who goes in the smoke."—COL. STONE.

by the known absence of so many soldiers from the valley, as well as by desire of the Tories who had been expelled from the Wyoming colony, to seek revenge on the exposed settlement.

From the Lackawaxen, the Lackawanna, and from the mountains along the Delaware, and Susquehanna, the Indians were summoned to *Ohnaquaga*, to join the enterprise, while all the Tories living at Tunkhannock and Wyalusing, simultaneously repaired to the enemy.

Early in the spring of 1778, Congress had been apprised by Gen. Schuyler of the threatened attack, but so engaged was this body in this all-absorbing struggle, that nothing was or could be done for the safety of Wyoming until March 16th, 1778, when it was resolved "that one full company of foot be raised" here for its defence. This really furnished no assistance, as this company were compelled "to find their arms, accoutrements, and blankets," although they were afterwards paid for by the United States.

Congress has been censured by the historian in terms not the most flattering, for not recalling to Wyoming the absent soldiers under Captains Durkee and Ransom, but it must be remembered that the remnant of Washington's army was retreating before the superior and exulting forces of the British, and had not its exhausted strength been invigorated sufficiently by reinforcements and recruits to meet and drive back the enemy at this very time, it is hardly possible to estimate the pregnant consequences to the country to-day; Independence itself might have been deferred forever. In May, 1778, the first life was taken in Westmoreland near Tunkhannock, by the Indians, who each day became more defiant and numerous. A day or two

afterwards, a scouting party of six persons were fired upon a few miles below this, by a body of savages lurking along the river path, and although two of the whites were wounded, and one fatally so, they sprang into their canoe and escaped down the Susquehanna.

Throughout the entire settlement alarm began to spread with painful rapidity. Persons living along the Lackawanna at Capouse and below, and in all the outer towns, either deserted their little homes and sought the parent State, or fled to the Wyoming forts for safety. If anything had been wanting in the picture of danger to make it more lurid with coming blood and tragic outline, an event simple in its character, but terrible in its meaning, which occurred here at this time, furnished it. "Two Indians, formerly residents of Wyoming, and acquainted with the people, came down with their squaws on a visit, professing warm friendship; but suspicions existed that they were spies, and directions were given that they should be carefully watched. An old companion of one of them, with more than Indian cunning, professing his attachment to the natives, gave his visitor drink after drink of his favorite rum, when in the confidence and the fullness of his maudlin heart, he avowed that his people were prepared to cut off the settlement; the attack to be made soon, and that they had come down to see and report how things were. The squaws were dismissed, but the two Indians were arrested and confined in Forty Fort.*

While men heard this intelligence with lips whitened and compressed, they at once prepared to receive those

* Miner's History.

who were so soon to converse with them from musket throats. Every instrument of death was examined, and fitted for instant use. Guns were repaired, bayonets were sharpened, bullets moulded, powder made, and every man and boy able to shoulder a musket, either fell into the ranks of a new company being formed by Capt. Dethic Hewit, or in the daily train-bands, expecting every messenger to proclaim the arrival of the invaders. Two deserters from the British army, one by the name of Pike from Canada, and the other a sergeant named Boyd from Boston, we are told by Miner, "were particularly useful in training the militia."

While these preparations along the valley were being made by those whose alarm amounted almost to frenzy, the British, Indians, and Tories, began to darken the waters at Ta-li-o-ga, with a fleet of rafts, river-boats, and canoes, preparatory to a descent upon the "large plains."

In all the wide area of territory embraced within the limits of Westmoreland—being about 70 miles square—there was then no larger gun than the old flint musket, with the exception of a single cannon at the fort in Wilkes Barre. This was a four pounder, of no use, however, as no suitable balls were in the settlement, and had been brought into the colony merely for an alarm-gun in the Yankee and Pennymite war. The force of the Americans, without discipline or appropriate arms, amounted to about 400 persons, to resist the attack of nearly four times their number.

The enemy, numbering about 400 British provincials, six or seven hundred Seneca and Mohawk Indians, painted for battle and dressed in their warlike costume,

and a large body of Tories from Wyoming, New York, and New Jersey, under the command of Col. John Butler, a British officer, and accompanied by the notorious Brant, left their rendezvous on Tioga River, descended the Susquehanna, and landed on the west bank of the river, a little below the mouth of Bowman's Creek, and about twenty miles above the head of the valley. Here, in a shady deep curve in the river, they moored their boats; marching across a rugged spur of the mountain, thus shortening the distance a number of miles, and on the 30th of June, just at the edge of evening, arrived on the western mountain, a little distance above the Tory Fort of Wintermoot. This fort, standing about one mile below Fort Jenkins, probably owed its inception to British cunning and gold. From Fort Jenkins, eight persons who had no notice nor suspicions of the proximity of the enemy, had gone up the valley into Exeter to work upon their farms, a little distance from the fort, taking with them their trusty and always attending weapons of defence, with their agricultural utensils. While unsuspectingly engaged at their work, which they were about closing for the day, they were surrounded by a portion of the invading army, with a view of making them prisoners, so that the British Butler might learn the actual posture of affairs down in the valley.

Surprised, but not intimidated, they chose to die by the bullet, rather than the hatchet or the torturing knife; they fought for a few moments, killing five of the enemy, three Tories and two Indians, when four of their own number fell, and were completely cut in pieces by exasperated Indians; three were taken alive, and a single boy leaped in the river, and aided by the

grey twilight of evening escaped. One of the slain was a son of the barbarous Queen Esther, who accompanied the expedition with her tribe, and whose cruelties at the Bloody Rock rendered her memory infamous forever.

Fort Jenkins, thus bereft of its protectors, capitulated the same evening to Capt. Caldwell, while the united forces of Butler and Brant bivouacked at the friendly quarters of Fort Wintermoot. No sooner did the report of musketry at the head of the valley, denote the presence of the foe, then the real critical position of the settlement was sternly appreciated. Men not accustomed to scour the woods for miles in the vicinity of their frontier homes, to discover Indian trails and give the inhabitants warning, would have shrunk from the coming struggle with dismay, but they left the scythe in the swath, the plough in the furrow, and gathering up the weak and weeping ones, hurried to Forty Fort. This fort stood on the west bank of the river, below Monoekonock Island and three miles above Wyoming Fort, where in a short time were collected the principal forces of Wyoming Valley, consisting of 368 men. On the Lackawanna side of the river at Pittston, and almost opposite Wintermoot's, Fort Brown had been erected, and this was garrisoned by a body of forty settlers under the command of Captain Blanchard.

By the means of wily spies who were continually reconnoitering the plains upon either side of the river, Col. John Butler, soon learned how completely the entire valley was at his mercy, unless reinforcements, expected from the main army, should arrive and relieve the inhabitants. Already were two forts in his possession, but, not wishing to bring the Indians into a general

battle, where, becoming infuriated and completely un-governable after a victory, he feared they might commence those scenes of rapine and bloodshed, such as the late of war too often witnessed, he sent one of the prisoners taken in Exeter to Col. Zebulon Butler, on the morning of the day of the battle, accompanied by a Tory and an Indian, demanding the immediate surrender not only of his own fort, but of all other ones, with all the public property in the valley, as well as the militia company of Capt. Hewit as prisoners of war. He also suggested to the commander of Forty Fort the propriety of destroying all intoxicating drinks, provided these terms were rejected, for, said the British Butler, "drunken savages can't be controlled." Some urged the acceptance of these apparently exacting, but really liberal terms, in the hope that the tide of slaughter might be stayed; the majority opposed it, and the messenger was sent away with this decision.

A council of war was immediately held in the fort. While a few hoped that the absent military companies would arrive and furnish reinforcements sufficiently large to give the enemy battle, and possibly expel them from Wyoming, if a few days intervened; others, more impulsive and restive, replied that the force concentrated in the fort could march out on the plains, where, being perfectly familiar with the ground, they could surprise and take advantage of the enemy at once; and, as their own homes were already being lit by the torch, their crops destroyed, and the murder of the Hardings at Fort Jenkins was but the introduction to the drama about to crimson the valley, unless interrupted by offensive measures, they were anxious and determined to fight. Unfortunately, this bold but fatal counsel prevailed.

With the colonial development in Westmoreland had grown the love of *rum*. So fixed and so general, in fact, had become this unmanning habit—so essential was whisky regarded in its sanative and commercial aspect, that one of the first buildings of a *public* character erected in the colony after a stockade or fort afforded temporary protection to the pioneers, was a still or brew-house. The custom of drinking prevailed to an alarming extent throughout the whole settlement.

In accordance, however, with the suggestion of the British Butler, who was apprised of every movement of the Americans, all the liquor in the fort had been rolled out and emptied into the river, with the exception of a single barrel of whisky. The head of this was knocked in while the council of war was being held, and as the meeting was anything but harmonious, it is possible that the inspiring influence derived from this barrel, contributed in an eminent degree towards its deliberations. A gourd-shell cup in the most inviting manner floated in the hospitable beverage. A hard fight—and a terrible one, in fact, was expected in the course of an hour, and, as the drum and fife struck up an animating air while the soldiers marched out of the fort one by one, this gourd-cup, filled with whisky, was passed to each comrade and drank.

Volcanic, dangerous, and unwelcome as seems the intimation of the fact at this late period, yet there is every reason to believe, from evidence heretofore suppressed from the most natural and delicate motives, that if *many* of the soldiers were not actually *inebriated* at this time, their ideas of their own strength were singularly confused and exalted. Col. George Dorrance, an officer whose prudent counsels to remain in the fort were discre-

garded, was repeatedly taunted with cowardice, because he advised against this death-errand. However pleasant it might be to pass by this great error of the times—an error which rendered certain and merciless the fate of Wyoming—with the same studied silence and charity others have done before, justice to the living and the dead demands a faithful record of events.

The forces of Brant and Col. John Butler were at Wintermoot's Fort, opposite Pittston. To hastily reach this point, and, protected by the large pine trees extending over this portion of the plain, spring on the enemy unawares, was the plan adopted. The little band, numbering about 250 persons, under the command of Col. Zebulon Butler, left the fort amid the cries of dear and defenceless ones. Old men whose worn and welted hands could hardly point the musket, and younger ones, whose thread of life reached short of manhood, marched side by side to the place of conflict.

So great was the emergency; so much was to be lost or won by the coming battle, that all left the Fort but the women and children.

Silently and rapidly up along the banks of the river, Colonel Z. Butler led his forces within half a mile of Wintermoot's. Here he halted a few minutes, and sent forward two volunteers to reconnoitre the position and strength of the enemy; these were fired upon by the opposing scouts, who, like the main body of the British, were not only apprised by Indian runners of the approach of the Yankees, but were prepared to give them a terrific reception. As the Americans approached the dark masses of British soldiers and painted savages, Wintermoot's Fort, which had served its intended and mischievous purpose, was set on fire by the Tories;

why this was done has never yet been explained. The British colonel at once formed his forces in battle order; the provincial and Tories being placed in front and towards the Susquehanna, while the deep morass, lying to the right, concealed vast numbers of the painted warriors, under Bryant and Queen Esther.

Among the tall pines, covering at this time the greater portion of the Wyoming plains, Col. Zebulon Butler placed his men so as better to resist the first attack of the enemy, which were preparing to commence the battle.

Colonels Butler and Dorrance each urged the soldiers to meet the first shock with firmness, as their lives and their homes depended on the issue. Hardly had the words been heard along the line, before the bullets of the enemy began to thin the ranks of the Connecticut party, which, to defend their firesides, had thus, in this weak and injudicious condition, marched forth to battle with over a thousand men. "About four in the afternoon the battle began; Col. Z. Butler ordered his men to fire, and at each discharge to advance a step. Along the whole line the discharges were rapid and steady. It was evident, on the more open ground the Yankees were doing most execution. As our men advanced, pouring in their platoon fires with great vivacity, the British line gave way, in spite of all their officers' efforts to prevent it. The Indian flanking party on our right, kept up from their hiding-places a galling fire. Lieut. Daniel Gore received a ball through the left arm. "Captain Durkee," said he, "look sharp for the Indians in those bushes." Captain D. stepped to the bank to look, preparatory to making a charge and dislodging them, when he fell. On the British Butler's right, his Indian warriors were sharply engaged. They

seemed to be divided into six bands, for a yell would be raised at one end of the line, taken up, and carried through six distinct bodies appearing at each time to repeat the cry. As the battle waxed warmer, that fearful yell was renewed again and again, with more and more spirit. It appeared to be at once their animating shout, and their signal of communication. As several fell near Col. Dorrance, one of his men gave way; "Stand up to your work, sir," said he, firmly but coolly, and the soldier resumed his place.

For half an hour a hot fire had been given and sustained, when the vastly superior numbers of the enemy began to develop its power. The Indians had thrown into the swamp a large force, which now completely outflanked our left. It was impossible it should be otherwise: that wing was thrown into confusion. Col. Dennison gave orders that the company of Whittlesey should wheel back, so as to form an angle with the main line, and thus present his front instead of flank, to the enemy. The difficulty of performing evolutions, by the bravest militia, on the field, under a hot fire, is well known. On the attempt the savages rushed in with horrid yells. Some had mistaken the order to *fall back*, as one to *retreat*, and that word, that fatal word, ran along the line. Utter confusion now prevailed on the left. Seeing the disorder, and his own men beginning to give way, Col. Z. Butler threw himself between the fires of the opposing ranks, and rode up and down the in the most reckless exposure.

"Don't leave me, my children, and the victory is ours." But it was too late.*

* Miner's History.

The treacherous whisky and the murderous bullets had done their work. Had the soldiers been in a condition to have understood and obeyed the proper orders of Col. Dennison, whatever might have been the final result of the engagement, it is hardly possible that the scenes of cruelty and bloodshed which rendered that afternoon memorable in the history of Wyoming would have been enacted.

When it was seen that defeat had come, the confusion became general. Some fought in the hopeless conflict, and fell upon the battle-ground, mangled by the bayonet or the hatchet: others, throwing away their guns, fled in wild disorder down the valley toward Forty Fort, or Wilkes Barre, followed by the Indians, whose belts were soon lined with the scalps of the slain.

"A portion of the Indian flanking party pushed forward in the rear of the Connecticut line, to cut off retreat to Forty Fort, and then pressed the retreating army toward the river. Monockasy Island affording the only hope of crossing, the stream of flight flowed in that direction through fields of grain."* The Tories, even more atrocious than the whooping red-men, also hastened after the fugitives.

Mr. Carey and Judge Hollenback were standing side by side when they saw the victorious forces sweeping down upon them; Carey ran, while Hollenback threw away his gun, his hat, his coat and vest, and started towards Wilkes Barre. A gold piece he had taken from his vest-pocket, he placed in his mouth, thus showing the strength of the ruling passion, even at the door of death. Being thus divested of his clothing, he soon was enabled

* Miner's History.

to leave his weaker comrades far in the rear, swam the river, and was the first to tell the painful tale of defeat to the remaining ones in Wilkes Barre. Carey fled to the right towards the river, where, under its sheltering bank, he sank down on the sand too exhausted to swim, still retaining his musket. He heard the quick footsteps of the retreating fugitives, and as they were plunging in the water to reach Pittston Fort, saw the tomahawk sink them in the quiet Susquehanna. Upon the bank below him he saw three of the Americans clubbed to death by the Tories. His own musket, with its reddened bayonet, he grasped in his hand, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, if necessary; but as he was not discovered by them, he swam the river and escaped.

The cruelties practised by the Tories and Indians after the defeat, one instance will suffice to illustrate. A short distance below the battle-ground, there lay in the languid waters of the river, a large, long island, covered with willows and wild-grass, called "Monock Island." As the path down the valley swarmed with warriors, few of the fleeing soldiers could hope to escape this way in safety, so many fled to this island, defenceless, exhausted, and almost naked. This was perceived by the ruthless Tories, who followed in pursuit, reached the island, and deliberately wiped their guns dry, preparatory to finishing their murderous drama. One of the Tories, who had just loaded his gun, saw lying half-concealed in the deep grass before him, his *own brother*. Perceiving that he was discovered, he came towards his Tory kinsman, and falling on his knees, called him by name, and implored him not to kill him; promising to be his slave as long as he lived, if only his life was

spared. "All this is mighty good," replied the demagogue Tory, with a sardonic smile, as he again pointed towards his brother his obedient gun, "but you're a d—d rebel!" and shot him dead. Such was the spirit breathed at the Wyoming massacre.

Col. Z. Butler reached Wilkes Fort in safety, where many of the families were preparing to flee across the mountains to the Delaware. Mothers and children anxiously watching for the news, stood on the river bank at Forty Fort, and soon learned from the closer report of musketry, and from the fleeing soldiers, the result of the battle. About dusk, Capt. John Franklin arrived at the Fort with thirty-five fresh men, who at once took every precaution to prevent a surprise during the night.

After the battle and the chase had ceased, the scenes of torture commenced. Opposite the mouth of the Lackawanna, and almost under the shadows of "Campbell's Ledge," a band of Indians had gathered their prisoners in a circle, stripped them of all their clothing, and, with their bloody spears drove them into the flames of a large fire, amidst their agonizing cries, and the yells of the infuriated savages. On the battle-ground, was cleft each scalp of the dead and the dying, before the bloody work was adjourned to "Bloody Rock." Around this large rock, some eighteen of the prisoners, who had been taken under the solemn promise of quarter, were collected and surrounded by a ring of warriors under the command of Esther, Queen of the Seneca tribe, whose natural malignity was rendered more intense and ferocious by the loss of her favorite son, who was slain at Exeter, by Zebulon Marcy, a day or two previous. In the battle she had led her Indian column with more

than Indian bravery, and now around the fatal ring was she to avenge her loss. Seizing the war-club with both of her hands, or the merciless hatchet in her right, she walked around the ring, and as suited her whim, dashed out the brains of a prisoner. Only two escaped. The mangled bodies of fourteen or fifteen were afterwards found around this rock, where they had fallen scalped, and shockingly mangled. Nine more were found in a similar circle, some distance above.*

In the battle and the massacre about 160 of the Connecticut people fell, and 140 escaped.

The surviving settlers fled towards the Delaware. Before them frowned the foodless forest, since known as the "Shades of Death," and behind, save the low wail of the scattered fugitives, who were clambering up the mountain side by the light of their burning homes—all was silence. The dweller in wigwams had revenged too cruelly his wrongs—the Tory, by his club and bayonet, had forfeited what little remembrance of honor or right he claimed over the wild man—the British soldier, led hither by command, turned away from the sickening, unsoldierlike scenes of the day—and all sank on the shady plain of the old Indian Empire, for short repose.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the Forts at Pittston surrendered to Col. J. Butler, upon the following terms :

"Articles of Capitulation for three Forts at Lacawannack, 4th July, 1778. Arr. 1st.—That the different Commanders of the said Forts, do immediately deliver them up, with all the arms, ammunition and stores, in the said forts.

* Miner.

"2d.—Major Butler promises that the lives of the men, women, and children be preserved intire." *

These terms were complied with, and not a person in Pittston was molested by the Indians; all the prisoners in the forts were marked with black war-paint, which exempted them from the attack of any straggling bodies.

The same afternoon Forty Fort was surrendered to Major John Butler, upon terms far more advantageous to the garrison than could have been expected, as can be seen by the articles of capitulation.

"ART. 1st.—That the inhabitants of the settlement lay down their arms, and the garrison be demolished.

"2d.—That the inhabitants are to occupy their farms peaceably, and the lives of the inhabitants preserved intire and unhurt.

"3d.—That the Continental stores be delivered up.

"4th.—That Major Butler will use his utmost influence that the private property of the inhabitants shall be preserved intire to them.

"5th.—That the prisoners in Forty Fort be delivered up, and that Samuel Finch, now in Major Butler's possession, be delivered up also.

"6th.—That the property taken from the people called *Tories*, up the river, be made good; and they to remain in peaceable possession of their farms, unmolested in a free-trade, in and throughout this State, as far as lies in my power.

"7th.—That the inhabitants, that Colonel Denniston

* Miner.—Copied from Her Majesty's State Paper Documents in London.

now capitulates for, together with himself, do not take up arms during the present contest.

(Signed), "NATHAN DENNISTON,
"JOHN BUTLER,

"ZARAH BEECH, "SAMUEL GUSTIN,
"JOHN JOHNSON, "WM. CALDWELL."*

The only person known to have been in the fort at that time who is yet living, is Mrs. *Deborah Bedford*, the pious and aged mother of Dr. Andrew Bedford, of Abington. She is now in her eighty-fifth year, and although she was hardly six years old at this time, retains yet a vivid recollection of the events transpiring when Butler, Brant, and Queen Esther, marched into the fort.

Honest, and even honorable as was the British Butler in signing the articles of capitulation, he was unable to restrain the Indians from plundering and breaking open all the trunks in search of whisky, which had previously been poured into the river by the settlers. They ransacked every place, and with their tomahawks broke into the floors and partitions, without finding the object of their search. Baffled in this, they rifled boxes and chests; clothes were rudely taken from the men, and even tobacco, pipes, and money, in spite of the orders of the British Commander; but among all those who surrendered in the fort, not a single life was taken with the exception of that of Sergeant Boyd, who was ordered to be shot by Col. Butler, as a deserter.

Permission was given by the British Butler for some of the inmates of the fort to build a raft or a boat, and go down the Susquehanna. One was thus built by Dr

* Miner.

Samuel Gustin and James Sutton, near the fort, and on the morning of the 15th of July, 1778, James Sutton, father of Mrs. Bedford, Polly, Deborah, and William Sutton, Louisa Burnham, a girl given them, Dr. Gustin, his father, mother, and one grandchild, with Sarah, Polly, and William Gustin, a child given to the doctor, and his housekeeper, started from Forty Fort, in a boat or scow so leaky as to be impossible to keep it afloat without continual bailing.

Landing for a short time at Northumberland, Dr. Gustin gave the little girl away, who, when she saw herself thus left, cried piteously after her late protectors. A Bible, a little clothing and a scanty supply of corn meal were all that was taken by the party in the boat. They landed at the ferry of Harris (now Harrisburg), with about \$100 in Continental currency, and finding an empty house or cabin here, took possession of it at once. After the close of the war, Sutton returned to the valley with his family, and for many years was a partner with Dr. William Hooker Smith, in the iron business at Old Forge.

On Wednesday, the eighth of July, only five days after the battle, Col. Butler left Wyoming with all the force he could control, sick with the scenes of cruelty and bloodshed he had witnessed around the camp-fires in the valley. "With Butler a large portion of the Indians withdrew, and their march presented a picture at once melancholy and ludicrous. Squaws, to a considerable number, brought up the rear, a belt of scalps stretched on small hoops, around the waist for a girdle, having on some four, some six, and even more, dresses of chintz or silk, one over the other; being mounted astride on horses, of course all stolen, and on their heads three,

four, or five bonnets, one within the other, worn wrong-side before."*

Straggling parties of Indians yet prowled around the encircling mountain, burning the village of Wilkes Barre, consisting of twenty-three houses, and skulked along the plains, where yet lay the unburied dead. Most of those who had perished in the battle lay on the field where they had fallen, until the 22d of October, when a large hole was dug by the settlers, into which the half decayed, unrecognized bodies of the slain were deposited with little form and display, as the Indians were known to be but little distance off.

A short time previous to this, Isaac Tripp the elder, Isaac Tripp, his grandson, and two young men, named Keys and Hocksey, were taken prisoners in Providence. The Tripps were painted with war-paint and released, while their comrades were killed in Abington, the next morning.

The Wyoming Massacre, so butcher-like in its character, gave birth to the celebrated expedition of General Sullivan, who with 2,500 troops passed through Wyoming July 31, 1779, for the Indian settlements, along the upper waters of the Susquehanna, where, after laying waste the Indian country as far as the Genesee River, he returned by way of Tioga to Wyoming, the seventh of October, 1779.

THE SIGNAL TREE.

Standing on any of the peaks of the Moosic Mountain, some twenty miles distant from Wyoming, and

* Miner.

by the aid of a glass, or even with the naked eye, when the morning is clear, can be seen looming up from the surrounding trees, covering the summit of the mountain, lying north of the monument, a slim pine tree, its trunk so shorn of its limbs to the very top, that with the umbel spread of its deep foliage, it resembles a great umbrella. Over the tops of all the other trees along the valley, this one floats with a kingly air, and when the sun sinks behind the hills, this tall monarch of the forest is the last to catch a glimpse of the descending light. This tree is known as the *signal tree*. Tradition tells that at the time of the battle, an Indian was stationed in the top of the tree, so that when the defeat of the whites was announced by the louder peals of the war-whoop, he commenced to cut off the limbs of the tree, and as this could be seen many miles from every direction, parties of Indians were thus informed to watch the paths leading out of the valley and prevent the escape of the fugitives. This, however, is mere tradition. A more reasonable interpretation of the matter is this: Some years ago one of the knots of this tree was removed, and from the concentric rings or yearly growths indicated by them, the lopping of the limbs was dated back to 1762—the first year a settlement was commenced here by the whites—thus showing quite clearly that the tree had been trimmed previous to the massacre, and that it had been used by the emigrating parties from Connecticut, as a *guiding* tree to the Wyoming lands, where a colony, with no roads but the warrior's pathway, and but little knowledge of a reliable character of the locality of the new country, crossed the frowning mountains, mostly on foot, and made a permanent residence here in 1769.

SETTLEMENT AROUND PROVIDENCE BOROUGH.

The District of Providence,* in the old town and county of Westmoreland, was originally surveyed by Isaac Tripp the elder, and John Jenkins, and was five miles square. After the Indian sale of these lands, in 1754, to the Susquehanna Company, a considerable portion of them now lying in the middle and upper part of Providence Township, fell into the hands of Captain John Howard, of Connecticut, by a draft.

So remote, in fact, from the parent State, and so isolated from the larger colony upon the Susquehanna, and swarming with wild tribes and beasts of prey, as were these lands at this time, they offered to the first emigrating parties inhospitality and peril. Over this district the hunter—not the imbecile creature who to-day, with shot-gun stretched from his arms, blazes away at every feeble songster before it falls a trophy to his own more feeble genius—but the hunter whose life and the lives of a whole family were often intrusted to his gun, found the exciting chase, and the sometimes terrible encounters in the forest, more congenial to his taste than rustic and slow agriculture.

Providence was the only certified, or Yankee town, on the Lackawanna above Pittston, being divided into lots of 300 acres each, generally running back two and a half miles. Those not reserved for public purposes,

* Providence took its name from Providence, R. I., which was founded in 1637 by the famous Roger Williams. The origin of the name of *that* Providence is explained in a curious deed executed by him: "Having a sense of God's merciful providence unto me in my duties, I called the name Providence."

were thrown into market by the proprietors of the town. to be sold upon terms the most advantageous to the Susquehanna Company. There being at this time but little disposition to settle upon any lands lying above Capouse Meadow, much of them came under the control of Captain John Howard, Christopher Avery, and Isaac Tripp the elder. None of the three made a pitch here except Tripp.

A lot "in ye Township of Providence, alious Capouse," originally laid out to Colonel Lodwick Ojdirk, passed into the hands of Jonathan Slocum in 1771, "on account of Doeing ye Duty of a settler" for said Ojdirk. This tract of land, containing about 180 acres, came into the possession of James Bagley April 29th, 1778. Bagley was driven away the ensuing summer by the Indians, but returned again after the close of the war.

The old records tell us that, in 1772, the Committee at Wilkes Barre "sertifie that Mr. Ebenezer Searles is Intitled to a Right of Land in Newprovidence," but it does not appear that he ever saw or settled upon it. *Above* Providence village, James Leggett made the first clearing in the woods in 1775, near the mouth of one of the wild tributaries of the Lackawanna, known now as "Leggett's Creek." A few months later, Thomas Pichit made a purchase of 100 acres of land in the Capouse, adjoining that of Leggett, of Christopher Avery. His right was easily obtained, for the land was given him merely for "ye Consideration of Certain Duties & Services Done for" said Avery. In August, 1775, Benjamin Baily purchased of Solomon Strong a "Certain Peace of Ground in ye township of Providence at Capouse Meadow, near Capouse River."* The charac-

* The Lackawanna was called by this name by the first emigrants.

ter of this region was too stern for his genial nature, so he sold his lot to Tripp for a few furs and "a flint gun." In June, 1777, Matthew Dalson bought 375 acres of land "on ye Capouse River so called," bounded on the north by "Lands Bolonging to one Loggit." Part of this purchase was the present farm known as "old Uncle Joshua Griffin's."

As we have before stated, Isaac Tripp the elder, and Isaac Tripp, his grandson, both fell by Indian bullets during the Revolutionary War. Seven years later, in 1786, another Isaac Tripp emigrated from Greenwich, R. I., accompanied by his son Stephen, then a lad of only ten summers. He brought no other members of his family at this time, so that his residence at Capouse was not permanent until two or three years later.

Isaac married Miss Patty Wall, by whom he had—Elizabeth, Polly, William, Susan, Amasa, Stephen, Isaac, Martha, Catharine, Holden, and Nancy. The last named, or "Aunt Nancy Vaughn," is yet living.

Stephen Tripp married Miss Mary Benedict, by whom he had—

Horace, married Alvira Stevens.
 Harriet, " Samuel Church.
 Samuel, " Sally Brown.
 Wisener.
 William, " Delilah Thompson.
 Polly, unmarried.
 Fanny, married Armstrong.

Isaac Tripp, Jr., or *fourth*, married Miss Catharine Lafronse, by whom he had—Diana, Benjamin, Ira, Isaac, Mahala, Maria, Holden, and Catharine.

The descendants of Isaac are yet living in the valley and are among our most active and energetic citizens.

In April, 1799, Isaac Tripp sold a portion of his farm in Capouse to his son Stephen, "for 800 pounds of lawful money," and the remainder at the same time passed into the hands of Isaac Tripp, Jr.

The first clearing made by the white man in what is now known as Providence Borough, was commenced in 1788 by Enoch Holmes, who emigrated from White Plains, New York, the previous year.

The single apple-tree, bereft of all its mates by destroying hands, now standing near the residence of E. S. M. Hill, Esq., marks the original location of his log cabin. Here he lived two years, clearing enough land to raise the necessary corn and potatoes for his family, although sometimes he was compelled to subsist on venison and bear-meat alone. From trees and brakes found along the stream, he constructed brooms and baskets, taking them to the Wyoming Valley to exchange for the most needful commodities.

An Englishman from New York, named Charles Unam, purchased his right and improvement, but his abilities to endure the privations of forest life being of an order so inferior, he soon left his land in the hands of John Phillips, of Pittston, to dispose of, moved to Charleston, South Carolina, where he died the same year with the yellow fever.

His widow married a man in the Palmetto State, a short time after, by the name of Bradshaw, who, as late as 1816, visited Providence in search of lands belonging to his wife.

This property, comprising the greater portion of what is now Providence, was sold to James Griffin in the

winter of 1812, by Taylor, as the agent of Unam. Griffin, with his three children,* moved into the valley when it was frosted and white with snow in the following winter, taking possession of this solitary log-house.

Nathaniel Cottrill and Elisha S. Potter, Esq., purchased fourteen acres of this tract of Griffin, in 1828, for \$4,000, but subsequently it passed into Cottrill's hands alone.

The next settler in this immediate vicinage after Holmes, was Daniel Waderman, a soldier of the Revolution. Charged with being a Hessian soldier—the facts are these :

Of pure German extraction, Waderman was a native of Hamburg. Visiting England upon business entirely of a personal nature, he was seized by the British press-gang and forced into British service, according to their custom at the time of the war with her American Colonies and previous to this. He was present at the battle of Bunker Hill, in 1775, where General Gage won so little glory for himself or his troops. Returning to Portsmouth, England, to winter, the next spring he accompanied Burgoyne to Quebec. After wintering at Montreal, we find him the ensuing summer in an engagement on the Mohawk, where he was taken prisoner by the friendly Stockbridge Indians, after which he enlisted in the American service, and by his faithful service as a private soldier in the army from 1779 to the close of the war, furnished the best evidence of his fidelity and sympathy with colonial arms. Near where now stands the house of Daniel Silkman, in Providence Borough, Waderman erected his barky cabin in 1790,

* Elias and Ezekiel Griffin, and Mrs. John Stevens.

where he lived for a period of twenty-one years, when he removed farther up the valley, and died in 1835. Preserved Taylor came into Providence about the same time of Waderman, and settled just below the house of Stephen Tripp, on the Hyde Park road. Two years later, Constant Searles emigrated to the valley.

In 1794, the name of Griffin first appears in the valley, and as this portion of country is now numerously represented by them, they deserve a passing notice.

The original branch of the family, from whence sprung the descendants here, lived in Westchester county, New York. JOSEPH GRIFFIN was born there, where he also died, leaving twelve children, viz: Mary, Phebe, James, Thomas, Tamer, Hannah, Stephen, Anna, Elizabeth, Sarah, Joseph, and Deborah. Of his children, the first to emigrate here was STEPHEN GRIFFIN, who, in 1794 left the banks of the Hudson, and taking the only bridle path or road leading across the mountains from Orange county into it from the east, located himself here, and at once commenced to battle with the forest in Providence, near the new and narrow clearing of Coonrad Lutz. He married Miss Polly Place, by whom he had

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| Matilda, | who married Benjamin Slocum. |
| Jackson, | “ Miss Nesbit. |
| Jerusha, | “ Henry Fellows. |
| Armilla, | “ Israel Loovner. |
| Maria, | “ Sylvenas Fellows. |
| Sarah, | “ Philip Wickizer. |
| Mary, | “ Benedict. |

THOMAS GRIFFIN was the next one of the family who became a resident of the valley in 1811. He purchased a piece of land of John Hollenback, lying below Provi-

dence village, married Maria Brundage, by whom he had eight children, some of whom are still enjoying the patrimony.

Next to the youngest child of Joseph Griffin, Sen., was a young man of vigorous constitution and temperate habits, who emigrated to the valley in 1816, and who now is known throughout the valley by the familiar name of "Uncle Joe." On the commanding hill lying below Hyde Park, where yet the old gentleman resides, stretches out the farm he purchased of Reuben Taylor.

After the land in Westmoreland passed from the wild man to the whites, Timothy Keys first began to bring light and love into the grand old forest then covering this farm. Keys fell by the hatchet in 1778, and this farm, after passing through the hands of his heirs, after the war had closed, came into the possession of Reuben Taylor, who afterwards sold it to Griffin. This is one of the pieces of land upon which Doctor W. Hooker Smith, nearly seventy years ago, purchased for a mere trifle, the right to mine ore, "and a certain mineral called stone coal." Uncle Joe married Miss Thorn for his first wife, and Miss Hoysradt for his second, by whom he had seven children.

The *productiveness* of the different Griffin families can be inferred from the fact, that in the year of 1820, while the mother of Joseph Griffin was living with him in Providence, there were then residing within a radius of a hundred miles, over *one hundred* of her children and her grand-children, besides an uncounted multitude of great-grandchildren. Eight members of this family had *nine* children each, while two, disregarding the respectable standard of nine, enumerated the total number of twenty-six children as their own. Uncle Joe, filled the

office of Justice of the Peace for some years, (his commission bears date Oct. 24th, 1832,) and, in 1839, represented Luzerne county in the State Legislature; being the first person ever chosen from the valley for this purpose, with the single exception of Isaac Tripp, the elder, who, some fifty years before, was sent to Connecticut, to show the wants and the condition of the colony in Westmoreland.

TAMER GRIFFIN, one of the daughters of the senior Joseph, married Selah Mead, in Westchester, moving into the valley in 1812. The same year JAMES GRIFFIN settled in Providence. He married Miss Clapp, by whom he had—

Marium, married Huffman.

ELIZA, “ Elder John Miller.

Ezekiel, Samuel, Elias, Philip and James.

At the time of his arrival here, there was no other residence in the immediate vicinity of the log-house he purchased, but the plain cabin of Waderman's, standing about a quarter of a mile above.

One of the pioneers at this time was ELISHA S. POTTER. Hearing of the rich, low lands which were sold so cheap along the Lackawanna, he left his native place, White Hall, New York, to seek his fortune here, settling in Blakely. In this portion of country, Potter was the first justice of the peace, and, and so well were the vexatious duties of the magistrate performed by him, that the litigating parties seeking redress, were generally satisfied with his impartial judgment and decisions. He was the father of the late lamented Charles W. Potter, Esq., of Dunmore.

ISAAC GRIFFIN, oldest son of Thomas, appeared here in

the summer of 1816. Moving into the house of Joseph, with him his first child, *Edmund* was born soon afterwards. The fine farm now owned by Dr. Robinson, in Providence—a man, who, for the last half century, has thrown the healing mantle of Elisha over the inhabitants of the Lackawanna Valley, was given to Isaac the same year by his father. He sold this to the doctor, and located himself permanently in “Razorville,” on a portion of the property previously purchased by James. Born in the wilderness almost, as Edmund was, he early learned among the solitary nooks and lonely walks that,

“To climb steep hills,
Requires slow steps at first.”

Upon his father's farm he found too little to amuse his restless nature, so he went to Peekskill, N. Y., where some relatives resided. Being observed one day by a grocery-man from New York city, who was struck with the quick, bold, off-hand manner of the lad, he at once engaged him as an errand-boy, at eight dollars per month and found. After a few months his wages was raised to twelve dollars. The slender product of his industry, he remitted monthly with conscientious exactness to his parents in Providence. This filial feature, as well as others, so unusual in a young man, naturally attracted the notice of his employer, who, on the very day Edmund attained his twentieth year, told him to consider himself of age, as from that time he could carry on the business as his own. From that day his fortune was made.

In the spring of 1849. EDMUND GRIFFIN was chosen Assistant Alderman, in the First Ward in New York

city, and in the following November, elected Alderman for two years. From January, 1850, to January, 1852, he represented this ward in a manner highly creditable to himself, and satisfactory to those who had intrusted their interest into his hands. The great rise in coal lands in his native valley, of which he largely took the advantage, placed the "Alderman," as he is generally called, in a position of ease and social standing, not often reached in so short a time. Near the old homestead, bordering the ancient Indian clearing of Capouse, the Alderman a few years ago sought retirement; and the massive, hospitable mansion, standing by the roadside, between Providence and Scranton, near the former village, is his present residence.

BLAKELY.

In April, 1803, Blakely* Township was formed from "a part of Providence, including a corner of Greenfield, east of the Lackawanna mountain."

No real settlement was attempted here until after the close of the Revolutionary War. In 1786, Timothy Stevens, a veteran who had served in the war from its inception to its close, with no little courage, emigrated from Westchester, New York, settling here in the depth of the forest. No "Indian clearings" were found here, and his path, marked upon tree-sides with the axe, furnished the only guide for advancing or retreating foot-

* Named from Capt. Blakely of the U. S. sloop of war *Wasp*, who signalized himself in an engagement with the British brig *Avon*.—*Chapman*.

steps. Here, immured in the wilderness, where the pulse of the great world only throbbed in storms and winds, he cleared enough of the land around him to show its fertility, and lived many years upon it, with his family alone.

This was upon the place now known as the Mott farm, where, in 1814, he built a grist-mill upon the Lackawanna, subsequently known as "Mott's Mill."

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

There was a strange character here in 1795, about whom there was a good deal of mystery. He carried a gold snuff-box, from which he was incessantly inspiring his nose, wore an olive velvet coat, was a man of considerable literary attainment: exhibiting a good deal of

"Grandeur's remains and gleams of other days."

His name was Nicholas Leuchens. With a classic education, he had mastered seven modern languages, and had once been a large German merchant in Hamburg. He loved the imposing and the mysterious, and at his wedding in Germany, had expended one thousand pounds sterling for that purpose.

Before Napoleon began to make Europe tremble with the force of his genius and his arms, Leuchens fled from his native shore, landing in Philadelphia, August 25th, 1795. Wyoming Valley, with all its loveliness, had been pictured to him in poetry and song, and hither he sought the promised land.

After his arrival here he left the yet disturbed valley, pushing up in the forest and clearing, along the Lackawanna, until the flats in Blakely, where now stands Peck's Mill, were reached. Here he built his German fortress, in the shape of the rudest log-house.

This was thirteen years before Blakely was formed, and at that time Leuchens was the only real settler in this portion of Providence, except Stevens, living about two miles below. Finding no owner for the land, he took possession of five hundred acres, for which he afterwards agreed to pay Hollenback and Fisher fifty cents per acre. He never, however, paid a cent. Here he built his plain habitation, with barks and boughs for its roof; with only one room, in which he successively piled layer after layer of his beds, until they almost reached the very roof, so as better to defy the approach of ghosts, of which he was especially afraid.

Although he was sixty-two years old at the time, he kept a district school for boys, in the old jail in Wilkes Barre, in 1806, and one of his pupils * then, relates the following of his school: On a little basin of water, called "Yankee Pond," lying just back of this old schoolhouse, there was during the winter months, generally, good and safe skating—skating too, presenting more attraction and probable a healthier development to the mind and the muscles of boyhood than all the advantages of his school. Passionate as Leuchens was, so little control had he over his school, that some of the larger boys would go out to skate without permission; another would ask to go, and not returning, recruit after recruit would be sent after the rebellious ones until none

* Anson Goodrich.

were left to do homage to the master, when he would go himself, animated with the remaining virtues of the birch or the ferule. Being old, and quite near-sighted, before he could discover which were his scholars, they, taking advantage of his misfortune, would pelt him so vigorously with snow-balls, that he neither could find his pupils, nor trace out the authors of the mischief. At this time he used during the year twenty-four pounds of snuff and tobacco, and presented a peculiar appearance; his whiskers, which never held less than a tea-cup full of snuff in their brownish jungle, were completely frosted over.

The forcep like grasp of the German merchant distinguishing him in other days forsook him on his farm, as rapidly as did his fortune; he grew aimless, indolent and disheartened, and in a few years later, returned to Philadelphia, where he ended his earthly pilgrimage, and was buried by the hand of charity.

A remaining son, whom he called "God save Francis Leuchens," possessed many of his father's singularities, and but little of his father's genius.

His ladder to fame consisted of a yellow pair of buckskin breeches. These were his standard of beauty, giving to his manhood the faultless and finishing touch.

Returning one day from the cave, with a roll of butter for his dinner, he stumbled to the ground with the unctuous mass. Rather than it should waste in the noon-day sun, he oiled his "buckskins" from top to toe with the softening compound, which, presenting such a triumph of genius over grease, was regarded as the only brilliant achievement in his lifetime.

Upon the road from Providence to Carbondale, the observer cannot fail to notice, in Blakely, lying just

below the road in the meadow, to the southeast, a large orchard, where JOHN VAUGHN, who had seen some service in border warfare, settled with his sons in 1797. A man named Ralph had made a clearing on the east side of the Lackawanna, below Leuchens, the year previous: this passed into the hands of Ferris in 1798. MOSES DOLPH, the grandfather of Edward Dolph, Esq., also made a pitch here in 1798; he had eleven children, all of whom have passed away, except Alexander Dolph, who yet lives on the patrimony. At this time no white man had settled farther up the valley than Leuchens, and sparse and poor indeed were the cabins standing between here and the Wyoming Valley. Mt. Vernon, the present residence of L. S. Watres, Esq., was settled in 1812. The forbidding aspect of the country along the borders of the forest, the long severe winters with their prodigious depth of snow, rising often with its long, white lines of drift, to the very tops of the cabins, and the absence of all roads to communicate with the settlement below, imposed upon the inhabitants the most exacting hardships. Markings upon trees along the woods directed the path of the pioneer. No bridge spanned the Lackawanna at this time, and all the streams were forded if passed at all. Once swollen, and wild by the lengthened rain or spring freshet, and all intercourse with the neighborhood was suspended as much as when the winter months sometimes made the streams formidable.

Nor was this all, neither churches, schoolhouses, nor mills, nor any of those comforts so essential to domestic life, existed here. The product of the soil in the shape of Indian corn, was either broken up after the Indian fashion, by the stone or wooden mortar and pestle, or

boiled and eaten whole. Bear meat, venison, potatoes, and the scanty salt comprised the luxuries of the day—potatoes in one instance became so scarce that those planted for seed, were re-dug in one instance to sustain a family perishing from hunger.

For many years, especially during the spring and autumn months, wolves became so bold and voracious that large fires were built around the inclosures holding the sheep and cattle, while the howl of the wolves, distinct and prolonged, even at the very door of the cabins, imparted to the stirring scenes of border life, an exciting feature.

Wilkes Barre then furnished the nearest store from Stroudsburg or Easton, and every spring after tramping weeks in the Sap-woods, was the ox-journey hither undertaken, exchanging the maple sugar for tea and other essentials.

For many years *sweet fern* was substituted for tea; and browned rye and various herbs smoked upon the table in the place of coffee.

Pine knots or "candle-wood," as the Yankees termed it, threw on the little families the only light other than that furnished by Heaven.

YANKEE WAY OF PULLING A TOOTH.

Long before doctors armed with lancets and saddlebags, went forth in the valley, empowered like the beast in the Revelations, "to kill a fourth part," at least, of those they met, the duties of the physician necessarily fell upon the patient himself, or the odd skill of some good-natured neighbor, or perhaps were more often assumed

by some old, adipose, ignorant and meddlesome woman, whose roots and "*yarbs*," gathered from the mountain and meadow, had such wonderful "*virtu*," that no disease could resist. Tooth-ache, although then not often treated with the savage dignity of forceps or turn-keys, came in the young settlement, just as often, and like any unwelcome visitor, stayed just as long. Sometimes, however, its court was summarily adjourned by methods having the merit of being original, cheap and quick.

Among the settlers in Blakely, at the time spoken of, was a long, lean, bony son of a farmer, troubled with that most provoking of all pains, or as Burns called it—"thou h—ll o' a' diseases,"—the tooth-ache.

The troublesome member was one of the wide pronged *molars*, as firm in its socket as if held in a vice. The pain was so acute as it ran along the inflamed gums, that the usual series of manipulations with decoctions and "*int-ments*," alternated with useless swearing, failed to bring relief to the sufferer. As the ache grew keener with torture, a "*remejil*" agent was suggested and tried. One end of a firm hemp string was fastened upon the rebellious member, while the other securely fixed around a bullet, purposely notched, was placed in the barrel of an old flint-lock musket, loaded with an extra charge of powder. When all was ready, the desperate operator caught hold of the gun and "let drive." Out flew the tooth from the bleeding jaw, and away bounded the musket several feet.

After this new way of extracting teeth had thus been demonstrated by one so simple and unskilled in the dental science, it became at once the chosen and only mode practised here for many years.

DUNMORE.*

The purchase of land from the Indians, by the Delaware Connecticut Company, came within ten miles of the Susquehanna River, and included within its boundaries all of the upper and eastern portion of the Yankee Town of Providence, and extended to the Delaware. The dividing line ran between this point and a part of Providence.

No settlement was attempted here until 1783, when WILLIAM ALLSWORTH, struck up his camp-fire among the tall trees. Allsworth was a Yankee, who, living on the extreme border of the State of New York, was induced to leave and emigrate to "Nine Partners," in 1782, a large tract of land lying on the west bank of the Hudson, above Catskill, belonging originally to nine persons. He was a shoemaker by trade, and, learning how scarce they were in Westmoreland, determined to migrate hither.

Taking the old Connecticut road, which passed from Orange county to the Yankee possessions at Wyoming, he reached this point in the forest just at the edge of evening, in May, 1783. Surrounded by the shadows of night, he lit his bright fires around his covered wagon, containing his family, to intimidate the horde of wild-

* In 1835-6, there was travelling in the United States, an English nobleman named Sir Augustus Murray, who, meeting with the friends of the "Drinker Railroad" at Easton, in 1836, who were making every possible efforts to mature their project, promised them that when he returned to Europe, the next month, he would raise 100,000 pounds sterling, to begin the road. In honor of Mr. Murray, whose father was the Earl of DUNMORE, this name was given to this place by H. W. Drinker and W. Henry.

cats and wolves swarming in the chaparral toward the Roaring Brook, while the surrounding trees, fallen and rolled in a cabin shape, and covered with the limbs and poles, became tolerably comfortable. He had married in early life Miss Esther Pettibone, by whom he had—Asenath, who married Mr. Daniels for her first husband and Millard for her second.

Rachael who married Deodat Smith,* of Lackawanna.

Dorothy, “ “ Noah Stevens, of Blakely.

John, “ “ Miss Polly Benedict.

Huldah, “ “ Enoch Holmes.

The descendants of Mr. Allsworth filled many places of usefulness in the county, and many are still adorning the various walks of life. The cabin of Allsworth being the only one upon the road this side of Little Meadows, some seventeen miles toward the Paupack settlement, it naturally became a place of some note for emigrating parties to stop. The old cabin stood upon the ground where was burned last winter the hotel of Coolbaugh.

As nothing but forest intervened from the “Lackawa” settlement to that at Capouse, the lairs and frequent visits of wild beasts proved dangerously troublesome to the settler.

At one time a bear came to the cabin of Allsworth, just at the edge of evening, and jumping into the pen, seized the old sow in its bushy, brawny arms, and in spite of every effort of those daring to pursue, carried the noisy porker off to the woods towards little Roaring Brook. The little pigs, frightened but safe, were left in the pen. For greater safety, the barn-yard, or the strong inclosure into which cattle and sheep were

* “He gives to God.”

driven at night, was built contiguously to the rear of the cabin. At another time, during the absence of Allsworth, a large panther came to this yard in the afternoon in search of food. This animal is as partial to veal as a bear is to pork. A calf was in the pen at the time. On this the panther sprang, when Mrs. Allsworth, hearing an unusual bleat, seized the huge tongs standing in the corner of the fire-place, and actually drove the yellow intruder away without its intended meal. The same night, however, the calf was killed by the panther, which, in return, was the same week secured in a bear-trap and slain.

After a few years, Edward Lunnon, John Carey, and Charles Dalph, moved in this region and settled a short distance from Allsworth up the valley. John West also moved in the county, and commenced a small clearing in the present vicinity of that point now designated as "No. 6," in the spring of the year 1795. Four paths now diverging from Allsworth, two of which were followed by marked trees, led to the simple and the common name where two roads crossed, of "The Corners." The old Cobb or Connecticut road passed through the Corners, and a faint path was cut from the log cabin of West up through this place into the Providence forest where Blakely now lies. James Brown settled at the Corners in 1799, and being one of the laziest men in the world, did little else than hunt his favorite buck, as the haunches of venison hanging in his cabin, and the deer-horns piled in one corner of the room, well attested. He rifled the original name of all its beauty when he imparted to the Corners the famous appellation of "*Bucktown*"—a name not yet entirely obsolete. For a period of twenty-two years, the "Tavern" of the

widow Allsworth, and the house of Brown, were all that enlivened the lonely site of Bucktown. In 1836, this place was named Dunmore.

THOMAS SMITH.

Among other resolute pioneers who sought the shores of the Susquehanna in 1783, appears the name of Thomas Smith, grandsire of T. Smith, Esq., of Abington.

On the east side of the river below Nanticoke, he laid the foundation for his future home. The great ice freshet of 1784, which bore down from the upper waters of the Susquehanna such vast masses of ice, overflowing the plains and destroying the property along the river, swept his farm of all its harvest product, leaving it with little else than its gullied soil. Hardly had his recuperative energies again made cheerful his fireside, when the "pumpkin freshet," as it was called, from the countless number of pumpkins it brought down the swollen river, again inundated its banks, sweeping away houses, barns, mills, fences, stacks of hay and grain, cattle, flocks of sheep and droves of swine, in the general destruction, and spreading desolation where but yesterday autumn promised abundance.

Smith, not stoic enough to receive the visits of such floods with indifference, moved up in the "gore" (now Lackawanna Township) in 1786, "for," said the old gentleman, "I want to get above high-water mark."

His son, Deodat, intermarried with the Allsworth family in Dunmore, from whom sprung a large family of children.

ELIAS SCOTT, THE HUNTER.

During the summer of 1792, Daniel Scott, the father of Elias, emigrated to the Lackawanna Valley and purchased from the State 400 acres of land, lying then in Providence.

His son Elias was a perfect Nimrod, but the rapid encroachments of civilized life have crowded the forest world from him, as much as the aggressions of the white man have driven and stripped the Indian from his ancient hunting-grounds.

Perceiving him, one day last summer, standing in front of the Wyoming House, in Scranton, and in a mood apparently thoughtful and sorrowful, the writer asked him what was the matter?

"Matter! matter!" he exclaimed, as he looked up with a sigh, and pointed his wilted bony hand and hickory cane towards the railroad dépôts, "see how the tarnal rascals have spiled the old hunting-grounds, where I've killed many a bear and deer."

Upon his left hand unmistakable evidence appears of an encounter with a huge bear many years ago, while hunting along Stafford Meadow Brook, a short distance to the south from the present village of Scranton.

Being camped out at night, with his knapsack for a pillow, his knife, belt, and long heavy rifle for companions, where the glare of his camp-fire startled the deer and the elk, as they browsed along the mountain side, or were chased by the gaunt wolf or more blood-thirsty panther through the forest, he met old bruin just as the day broke, while the brute was gathering the juicy berry for his morning lunch. His organs of diges-

tion, however, did not relish the tickling sensation of the bullet thrown from Scott's rifle, and he immediately approached the hunter with all the familiarity and warmth of an old friend, until he came frightfully close. Scott, declining his advances, retreated as rapidly as possible from the wounded and enraged brute, and by the frequent punches of his gun, now empty and broken, avoided the embrace of the bear. Walking backwards from the ensanguined animal, the heel of his boot caught in a treacherous root of a tree, and he fell to the ground. Before he could raise himself again, commenced the death-struggle. Bruin sprang on the hunter with such violence as to rupture an internal blood-vessel, and for a moment the copious flow of blood from his mouth threatened suffocation. Smarting with the wound of the bullet, the bear seized the left hand of Scott in his mouth, as it was uplifted to divert attention from his throat, while with his right arm he drew from his belt the well-tried trusty knife. This he plunged repeatedly into the bear, until, exhausted from the loss of blood, he fell dead on the mangled hunter.

Hunters then lived a life of plenty, for game of all kinds was so abundant at that period, that in the course of one year's casual hunting, Scott killed one hundred and seventy-five deer, five bears, three wolves, and a panther, besides wild turkeys in great numbers. He has killed and dressed eleven deer in one day, three of them being slain at *one* shot.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF "DRINKER'S BEECH,"
NOW COVINGTON.

As the dweller in wigwams turned his footsteps towards the setting sun, in search of other hunting grounds, where the deer, the moose, and the buffalo, had not been driven by the white conqueror, no region was left behind him more fitted for the chase, the war-dance, or hostile camp-fires, than that section of country lying between Stroudsburg and the Lackawanna, first known as Drinker's Beech—a name suggested by the quantity of beech trees growing upon the region owned by Drinker.

No attention of the white man had been directed here until the year of 1787. At this time, and during the year of 1791, Henry Drinker, Jr., of Philadelphia, father of Henry W. and Richard Drinker, purchased from the State about 25,000 acres of unseated land, lying in a section of country now embraced by Wayne, Pike, and Luzerne counties. Nothing was done with these wild lands until 1792, when he hired John Delong, of Stroudsburg, and a few other persons, to mark or cut a road to them from at or near the twenty-one mile tree, on the north and south road, which was also called the Drinker road, from the fact that it was opened principally at the expense of Henry Drinker the elder, who was an uncle of Henry Drinker, Jr., and was also a large landholder in the north of the State.

The road cut by Delong extended in a westerly direction, passed that romantic sheet of water, Lake Henry, crossed the present track of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and thence, taking a southerly

course, terminated on a branch of the Lehigh, called Bell Meadow Brook, near the old Indian encampment upon the edge of this brook, mentioned before.

After these pioneer choppers returned, as the road was not travelled, it grew so full of underbrush as to forbid passage to all but the woodsman or the wild-cat. In reopening this road from the lake to within a short distance of the north and south turnpike, in the fall of 1821, the name of "Henry Drinker," with the date of 1792, was found cut on a large beech tree.

Until as late as 1813, the late Ebenezer Bowman, Esq., of Wilkes Barre, was the agent employed to pay the taxes upon these lands, when they were given in charge of Henry W. Drinker, who was instructed to offer them for sale and settlement.

In the spring of this year, H. Drinker, Jr., with his sons, H. W. and Richard Drinker, visited the village of Stoddartsville—a village which was built by the late John Stoddart, of Philadelphia, who, being an alien when war was declared against Great Britain in 1811, was required to remove from the city, and owning several tracts of land along the waters of the Lehigh, one of which embraced the Great Falls, employed his time and capital in the creation of that retired settlement.

As the southern portion of the Drinker lands lay on the Lehigh and its tributaries, about twelve miles northeast of Stoddartsville, it was decided to open a communication to them from that place by a road nearly following the course of the river, if the same was found at all practicable.

Previous, however, to running any line of road, H. W. Drinker determined to ascend that stream in a small

canoe or skiff, up to the very mouth of Wild Meadow Brook—now called "Mill Creek." This the old hunters and sturdy woodsmen declared impossible, as the stream in one place was completely closed by a compact body of drift-wood of very large size and great extent, on the top of which a considerable strata of vegetable and earthy matter had accumulated, and brush-wood was growing luxuriantly; in other places there were swift and narrow rapids, beaver dams, and alder and laurel, twisted and interwoven over the very current in such a manner that it seemed as if no boat could ascend the Lehigh, unless carried upon shoulders the greater portion of the way, as the bark canoes of the Indians were sometimes taken. Notwithstanding these discouraging but genuine representations, by offering high wages, a resolute set of axemen were at length engaged to undertake this truly formidable task, and after the expenditure of no little energy and money, accompanied with some of the *hardest swearing* among the choppers, a boat channel to the desired point was opened in the course of two months.

The first encampment of the Messrs. Drinkers, with their choppers, was near the mouth of Wild Meadow Brook, where they erected a bark cabin, or shed, open in front and at the sides, and sloping back to the ground. Each man was furnished with a blanket, in which he rolled himself up at night, and while a large crackling fire blazed in front of the cabin without, the soft hemlock boughs within furnished invigorating repose after the fatiguing labors of the day. Now and then, they were annoyed by the serenade of a school of owls, attracted to the camp by the strange glare of the fire, or the piercing scream of the sleepless panther, watching

the intruders: and in damp, rainy weather, by the visits of the grey-coated gnats," or "punks," as the woodsmen called them. Trout and venison were so abundant here, that an hour's fish or hunt, supplied the cabin for a week.

This encampment was made in 1815, when this new avenue along the Lehigh was used for boating and freight. Provisions and lumber were taken up the stream from Stoddartsville, in a large batteau, drawn by a tough old mare, who was hitched to the bow with a plough harness, and with a setting pole to assist her when there was a tight pull, and occasionally to push her *en derrière*, when the speed was too slow to suit the *Rear-Admiral*, as the hands called the old man who owned the animal; sometimes swimming through a deep beaver-dam, and at others scrambling along slippery, rocky, narrow passes and rapids, to the great astonishment of otters, minks, and muskrats, residing along the banks of the river,

"And if a *beaver* lingered there,
It must have made the rascal stare,
To see the swimming of that mare."

In June, July, Sept., and October of the year 1814, these lands were re-surveyed by Jason Torrey, Esq., of Bethany, Wayne county, under the direction of H. W. Drinker, into lots averaging one hundred acres each, and numbered from one to two hundred and thirty. These lots were sold at \$5 per acre, on a five years' credit, and generally the first two years without interest; payment being made in lumber, labor, stock and produce, or in fact *anything* the farmer had to dispose of.

The first clearing was made in Drinker's settlement

in the year 1815, by H. W. Drinker, on the ridge of land where he now resides; he also built the first log-house, which was located about a quarter of a mile to the south of his present residence.

Among the early settlers were Michael Mitchell, Lawrence Dershermer, Ebenezer Covey, John and William Ross, John and George Sox, John and Lewis Stull, Samuel Wilohick, Archippus Childs, — Lofrance, John Genth, Henry Ospuck, John Fish, David Dale, Edward Wardell, John Wragg, Esq., John Thompson, and Matthew Hodgson.

During the year 1816, a road was run and opened from the Wilkes Barre and Easton Turnpike, at a point about half a mile above Stoddartville, to the north and south road, near the Wallenpaupack bridge, a distance of about thirty miles. This road is now called the old Drinker road.

At the Court of Quarter Sessions, held at Wilkes Barre, in 1818, "Covington" was formed out of a part of Wilkes Barre Township, embracing the whole of the Drinker territory. The records tell us, "In honor of Brigadier-General Covington, who gallantly fell at the battle of Williamsburg, in Upper Canada, the court call this township Covington."

H. W. Drinker being an intimate friend of General Covington, this name was given to the new township by his suggestion.

The first turnpike approaching the Lackawanna from the east, was one originated by Drinker, the Philadelphia and Great Bend Turnpike road, known now as the "Drinker Turnpike." This commenced at the Belmont and Easton road, about three miles above Stanhope, and ran thence a northerly course to the Susquehanna and

Great Bend Turnpike, at a point near Ithamar, Mott's Tavern. The charter for this road was obtained in the year 1819, but the State only subscribed \$12,000 towards constructing a continuous line of road of over sixty miles, most of which distance was literally through a pathless forest, of the most forbidding, formidable character, for such an enterprise.

The balance of the stock was taken by the Messrs. Drinkers, Meredith, Clymer, and other landholders. The road was principally located by Henry W. Drinker, who was elected President of the Company, and who superintended the general construction of the turnpike until its completion.

The charter for this road remains unimpaired to this day, but whether the original stock will ever pay any *dividends*, must remain a problem for some *future* generations to solve.

PLEASANT VALLEY, lying ten miles east of Scranton, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, is a basin-like vale, scooped out of the hills for the passage of the Roaring Brook in its descent to the Lackawanna, where the village of *Dunning* emerges from the beechwoods. West, about one mile, "Barney's Ledge," a bold, long bulwark of vertical rock, rises up at the entrance to Cobb's Gap with savage outline, and rudely bending one of its stony arms to the east, half encircles the village in its embrace. It lies on the old Drinker turnpike, while the light track of the gravity coal road of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, with its flat rail passes through it. Hunter's Range, a place once famous for its trout fishing, and poor whisky, lies in the vicinity. A large water-tank, and a simple platform, made from a dozen planks and less

than a dozen posts, form the attractions of the railroad dépôt here. In 1856, a portion of the "Dunning property" was purchased by A. M. Maynard, for tannery purposes. It was soon after sold to Major E. P. Strong, and D. T. Peck, Esq., the present liberal and energetic owners. The tannery is 350 feet in length, 40 feet wide, with an addition of 150 feet, and is capable of converting 50,000 raw hides yearly into ready leather, worth over \$200,000. The retreating hemlock forest stretching far back from the valley, is compelled to yield five thousand cord of bark per year, to furnish the huge vats with the *gastric* juice. The engine furnishing the necessary power for the bark-mill and the tannery, received the premium at the State Fair, held in Elmira, in 1855, and capable of grinding in this mill one cord of bark per minute! Although there is no beauty here, there is a fresh business air about the village, with its lumbering interests, and leather trade, that must arrest the attention of the passer, and, after the *scalping* axe prepares the woods around it for agriculture, Dunning will surpass many older towns along the line of the road.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN.

Among those becoming attached to the beech and maple wilderness skirting the Drinker settlement, some years ago, was an odd character, commonly called and known through all that wild region, by the name of "Old French Charley," but whose full cognomen was Charles Baptiste Ariel.

In his youth he had lived with the Northwestern Indians, and had been in the employ of the celebrated General Wayne, as an Indian runner, during that

memorable war with those hostile tribes, whose numbers, in consequence of their repeated success against our frontier-men, were then so formidable; and after being honorably discharged, was for many years afterwards a boatman on the rivers of Canada. He was skilled as a trout-fisher, and so familiar had he become with the habits of all the wild denizens of the forest, that his imitation of the cries of the animal or the bird would deceive the most practised ear. The large hooting owl (*Bubo Pennsylvanius*), with his deceiving and altering voice, he would call to the very edge of the clearing, from a long distance, when he would salute his owlship with such a natural guffaw, and a rifle-shot by way of accompaniment, as to afford a hearty laugh from his fellow camp-mates.

In the "Reminiscences of the Beech Woods," a sketch published in 1851, by Richard Drinker, Esq., the Canadian, is thus spoken of.*

"French Charley had not lived with me long before some of the hands complained that he frequently disturbed them in the night, by groaning and talking in his sleep, and sometimes would suddenly rise from his bed, and walk hurriedly to and fro, muttering something in an unknown tongue, in a low and dismal tone of voice. When spoken to, he would generally return quietly to his bed, but from that time till morning, continued restless and uneasy. If asked what was the matter, his answer was uniformly "Oh, nothing, I suppose I was dreaming;" nor would he say any more than this, when questioned the next day, except perhaps, to add, he was very sorry he had disturbed any-

* *Columbia Democrat*, 1851.

body. My attention being thus called to this strange conduct, I sought a private opportunity with the man, and requested as a particular favor that he would inform me what it was, that troubled him so much every night, adding that if it was anything I could alleviate in any way, I would cheerfully do so. This touched his feelings, and the result was the following narrative.

“When quite a young man, the love of adventure and a fondness for hunting and trapping, led to an extensive and friendly acquaintance with the red-man of the forest, and to his finally being adopted in the tribe of the Messasawgues Indians. According to the custom of this tribe, the chief gave to the white man, an Indian brother, with the information, that by their law the survivor of them would inherit his brother’s property. Charles, it appears, was the more successful trapper of the two, and in a short time after his joining the tribe, had sold peltry enough in the town of Detroit, to enable him to purchase a good rifle, and a handsome young horse, with saddle and bridle. Not long after this purchase, his Indian brother proposed to him to take a long hunting excursion on the Wabash, after wild turkeys, which were then reported to be very abundant in that vicinity. Anxious to prove his new rifle, he at once consented to go, and having first obtained a reluctant permission from the chief, they accordingly set out. About the fifth day from their setting out, they succeeded in killing a few turkeys, after a most fatiguing hunt, and the evening found them encamped near the banks of the Wabash, deep in the dark forest, and far from the haunts of men: Here, by a blazing, cheerful fire they cooked one of their turkeys, and having made a hearty supper, Indian-like, they sat in silence, gazing

on the bright flames and sparks, as they ascended before them, until both apparently fell asleep; and which really was the case with the Frenchman.

“He did not know how long he had slept, but his sleep was disturbed by a vexatious dream. He thought he had been engaged for a long time in calling up to him a fine old turkey cock, and when at last he succeeded in getting the noble bird within rifle shot, his new rifle, for the first time, missed fire. At this, the turkey gave his well-known cry of alarm, and stretching out his long neck, ran a short distance and again stood still, apparently waiting for some further intimation of danger, or to hear repeated the call that had lured him to the place. Upon examining the lock, the hunter found to his surprise, there was no flint in it, and as there was still a possibility of getting the bird, he cautiously took another flint from his bullet-pouch, and succeeded in fixing it ready for another shot, the game at this time still standing fair, about one hundred yards distant. He drew on a fine and steady sight, but again his rifle snapt, and so *loudly* this time that it awoke him up. The camp-fire had burnt down to a bed of coals, with the exception of a brand or two which occasionally sent up a flickering flame; but lo! his Indian brother was nowhere to be seen. He had scarcely been made aware of this fact, when, in the direction of the river, he distinctly heard the well-known click of a rifle. His dream then had not been all a dream. Yet his position was a most fearful one, as it was now evident to him, that either his own life or that of his Indian brother must be taken; and that, too, in a very brief space of time.

“He instantly threw off his blanket on the stump of a

sapling, against which he had been resting, and silently crawling away from the fire, secured his own rifle, the flint, priming, and charge of which he carefully examined, and finding all right, with the caution of an experienced hunter, moved stealthily towards the ambush of his treacherous brother. When within about ten yards of it, he heard him knocking the flint of his rifle, and a brand of fire at that moment flashing up, suddenly discovered his precise position. He was stooping down over the lock, carefully picking the flint with his knife; but soon appearing satisfied that it would make sufficient fire, he looked up towards the camp, and immediately discovering that the *living mark* had disappeared, his keen eye glanced eagerly and wonderingly on every side, until at length it became fixed in a gaze of horror, on the barrel of the Frenchman's rifle, pointing over a log, directly at his breast. He saw at a moment his chance was gone, and throwing down his own rifle, fell upon his knees, and in the most piteous manner, commenced begging his white brother to forgive, and spare his life. But the stern answer to these entreaties was, 'I believe you have snapped three times at me, and if I snap as many times at you, you shall go clear.' A sharp report instantly followed this declaration, and the Indian with a wild, unearthly yell, sprang forward and fell to the ground, bleeding and lifeless—a victim to his own treachery. He was shot through the heart.

"The excitement was over, and the white man, in that dark and dreary hour, then fully realized how awful a deed it was to send a soul thus suddenly to its last account. But the body remained and must be disposed of, for he could not bear the idea of leaving it to be

mangled by the wild beasts; and probably was also fearful that a search might be made by some of the tribe, before it could be destroyed.

“This dread task he performed by tying it up in the blanket, together with the rifle, and all the hunting apparatus that had belonged to the deceased; and then attaching a heavy stone to the neck, plunged him into the Wabash, whose dark waters closed over him, leaving to human sight no reliable trace of the deed, henceforth forever.

“Upon the Frenchman’s return to the tribe, the chief asked where he had left his brother, and the reply being ‘On the Wabash, hunting turkeys;’ the intelligence was received with an Indian grunt on the part of the chief, and the brief remark, ‘he was a bad man,’ after which no other question was ever asked concerning him, either by the chief or any of the tribe.

“The Indian was killed in self-defence, and according to the reasoning of the generality of the world, Charles was justified in thus taking his life—he said he then saw no other way to save his own life under the circumstances in which he was placed—but he had *killed an unarmed man while pleading for mercy*; and though he thus reasoned, it was evident his peace of mind was gone forever; for as he expressed it, he ‘*always saw that poor Indian begging for his life,*’ and could scarcely ever sleep without being haunted with this dreaded apparition.

“About eighteen months after Charles had left my service, he became entirely deranged, and though his insanity appeared to be of a perfectly harmless character, nobody, for a time, appeared willing to take charge of him. At length, hearing he was in a destitute state,

a benevolent family of my acquaintance took him to their home, bringing him from a distance of fifteen miles over rough roads in their own conveyance. Had it not been for this kind act, he would no doubt have suffered severely, if not perished, during an inclement winter.

"Fed and tenderly cared for by them, he became uneasy upon the approach of mild weather, saying repeatedly that he must go to Canada to see his relatives.

"At length, seizing an opportunity when there was no one to control his movements, he started suddenly away, and as nothing was heard of him for some weeks, we supposed he had probably reached a long distance on his journey, as he was a remarkable rapid traveller; but on inquiry, learned that he had gone no farther than Wilkes Barre, where he was found dead under a bridge across Bear Creek. The water in which he was found was not more than knee-deep, and he had probably fallen off the bridge in the darkness of the night."

THE SQUIRE OF THE "SHADES OF DEATH."

Connected so intimately with the early history of Drinker's Beech, as seems the following piquant sketch, written some years ago, by Richard Drinker, Esq., its insertion seems here appropriate.

"The architect who built my log-house was a strange animal, with a conscience said to have been somewhat of the india-rubber quality, being one of that kind of men who entertain the opinion that the world owes them a living, and they therefore *will* have it. He was

a tall, gaunt Yankee, with an eye like a fish-hawk, and a nose not very unlike the bill of that bird of prey. The middle of his upper lip was also singularly pointed, so that he was decidedly what might be called a very sharp-featured man.

“He had emigrated from Connecticut in his youth to Canada, and while there, had taken the oath of allegiance to the British Government; though for what *consideration* he never would condescend to explain, but being of that restless disposition peculiar to most of our eastern men, he soon got tired of what he termed the ‘darn’d humbug Britishers and jabbering French folks,’ and returned to Uncle Sam’s dominions, not long after the close of the war of 1812, when hearing of a new settlement in the South Beech Woods of Pennsylvania, where land could be bought cheap, and on long credit, he straightway shouldered his axe, and with but little coin in his purse, started for that promised region.

“He was one of the first who made a clearing in the upper part of the settlement, and was suited exactly, for he selected a fifty-acre lot, which he bought on a five years’ credit, cleared about twenty acres of it, put up a log-house and barn, and before the expiration of the five years sold his ‘*Betterments*’ for nearly as much as he was to have paid for the lot, besides picking up in that time, a good many dollars by chopping and assisting to build for other settlers. His lot was about half a mile from my clearing, and during the progress of his improvements he would occasionally come over to see how we were getting *on*, as well as to ascertain now and then how we were *off* for flour, meat, molasses, etc., when he was out of any of these articles.

“Just about that time, several Yorkshire families moved into the Beech, which were a different species of John Bulls from any Yankee John had ever seen, and appeared to amuse him amazingly. One of them had purchased a lot a short distance beyond his, for which he had paid the money down, and received his deed. This payment had made so great an inroad into his purse, that he thought he could not afford to pay our Yankee axeman \$5 00 an acre for chopping; so, after his house was built, he and his stout wife, with their broad-bitted English axes, commenced very industriously to chop the trees immediately around it. This was great sport for Deacon Furgeson, as we called him, and he described their operations with a glee bordering upon the savage order—he said ‘they went pecking around the trees like the big red-headed wood-pecker, so that no man on earth could tell which way a tree would fall, the “kearf” being the same on all sides, and he shouldn’t wonder if the darn’d old fools were to smash in their house, and both get killed besides, as they *deserved* to be for their obstinacy.’ In this way, however, they succeeded in falling several large trees, though, as the ‘*Deacon*’ truly enough had said, evidently at the risk of their dwellings. But fortunately after a few days’ trial, they had wit enough to perceive that their way of clearing up a farm was neither the most expeditious, the safest, nor the most economical; so they gave it up, and concluded it best to employ one of our first-rate choppers, who could cut down and chop up more trees in *one* week, than they could possibly have accomplished with the utmost industry in three months. They also employed our countryman to burn and *log off* the first five acres, and to sow and *drag in*

their first crops of grain for them, after which they, with their two sons, were gradually *broken in* to the ways of the country, and lived to see quite a snug farm, the result, principally, of their own industry, where they had once seen nothing but a forest of enormous trees.

“It was a long time, however, before they could get accustomed to, or satisfied with the custom of *browsing* stock in the forest—they were continually losing their cows, and ‘Toadman,’ as his wife called him, often got lost himself, in hunting up in turn, and ‘deary me!’ she ‘was sadly afraid something would catch him.’

“I remember once finding him in this bewildered state, though he was not far from his own house at the time: he said ‘he *thought* he could not be far from the *backside* of the deacon’s house, but had missed the road at *some gate*, adding, I’se *sure* I don’t know *where* I is, but thee maun tack me home to my misses!’ which I accordingly did in a brief space of time, receiving for this slight service, far more thanks than were at all necessary, coupled with many expressions of astonishment at its quick performance.

“The deacon was highly diverted ‘at their odd ways of talking,’ observing, with a broad grin, ‘that *he* never heered such darn’d queer folks to talk in all his life. Why,’ said he, ‘what do you think?—they call a *keow* a *coo!*’ At this we all burst into a roar of laughter, in which he most heartily joined, little dreaming that his *keow* had any share in producing it: one of his auditors, who was fond of fun, and thought this joke too good to be lost, has recorded it in the following style:

“ ‘What ternel queer folks all these Yorkshire men be,
Said a true Yankee doodle, with sniggering grin,
Such odd ways of talking, by giuger! beats me—

To find out their talk a man scarce can begin.
One ask'd me if I'd a strange *coo* lately seen,
Along at *rod* side he had *loused* her sin morn;
Od darn ye, says I, what thing do you mean?
Can't you talk better English, since English you're born?
Well, by scissors! 'twas more than five minutes, I veow,
Before I could guess that a *coo* meant a *keom*.'

“The lot on which the deacon made his clearing has since been occupied by several owners, and is now a pretty good farm, with a handsome farmhouse and convenient out-buildings upon it, and is at present owned by an enterprising descendant of one of the early Yorkshire settlers, who was a worthy and just man, and an honor to the country. This clearing, and a mile of road, the deacon cut from my farm to the main road, running through the settlement, and for which I paid him ten dollars, are the only monuments within my knowledge now remaining of that worthy's doings in that region of country. My log-house, with all its elegant appendages, having long since been utterly destroyed, and its strange architect departed to parts unknown; possibly again to Canada among the *Britishers* and Frenchmen.

“In a year or two after the advent of the first Yorkshire families, several other English emigrants came into the settlement, purchasing such lots as they thought best adapted for farming purposes. Among these was a family from Cumberland, the *male* head of which was about as conceited a John Bull of the clod-hopping genus, as any you commonly meet with on this side the water; according to his account, he knew *everything* and a *little more*, and at his first onslaught with his long red rag, informed us that he intended to learn our Yankees how to farm, as he had not *yet* seen

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anything that looked like farming since he came to America. With this laudable object in view, he purchased on the usual credit of five years, a ridge of land covered with sapling timber, and with the aid of his two sons and a son-in-law, managed to chop down and clear off some six or eight acres, and the season being favorable, he had an excellent 'burn;' on this he sowed wheat, which came up that fall very rank; and in the following summer many *were* astonished at the length of the stalks and heads, the latter of which were generally five and six inches long. This made our Cumberland man brag more than ever—he said, 'it was *jest* such wheat as he used to raise in ould England, and he'd warrant no Yankee had ever seen such a crop before;' but a more cunning old brother Jonathan admonished him not to boast too loud till he saw how it *filled*, as he '*kinder* thought it would turn out to be a darn'd big crop of straw'—which, indeed, proved to be the case, for when it should have filled there was not a *single kernel* of grain to be found in the whole field! This took the conceit out of the grower to such an extent that he shortly after sold out his improvement to a Scotchman, frae near the borders of the Highlands, and moved away from the Beech with as little ceremony as possible, muttering curses against the place, as a very poor one for a *rale* English farmer to live in.

"The cannie Scot pursued a different course in his agricultural operations: *he* took advice, and learning that the oat crop was the most profitable one that could be raised here (oats then were worth fifty cents per bushel), made this his main crop; and as he seeded it down with clover and timothy, he soon commenced raising stock, and being withal very economical in his

habits and living, soon paid for a lot of over one hundred acres.

“But, prospering thus, his exit from the Beech was quite as sudden as that of his English predecessor.

“His son George had a disposition so excitable and belligerent, that whenever he had ‘in his cheek a Highland gill’ he became peculiarly offensive. Now it happened at the raising of a large frame barn, to which George was invited, that the whisky, as was usual at that day, passed around freely, making those who freely partook of it foolish or fighting, according to their several temperaments. Among these was a burly, good-natured Yankee, full of fun and mischief, and who could truly have said with Lord Nelson, that ‘he never saw fear’—as the liquor began to operate on *his* system, so did his propensities begin most conspicuously to exhibit themselves, annoying some, and diverting a great majority of the company, as was evident from the frequent peals of laughter that now and then were heard among them.

“At length the *fortissimo*, broad Scotch of the Highlander, coupled with the pompous manner of relating the feats he had performed in his *ain* country, attracted the attention of our Yankee, who being something of a mimic, after listening awhile, straightway commenced relating to a group he had gathered around him, in the same style (*only more so*), the feats *he* had performed in the *highlands* of the Beech woods.

“This was too much for Scotch blood, now inflamed by rather *more* than a ‘Highland gill’ to endure, and it produced a torrent of abuse from the Scot, ending with the declaration that he could ‘whip onie mon in America, and particularly the Yankee, if he dared then

and there to stand before him.' To this the Yankee replied that, although he did not feel vexed enough to make much of a fight, yet as he had made it a point never to refuse a chance of any kind for a trial of strength, he rather guessed he should not do so on the present occasion, especially as the honor of his country called him to the field; and suiting the action to the word, he quickly placed himself in front of the incensed Scot, who, without hesitation, dealt him a blow, severe enough to have knocked any ordinary man down. But Joe B—— was *not* an ordinary man, as George soon found out to his cost, for although the latter was both athletic and active, before he could repeat his blow, Joe sprang upon him with the quickness of a wild-cat, and in an instant both were on the ground. Joe above and 'the Gael below,' according to the laws of 'rough and tumble,' which then governed all the fights in this region; when a man was down, he was by *no means* to be let up except by the power that put him down. The only chance, therefore, left for George was to turn his antagonist, which, after a series of desperate struggles and kicks, he found was impossible to do. During the struggle Joe neither bit nor gouged, but contented himself with dousing his bullet head repeatedly into the Scotchman's face and *bread-basket*, which operation ceased as soon as no further resistance was offered, and the latter was then let up, on the express stipulation that he would be peaceable and bear no malice, which was agreed to, although it was evident to the bystanders that his wrath was more smothered than subdued. They saw a lurking devil in his eye, that plainly said, beware!

“On rising from the ground he went immediately

into the house, and sat sulkily down by himself, where he remained until the building was raised, and the men ready to go home. He then came out, and joining his late foeman, who was in the rear of the company, on their homeward march, walked along silently and peaceably by his side for about one hundred and fifty yards, when he suddenly drew his right hand from his coat pocket, holding an open dirk-knife, and struck at the breast of his companion with great force.

“Had the blow taken full effect, there is little doubt he would have killed him on the spot; but Joe having strong suspicions that his intentions were anything but friendly, had been on the watch from the start, and by instantly interposing his brawny arm, warded off the deadly aim—his guard, however, happened to strike the Scotchman’s arm too near the elbow, the knife, in its upward course, struck poor Joe’s nose, splitting it completely open the whole length, and making him of course a very gory looking object. As soon as the blow was struck the Scot, who was swift of foot, set off at the top of his speed, taking ‘the longest kind of steps’ towards the house, followed by the whole company screaming ‘Stop the murderer!’ ‘Kill the d—d rascal!’ etc. Stones of all throwable sizes were hurled after him with desperate rapidity, but his Highland legs saved him, and he got into the house unharmed, before there was any chance to close the door against him. The master of the cabin, hearing the appalling sounds of the chase, determined on the instant to prevent, if possible, at least on his premises, the execution of Lynch law, and in accordance with this resolution, placed himself in the door-way, armed with a club, and in that unmistakable tone of voice which

marks determination of purpose, told the excited pursuers that the only way by which they could pass into the house would be over his dead body; but assuring them at the same time, that the murderer should be properly secured, and taken before a magistrate on the following morning. This, at length, pacified them, and after seeing George put into the custody of several stout keepers for the night, they all retired to their respective homes.

“The wounded man, in the meantime, had his wound properly attended to by a skillful hand, and before parting, informed the crowd with rather more than his usual nasal twang, that he ‘guessed his *smeller* warn’t spoiled too bad to show itself next morning before Squire Sox.’ The residence of the squire was just fifteen miles from the scene of action, he being at that time the nearest magistrate, and in fact, the only one within a range of between thirty or forty miles. He was, in his magisterial capacity, as well as in many other respects, most emphatically *sui generis*, and all those who remember him, must testify that a *queerer* specimen of the genus homo was never before commissioned by any Governor of Pennsylvania. His appointment was made on the recommendation of two intelligent citizens, chiefly on the ground of his honesty and peaceable disposition, and not for the possession of legal qualifications, or book learning of any sort. Indeed it was observed at the time by a shrewd old gentleman, that the more law he read the less he would know—a prediction amply verified throughout the whole course of his administration. He, however, made a very good justice, because he uniformly discouraged his neighbors from anything to do with lawsuits; in fact, it was difficult to get

the old man to issue process of any kind, either in civil or criminal cases, his usual course being, to inform the applicants, that if they were not such *cussed* fools, they could settle their disputes without going to law; so he who sought a writ often went home without it.

"Such was the squire before whom the prisoner was brought, on the day after the fight. Joe, and a number of witnesses and idlers appeared.

"On hearing the case, the attempt to commit murder was so clearly proved, that every one present expected to see the prisoner sent forthwith to the county jail, there to await his trial for the offence at the next Court of Quarter Sessions, but the squire, after gravely considering the case, informed them, that although it was a d—d bad scrape, he would recommend the parties to settle it *amicably*, and thus save themselves and the county a 'most *cussed* bill of expense, and their neighbors a devilish sight of trouble;' and that if they would do so, he would charge them nothing for *his* time and trouble.

"Strange as it may seem, this proposition was immediately acted on, and upon the Scotchman's paying \$20 for the damaged organ, and the witnesses and keepers for their time and trouble, 'Joe agreed to drop the prosecution, and the parties were dismissed with a parting admonition from the squire 'not to make such d—d fools of themselves again.'

"The President Judge of the district, upon hearing of this curious disposition of the case, said it was too outrageous to be overlooked, and gave it as his decided opinion, that the justice ought to be deprived of his office, if not *indicted* at the next quarter sessions, and the Scotchman to be taken immediately with a State's

warrant; all of which coming to the ears of the old forester, he sent word to the judge that 'he might go to the devil with *his opinion*, which in his own estimation, was not worth a *d—d fundum!*' though what he meant by this expression nobody ever exactly knew. No proceedings however were had against him, as it was generally known that he never intentionally did wrong in any of his official acts, but on the contrary, 'ever sought in his uncouth and *seemingly* profane manner to do that which was right, and had a tendency to promote peace and good-feeling among his fellow-men. *His* habit of swearing, by the by, although certainly a bad one, and which, I am sorry to record, lasted as long as I knew him, some thirty odd years, could not with propriety be called a *profane* one. He merely used it to embellish his discourse, thinking, no doubt, it gave peculiar force, if not beauty to his diction, as he was particular to give due emphasis to any expletive.

"The old Scotchman, either fearing his son might be taken with a warrant from headquarters, or that some blood-thirsty American highlander would put a bullet through his '*karns*,'* (though in truth there was no danger of either event) secretly sold his improvement right to an old hunter and shingle-maker, for a mere trifle, and the panic being strong on him, moved out of the country, in a very short time after the *hearing* before Squire Sox, informing no one of his destination; but it was supposed that he did not stop short of the far West, as we never could find out his whereabouts afterwards."

* Brains.

THE SETTLEMENT OF ABINGTON.

Of that hilly, productive portion of Luzerne county, lying between the Susquehanna River and the Lackawanna, designated as Abington, little else was known to the white man, than that it was a trackless forest, inhabited only by beasts of prey, whose cries or bounds gave the only signs of life along the gummy pines, until as late as 1790.

At this time a party of trappers, consisting of three persons, had penetrated the wilderness here as far as where is now spread out the fine sloping farm of the late Elder Miller, with the view of settling here, as trapping grew dull, and furs scarce. Here they fell the smaller underbrush and a few of the forest trees, which were rolled up into a cabin, roofed with bark and boughs, while the crevices were so liberally sealed with wedges of wood and mud, as to impart to the simple structure a Hottentot appearance.

Their knapsacks of provisions becoming empty, and bear-meat losing its oily relish, they shouldered their guns and traps before the close of summer, and abandoned the enterprise, so that no real settlement was made here until 1794. The old, and in part vacated Drinker road, leading from the Lackawanna to Abington, in passing through the curved and rocky gorge in the Moosic range opposite Cobb's, known as "Leggett's Gap," ran along the warrior's path the greater part of the distance, as it led from the Indian village of Capouse, to Oquago, New York.

In the spring of this year, Stephen Parker, Thomas Smith, Dea. Clark and Ebenezer Leach, father of E.

Leach, Esq., of Providence, slung across their shoulders their packs and guns, and with axe in hand first widened this ancient pathway through the mountain wall, a notch so important to this township, as it is the only one affording an eastern outlet to its generally industrious inhabitants. Before this work had proceeded far, it was found that no wagon or cart could be taken through this gap with safety, on account of the huge hemlock trees closing up the passage, and the steep banks of the creek which rise up into the mountain, so that the more southern gap contiguous to Leggett's was selected for a wagon road, although it was considerably higher. The first emigrating party coming into Abington took this now untrodden route. The next year this mountainous road was abandoned, and one built through Leggett's Gap. There are now but few traces found of this old road over or through the southern pass.

Near the location of the present grist-mill of Humphreys, the white man's clearing first emerged from the Abington woods. This was made by Leach, who afterwards sold out his right at this point, and moved down in the vicinity of Leggett's Gap, where he soon became a tenant of a small, low, log cabin, remarkable only for its rude simplicity. A clearing was niched out upon the slope of a hill, where the corn soon sprouted from the fresh burned fallow, and the pumpkins, with their yellow sides and rounded faces, threw a Yankee and domestic look over a region naturally rugged and lonely.

Corn once raised and husked, was either cracked in stone or wooden mortars, for the brown mush, or carried in backloads down to the corn-mill in Slocum Hollow, to be ground.

At this time, the solitude of Leggett's Gap, interrupted only by the scream of the panther or the wolf, as they sprang along its sides with prodigious leaps, made even the trip to the mill, during some seasons of the year, perilous indeed. "Many a time," said Leach, "have I passed through the notch, with my little grist on my shoulder, holding in my hand a large club which I kept swinging fiercely, to keep away the wolves, growling around me, and to my faithful club, often bitten and broken when I reached home, have I apparently been indebted for my life." At length he hit upon a plan, promising exemption from their attacks.

Being told that they were afraid of the sound of iron, he obtained from the valley below, a saw-mill saw. To this he attached a strong withe, by which he drew the saw by one hand over a trail or road, as yet unconscious of the dignity of a sled or a wheel, making a tinkling alternately so sharp and soft as it bounded over a stone or plunged into a root, as to inspire them at once with fear so great, that this passage was only interrupted after this by their disappointed growls.

During one of his mill trips to the Capouse, a timid fawn, being pursued closely by two wolves, ran up to him, and placed its head between the legs of Leach to seek protection from its half-starved pursuers. This was done in a manner so abrupt and hurried, as to first convey to the *river* a knowledge of the chase. The wolves came up with a bound, within a short distance of where the fearless arm interposed for the trembling animal, and, giving one ferocious view of their white, sharpened teeth, crouched away to the fastness of their retreats.

So frightened had the fawn become, that not until the

path opened distinctly upon the clearing of Leach, could it be induced to leave the side of its protector.

Deer and elk, at that period, thronged along the mountains in such numbers that droves often could be seen browsing upon the budding saplings, or lazily basking in the noonday sun.

The *Moose*, from which the mountain range bordering the Lackawanna,—the Moosic—derived its name, were found here in great abundance. The farm of Leach subsequently embraced the Indian salt spring, mentioned before.

Parker and Smith made a purchase of land considerably north of this, while Clark chose a location where now stands Clark's Green.

On the summit of the hill, commanding such a sweep of mountain, meadow, lowland, and ravine, as stretches out before the beholder as the eye is turned to the south, there then stood the hemlock and the arrowy pine, interspersed with the maple and the beech, where was erected the family mansion of Deacon Clark.

It was a substantial compact of round logs, notched deep at either end, and placed together evidently with more regard to time than timber. The slivery floor came from ash plank, which had never felt the tooth of a saw, or the bit of a plane, the axe alone, being responsible for smoothness and finish. It was a comfortable, unpretending dwelling, built here in the wood-side, some 1,300 feet above tide-water; but, energetic, contented and industrious, the old man passed under its humble roof many a pleasant hour during the long evenings of autumn, when the hearth glowed with the crackling fire, while his days were engaged in giving culture and shape to one of the finest farms in Abington.

George Gardner, father of Horace, A. Sweet Gardner, and half a dozen others, marked out his narrow clearing here about this time. Job Tripp and Mr. Wall also settled in the new region the same year. Job settled in the western portion of Abington while it possessed all its native ruggedness. Most of those who had plunged here in this old forest, were, like those who had commenced along the Lackawanna, so poor as to be unable to pay for their land, until from the soil, they could, by their honest industry and frugal management, raise the necessary means. Not so, however, with Job; he had a little money and was determined to make the most of it. He purchased a grindstone and brought it into Abington, which for six years was the only one here. This he fenced in with stout saplings, allowing no one to grind upon it unless they paid him a stipulated sum, and turned the stone themselves. This enterprise, although it was comprehensive in its design, and brought to his barricaded grindstone one or two dull axes a week of the toiling chopper, could not bring into play all the energies of his mind, so he fenced in much of the woods by falling trees, for a *deer-pen* or park, into which, after the deer had wandered for his morning browse, or had been driven by Job, the passage to the pen was closed, when the deer was to be slain, and dried venison and buck-skin were to effect such a revolution in the commercial aspect of Abington, and he was to be the Midas who had brought it. The chase over the acres he had thus fenced, proved more invigorating to his stomach than beneficial to his pocket, and the project of the old man died with him a few years later, marked only by the remaining *débris* of the fence yet seen around "Hickory Ridge."

The only *colored* feature in the picture of Abington is a colony of negroes living here, who, with all the boasted advantage of farming and freedom, possess the abandoned, lazy habits of the race, and who have drawn from the frosty hills around them as plenty a sustenance as that enjoyed by their brethren at the South.

The original inhabitants of this township were from Connecticut and Rhode Island, and even now, the stern morality, the honest industry, and the social virtues literally impressed upon the very hills of the parent State are distinguished among their descendants here. Although no evidence of coal or iron is exhibited within the limits of Abington, it furnishes one of the *best* farming and grazing regions found in the county of Luzerne.

This township is fifty-one years of age. At the Court of Quarter Sessions, held at Wilkes Barre in August, 1806, Abington was formed from a part of Tunkhannock, "Beginning at the southwest corner of Nicholson township, thence south nine and three-quarter miles east to Wayne county, thence by Wayne county line north nine and three quarter miles," etc.

THE VALLEY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

A brief, but faithful retrospective view of the Lackawanna Valley as it appeared to the observer in 1804, while it was yet shut in from the world, almost as much as the Iclander among his glacial peaks, will yet have a lingering interest.

To ELDER MILLER, of Abington—a man alike eminent for his long, trusty services as a minister, and his virtues as a man—are we indebted for the accuracy of the

view presented below. Emigrating to the valley, and settling in Abington in 1802, identified so intimately with all its local and passing events, he gave color and character to society around him, as much as the brook crossing the meadow marks it with a deeper shade and more luxuriant herbage.

The great influence he exerted over the citizens of the township for the last half century, in keeping alive the spirit of improvement, husbandry, and morality, can be observed along the farms of his neighbors, in the enterprise, the intelligence, the industry, the customs, and habits of the people around him.

Elder John Miller* was born February 3, 1775, in Windham, Connecticut. When twenty-nine years of age, he emigrated to Abington, where he has seen, he has felt, he has known, and struggled long with the world, until his characteristic desire to do good, his benevolence of heart, and his grave, but kind deportment, have given him a position in the affections of the community attained by few.

Until the Elder settled here, Ebenezer Leach, Dea. Clark, Widow Hall and son, John Lewis, Thomas Smith, and Stephen Parker, comprised all the inhabitants of this lonely township.

He settled upon the little clearing made by the trappers in 1790, purchasing 326 acres of land, for which he paid the sum of \$40—\$20 in money, \$10 in the popular currency of the day—*maple sugar*—and \$10 in tin-ware.

The only store then known in the county of Luzerne was kept in Wilkes Barre, by Hollenback and Fisher,

* Died February 19, 1857, aged eighty-two years.

and this was more scantily supplied than the ordinary pack of the modern peddler. Here, Elder Miller was furnished with the necessary tin, which he himself manufactured into ware of the desired size and shape.

Fifty-five years ago in June, he commenced to preach and "turn many to righteousness." During this time he married 912 couple, baptized (immersed) 2,000 persons, and preached the enormous number of 1,800 funeral sermons before he was called to receive his reward.

For a period of twelve years, when the borders of the larger streams were only settled sparsely, did he officiate in the Lackawanna Valley as the only Baptist, or clergyman of *any* denomination.

Being a practical surveyor, there are few farms in the northern portion of Luzerne county he has not traversed, while defining their proper boundaries. The wife of Elder Miller was the fifth white woman living in Abington.

While the Elder has passed away, he left behind him in manuscripts events of his life, and incidents in the early history and growth of Abington, whose publication could not fail to interest all who knew him, and recall to the mind of the reader the grey head and kindly greetings of a man, whose age, whose calm, deliberate air, whose venerable and unquestioned piety, and whose great sympathy in the hour of sorrow, made him one of the most remarkable persons ever living in Abington.

BENNETT A BLACKSMITH.

But, to return to the proposed retrospect of the valley. The first house standing near the confluence of the

Lackawanna with the Susquehanna, at this period (1804), was that of Ishmael Bennett, a blacksmith. He was a great Indian fighter and hater, having witnessed many of the cruelties practised by them after the battle across the river. A huge elm tree, seen a little east of the railroad *dépôt* at Pittston, indicates the original location of his dwelling. On the farm, now known as Barnum's, a little pretension in the potash and agricultural line was made by James Brown. Capt. Isaac Wilson, who married a daughter of John Phillips, owned a narrow patch of land immediately above. Just as the road, skirting along the western border of the Lackawanna, below Old Forge, emerges from the strip of wood, into the sandy plain, stood the residence of that old sunburnt veteran, Ebenezer Marcy. In 1778, he was engaged in the Indian battle, and his wife was among the fugitives who fled from Wyoming on the evening of the memorable 3d of July of this year. The tourist, as he passes down the valley, cannot fail to observe, as he passes over the Lackawanna bridge below the rapids, a deep, ragged, narrow passage cut through a rock, that here turns aside the waters of the stream as they come fretting and chafing over the rocky bed, like an ill-curved colt. This channel, dug out as early as 1774 for mill purposes, now conveyed to the forge below motive power from the stream above. At this forge—standing a little below the bridge spoken of—Dr. Wm. Hooker Smith and James Sutton lived and manufactured iron. Opposite this point lay the farm since known as Drake's, on which a cabin had been fashioned by Hermans, who claimed the land, while on the adjoining clearing there lived Deodat Smith, father of Thos. Smith, Esq., of Abington.

At Key's Creek* there resided an old man, named Cornelius Atherton, a blacksmith by trade; he is said to have been the first man who made *clothier's shears* in the United States. This was in one of the eastern States. His son Jabez was shot in the Indian battle in the Wyoming Valley; the bullet passing through the *femur*, or thigh bone, without a fracture. The Indians shot many of the settlers in the same way, so as to secure them for torture. At this creek there was enacted one of those fearful episodes in border life, then so frequent and appalling.

After the massacre at Wyoming by the Indians and Tories, in July, 1778, the remaining whites fled from the valley in every pathway leading from it. Homes were left smoking, fire-sides were reddened with the blood of the weak and the young, while those brave ones, to whom were intrusted the defence of all that was dear, sank by the merciless knife, or the colder, stunning tomahawk.

A party of six persons, consisting of two men, their wives and children, with a few household goods hastily flung upon a wagon drawn by oxen, thus sought the Delaware over this desolate route. As scenes so wild and exciting then transpiring at Wyoming around the dying and the unresisting dead, were supposed to occupy the whole attention of the savages, the little, retreating party, entered along this quiet glen, with hardly a thought of their approach or surprise. Hardly had a draught been taken from the creek, before the whoop and uplifted hatchet announced the presence of

* This creek took its name after Timothy Keys, once living near, and who was slain by the Indians in 1778, near Clark's Green.

the savages as they sprang from the ambuscade. Before the whites could raise their guns upon their foes, and defend their families or themselves, one man fell by the dash of the tomahawk, while the other darted away in the forest with such rapidity, as to draw away entirely from the rest of the party the notice of the pursuing Indians. It was now a moment big with peril. To flee at once was the only hope to escape captivity, or perhaps a lingering, barbarous death. Each mother gathered a child to her bosom, and instinctively hurried away in the deep, dark thicket of willows bordering this stream, as it flowed along that swampy lowland. From the knife, already gleaming and tried upon those they had loved so long, these bold women, with their nursing babes, successfully escaped. Although the stern wilderness frowned before them, and their assailants were prowling in their rear, they left their hiding-place at night; and, creeping from bush to bush along the Lackawanna, continued their journey over Cobb Mountain towards the settlements upon the Delaware. They subsisted upon roots and berries—the manna of the wilderness—and at night huddling together under some friendly tree, found wild-dreaming repose.

After passing every danger and suffering, every hardship, heart-heavy, stripped and starved, yet trusting in God, they arrived at the village of Stroudsburg in safety.

The Indians, as they returned from the chase, with the warm and dripping scalp in their hands, finding their victims beyond reach, cut out the lolling tongue of one of the oxen for a roast, leaving the other undisturbed, in which condition they were found the next day by some of the escaping settlers.

Along the path from Keys, or Keyser's Creek, as it

sometimes is called (near which are located the works of the Union Iron and Coal Company), up through Providence the woods yet retained all their lonely aspect, until the Highland farm, now known as "Uncle Joe Griffin's," was reached. Here, where the broad, full, sharp outlines of the old Indian region steals upon the view, where Capouse warmed the south winds and gave glory to the chase, a region now turned into hamlets and thrifty farm-houses, or glittering with towns, stood a log cabin, its roof pitching down in such a slouching manner to the very ground as better to be able to defy the storms of winter. Here lived the family of Reuben Taylor, a half brother to John Taylor.

Immediately above, Lafronse had a possession right, while on the present place of Benjamin Fellows, there lived an Englishman named Joseph Fellows, Sen., who emigrated to the Lackawanna in the year 1792. Subsequently he received a commission as a justice of the the peace, an office which he long filled in a well-meaning but quite eccentric manner—frequently using a bundle of almanacs instead of the Bible while administering an oath to a witness. For his wife he knew no other name than "Rib." His nearest neighbor up the valley was Goodrich.

Along the present location of the village of Hyde Park, stood the native forest yet untouched by the axe, with the exception of one small clearing made upon the "Parsonage lot," as it was known in the early Colonial records. Upon the present site of the residence of the Hon. Wm. Merrifield, stood, in 1804, the unbewn log-house of Elder Wm. Bishop, who had officiated in Providence, in the capacity of the *first* minister, as early as 1795.

With the exception of the "Indian clearing," and a little additional chopping around it, the central portion of Capouse Meadow or Tripp's Flats, was covered with tall white pines. The road lay along the brow of the hill for nearly half a mile from the house of Bishop, when it reached the two-roomed log tavern of Stephen Tripp, who at this time had a large distillery operating here.

Tripp was a man of singular evenness of temper. He never became boisterous or belligerent. The nearest approach to it occurred here at his *tavern*. A stranger stopping at his house, finding the landlord agreeable and full of social qualities, ventured to ask his name. He was told it was Tripp. "Trip, Trip, is it?" said the stranger, pleased with the reply; "that is a capital, capital name I know, for I have a dog by that name—and 'Trip' is a good dog!"

Entering a small dark cabin, near where now lives Col. Ira Tripp, there sat a short, grey-headed man, more cheerful and communicative than his associates of the day, whose earliest life was full of incident and hardships, and who emigrated from Rhode Island at the time of the formation of Luzerne County, in 1786. This was the father of Stephen.

About midway between this point and the Lackawanna River, a little to the northeast of the "Diamond mines," a small tract of rich land had been purchased by Lewis Jones from Wm. Tripp and John Gifford—a son-in-law of Isaac Tripp—who lived here at this time. Jones's farm included that interval where yet lies the *debris* of an old still-house. John Staples occupied the Widow Griffin farm—adjacent to that of Alderman Griffin—which soon after passed into the hands of Mathias Hollenback.

The Van Stork property, originally passing from the proprietors of the town to Dean, and from him to Nathan Roberts for a barrel of whisky, came into the possession of that industrious German, H. C. L. Van Stork, in the spring of 1807, when but a few acres had been chopped and cleared upon it.

Passing along through a short strip of pines, the smoke could be seen emerging from the cabin of Enock Holmes. This was standing upon the site of the present residence of E. S. M. Hill, Esq. Near the cottage of Daniel Silkman, then lived Henry Waderman, who, as late as 1810, when the first census was taken in the valley by the Hon. Charles Miner—a man to whom all accord the possession in a high degree of those frank, pleasing, intellectual qualities, which seldom fail to secure the regard of all—possessed the only cabin *he* could find *above* Providence. He recollects this more distinctly from the fact of staying all night with Waderman, whom he found highly social and fond of relating stories of Bonaparte.

Upon the fertile lowland, where now is spread out the beautiful Heerman's farm, no house nor shed diversified the surface, except the Homœopathic one of James Bagley, which furnished little warmth or shelter to a bevy of children, cats, and dogs.

At Clark's mill, some little pretension to farming was made by Selah Mead, but it was not of such a formidable character as to deserve special mention. Hutchins—a man who had seen service in the Revolutionary contest—occupied a little patch of land upon the gentle elevation north of Leggett's Creek, on which he was so fortunate as to sustain animation from year to year. This tract is now known as the McDaniel's

farm. The newly made stumps dotting up the adjoining clearing above this, marked the finely chosen location of Ephraim Stevens, who, bending and white with the weight of almost a century, passed away a short time since, leaving this farm as a patrimony to his son Samuel.

At this time, Blakely township was not formed, and few families lived in the district now embraced within its boundaries.

On the farm so long occupied and owned by Col. Moses Vaughn, one of the worthy descendants of Capt. John Vaughn, lived John Tripp. The dense orchard growing down in the meadow upon the west bank of the Lackawanna, planted by Capt. Vaughn, denoted the place where, with his sons, he drew nurture from the soil. Upon the Decker farm, there lived a man by the name of Wm. McDaniels, and his slow and sluggish ideas of agriculture seem to have left a perpetual lease upon it, but as the property has recently passed into the hands of Messrs. Pancost and Price, of Philadelphia, it is to be hoped that an improvement upon these fossilized notions will be introduced. The first clearing really made in Blakely was that of Timothy Stevens, who, about the close of the Revolution, commenced a chopping on the farm lately owned by James Mott, where he soon "logged-off" enough land for a corn and potato patch, and furnish the family with abundance.

That singular but declining genius mentioned before—Nicholas Leuchens—lived at the extreme settled point up the Lackawanna, near the position of the present mills of Samuel Peck. At this time, not a single bark hut or cabin rose, nor had the sound of the woodman's axe spread along the forest above Leuchens, unless to

mark the course of the trapper or hunter, coming through from the colder and more northern settlement in Mount Pleasant, Wayne county, a settlement made about nine years previous to the period of which we write.

Although Carbonate, Archibald, Jessup, and all the townships in Luzerne county above Providence had not yet been conceived, a "chopping" was commenced upon the lands of Meredith by Franklin Ailsworth, in 1804, where now stands the "Meredith Cottage." Having now reached the farthest settler up the Lackawanna upon the *west* side of the valley and stream, a glance will be given of the east or more thinly populated portion of the territory. The road or horse path, which ran down this, was a wearisome one to travel, and the sights seen along it hardly compensated for the toilsome labor of pursuing it. For the greater distance it was bordered and overhung with the dense growth of trees, and was built so narrow and rudely, that to go over it on foot or on horseback, interrupted every comfort for many hours.

Moses Dolph, the father of Alexander, and grandfather of Edward Dolph, owned the fine farm, descending to his son, while upon the one below it lived Samuel Ferris, the sire of Samuel, William, and John.

From the lands of Ferris it was nothing but plain, heavy woods, for the distance of about one mile, when the blackened fallow of John Secor, with its accompanying cabin, was seen standing by the path-side. This was about a quarter of a mile west of the well-known mill of Slossons (now Crandleville). Between here and Dunmore two rights had been taken up and an improvement commenced; only one was occupied by Levi Depuy.

Two houses then composed the entire number at Dunmore—one being the tavern of widow Alworth, the other the residence of David Brown.

By the road-side between Dunmore and Slocum Hollow, a log-house with its huge chimney and mud-plastered sides, had been awakened from the new clearing, and the squalid children crowding out of the door to gaze on the passer-by, or treading in the mud to their knees in building dams across the tiny stream, made up a complete picture of contentment and utter solitude. John Carey, one of the grandsons of Barnabas Carey, lived here at this time.

At Griffin's Corners, upon a bit of new, rich land, there lived an old man, named Atwater, while on the Dings or Whaling property stood the old abode of Conrad Lutz, which was now used by his son John, father of Michael Lutz, the present occupant. Pines, towering and straight, frowned upon the intruding road, until the Roaring Brook at Slocum Hollow was seen. Ebenezer and Benjamin Slocum, with their less than a dozen employees, enumerated all the white inhabitants of this lonely and wooded region.

Upon the bank of Stafford Meadow Brook, there resided an old man, to whose energy and labor some of the earliest developments along Roaring Brook were indebted—James Abbott.

Farther on the rugged path, some two miles below Slocum Hollow, a tract of land had been improved by Comer Phillips as early as 1776. In 1804, David Dewee and David David occupied it. David's fate was melancholy indeed, a year or two later. Being engaged one morning, before it was fairly light, in prying up a stone for his hearth, he was mistaken for some prowling

beast by Dewee who was hunting for his morning venison, and who thus unfortunately shot him dead on the spot. His widow afterwards married Abbott.

Situated upon the east side of the Lackawanna and the lowest farm lying in Providence township, was that of Scott, father of the great hunter Elias. Stepping from stone to stone, first upwards, then downwards, over a road on which wheels had never jolted, and the only dwelling emerging from the native wilderness for a considerable distance in the old certified town of Pittston, was the thrifty and quiet one of Joseph Knapp.

Knapp was a Revolutionary soldier. At the surrender of Burgoyne he received a wound, rendering him for a long time unfit for service. After the declaration of peace he resided in Columbia county, N. Y., until 1790, when he emigrated to the valley, settling in the "gore." * His land he paid for at three different times to three different parties before he obtained a satisfactory and valid title.

His son Zephaniah, attaining to the age of seventy, is yet living among us. Much of *his* early life was spent along the streams and among the pines in the valley, in hunting, fishing, and in trapping the otter, the beaver, the martin, and the bear, which at that early period swarmed in the wilderness.

Sometimes he was out weeks engaged in a hunt, seeing no white face but his own, mirrored in the shadowy water, and with the glowing camp fire by his side, found on the feathery leaves and hemlock boughs, his only *bivouac*. He kept a curious record of the number

* The *gore* was a narrow strip of land, lying between Pittston and Providence. It is now Lackawanna township, set off as an electoral district, Feb. 25, 1795; into a township at the November sessions, 1838.

of bears and other wild animals he killed along the Lackawanna; of the manner and the time of their capture, and of their respective weight, in a work of over one hundred folio pages; a work, we venture to say, unmatched in interest by any manuscript of the kind to be found in the country. He has given it the inimitable, but rustic title of "*The Leather Shirt.*"

This enumeration comprises the inhabitants in the valley a little over fifty years ago. To many who read these pages the foregoing particulars may seem dry and out of place, but to those who visit the Lackawanna Valley, or make it their home, it will not be uninteresting to look back to its almost beginning, and contemplate the change years have wrought, and judge from the past how rapid and marvellous will be the prosperity of the future.

Six years later than this the census was taken here by the Hon. Charles Miner. The names of the members of families residing in the valley at this time (1810) is in the possession of the writer, but their publication would only present a long list of names few would ever look over. Within the district of which we write were then only three townships, viz. Pittston, Providence, and Abington. These exhibited a total population, forty-seven years ago, of 1,794 persons; divided as follows: Pittston, 694; Providence, 589; Abington, 511.

According to the census of 1850, the same townships, after being divided into many others, furnish a population of 13,907. To-day it falls little short of 40,000; and a more enterprising, intelligent community, a more thrifty and successful people, remarkable alike for their love of liberty and their attachment to their country,

can nowhere be found. In fact, it is impossible to contemplate the unfolding progress of the Lackawanna Valley for the last twenty years without astonishment and pride. It has been a progress at once so rapid, so liberal, so vast and comprehensive in its character as to exhibit alike the importance of the valley, and the sagacity of those to whom its development has been intrusted. Buried deep in the forest of northeastern Pennsylvania, as it has been within a few years, walled in from the great world, by natural mountain barriers, like the Northmen among their glimmering crags, with no outlet to the east or the west, but for the slow coach, swinging along at the rate of *four* miles an hour behind the jaded stage-horse, with no incitement but its slumbering wealth, it has risen like a man awakened from his slumbers, strong, refreshed, invigorated, until it has become one of the most commercial and prosperous valleys in the State.

GENERAL HISTORY.

From 1774 to 1783, all the country described before was known as a part of the town and county of Westmoreland, over which Connecticut held jurisdiction, by virtue of various purchases. Westmoreland, as defined by the early Connecticut surveys, extended one hundred and ten miles west of the Susquehanna, and was about one hundred miles in width north and south. Above the confluence of the Susquehanna and Chemung, it reached about five miles, including within its limits several large Indian villages, which were afterwards laid waste by General Sullivan, in his western expedi-

tion against the Indians, in the summer and fall of 1779. In 1774 this vast expanse of territory contained less than two thousand persons; more than two-thirds of these were males. In fact, up to this time, not a single white woman resided in Abington, Blakely, Covington, and but three or four in Providence. Towns were laid out five miles square, with the exception of the "Sixth Mile Town, or Capouse" (Providence). In the ancient records, Pittston and Providence townships were known as two of the "certified towns occupied and acquired by Connecticut claimants before the decree of Trenton."

The first town meeting held in the Wyoming Valley, called together all the freemen in the settlements, from the Delaware to fifteen miles beyond the Susquehanna, and from the Lehigh north to Tioga Point, making a total vote of only two hundred and eighty-five.*

The two towns above named were the only ones existing then in the valley of Lackawanna. At a town meeting held in Westmoreland, March 2, 1774, it was voted "that Pittston be one District, by ye name of Pittston District, and that Exeter, Providence, and all the lands west and north to ye Town line be one District, by ye name of ye North District. Isaac Tripp was chosen one of ye Selectmen, but refusing to serve, John Jenkins was chosen Selectman in ye place of Esq. Tripp. Timothy Smith, one of ye Constables and collectors, Gideon Baldwin, one of ye Listers (assessors), Barnabas Carey and Timothy Keys, two of ye Grand jurors for ye ensuing year."†

By an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, passed

* Miner. † Westmoreland Records.

the 25th of September, 1786, an act the almost unanimous passage of which, under the conflicting influences and interests existing then, reflected no little credit to the State; Luzerne county* was erected out of that part of Northumberland county extending from the Nescopeck Falls to the northern boundary of the State. Within its wild area it included all the Yankee or New England emigrants, except those in the ancient "Lackawa" settlement on the Wallenpaupack, and a few along the Delaware. It comprised within its boundaries all of Susquehanna, Wyoming, Lycoming, and Columbia, the greater part of Bradford, and a fractional portion of Montour and Sullivan counties.

The formation of Luzerne county at this critical period in the history of Wyoming, while it contributed so much towards the repose of the settlements along the Susquehanna and Lackawanna, also annihilated a project equally bold and strange of the Connecticut landholders living in Wyoming, and led by Col. John Franklin, of forming a *new State* out of this portion of the country, with the capital at Wilkes Barre. By giving the celebrated Col. Ethan Allen several thousand acres of land, including some of the most valuable proprietors' rights here, his sympathies and, perhaps, his aspirations were naturally enlisted in the matter, and he was induced to espouse the cause of the Connecticut claimants against those of Pennsylvania. As his own State, Vermont, was formed in spite of New York, it was thought that an independent government could be established at Wyoming, in defiance of the powers and wishes of Pennsylvania. At this time there were

* Named from the French Minister, Chevalier de la Luzerne.—*Chapman*.

six hundred men in Wyoming, mostly Yankees, and with the invincible Green Mountain Boys, and the Connecticut party from the west branch of the Susquehanna, all commanded by Col. Allen himself, it was reasonably supposed that a body so formidable, having possession of the entire valley and every road leading to it, would be able to resist any force which Pennsylvania should choose to send against it. In fact, so ripe was the plan for the new State in its outlines, that a constitution, portraying the rights and the wrongs of the Connecticut settler, was actually drafted and ready for adoption. The appearance of Col. Allen at Wyoming in April, 1786, in his Revolutionary regimentals, gave for a moment to the contemplated scheme almost an actuality. The creation of the new county of Luzerne, however, introduced elements and authority into the midst of the Westmoreland settlements, which the quick, keen eye of Allen saw it would be folly, if not treason to oppose. The colonel soon after returned to Vermont. Aside from the long conflict necessarily ensuing between the respective States of Connecticut and Pennsylvania in the attempt to mature this scheme, it is hardly possible to-day to estimate the revolution and the consequences resulting to the country, but especially to the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys, had the meditated State, with the hero of Ticonderoga at its head, been wrought into being. After the colonel left the valley, John Franklin, the acknowledged leader of the Connecticut interests here, who no doubt was, like all who were averse to the Pennsylvania claimants, shamefully wronged by Pennymite power, smoked the pipe of peace, and sought to aid the operations of the various compromising laws.

A subsequent act, passed September 7, 1789, divided Luzerne county into five Election Districts. All this vast territory embraced then within its limits a population considerably less than the old township of Providence alone now exhibits, and only *one* more Election District than is now recognized in Providence.

At the March sessions, 1790, as it appears by the Quarter Session Docket of Luzerne county, "It is ordered by the justices, that this county be divided into eleven townships, viz. 'Tioga,' 'Wyalusing,' 'Tankanock,' 'Lakawanuk,' " etc.

Lakawanuk was "bounded on the north by Tunkhannock Township, on the east by the county line, on the west by the river Susquehanna, and southerly by the old boundary line of Wilkes Barre, and the continuation thereof east to the county line." The total population of the county at this time was 4,904.

At the August Sessions, 1792, Providence Township was formed out of a part of Lakawanuk. Previous to this time, those persons who resided in the Lackawanna Valley, either in the upper or lower portion, were compelled to do public duty and business at Pittston.

Before Providence Township held elections within its acknowledged precinct, the petition of Isaac Tripp and others set forth, "that the Town of Providence labor under great disadvantage by reason of being annexed to Lackawanna, that the inhabitants live remote from the place where the Town meets on public occasions, and that they have a very bad river to cross, which is impassible at some times," etc.

After this division was effected, elections and town meetings were held near the present location of Charles Drake, above the Lackawanna rapids.

Town meetings were first held in what is now known as Providence, in 1813, at the house of Stephen Tripp, above the present village of Hyde Park.*

The vote of the township at the first election held in it was not large :

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|----|-----------------------------|----|
| The Federal vote being | 46 | Democratic ditto, | 36 |
| In 1814, " " | 47 | " " | 36 |
| In 1815 " " | 51 | " " | 44 |

This comprised all the voters living up the valley, as far as it was settled, as well as all of those residing in what is now known as Jefferson, Lackawanna, Scranton Greenfield, Covington, and Scott.

FORMATION OF TOWNSHIPS

Under Pennsylvania Jurisdiction.

| | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Providence, formed August, 1792, | |
| Abington, " " 1806, | |
| Greenfield " January, 1816, | |
| Covington " " 1818, | |
| Blakely " April, 1818, | |
| Carbondale " " 1831, | |
| Jefferson " " 1836, | |
| Lackawanna " Nov., 1838. | |

of parts of Providence and Pittston, including *all* the gore between the certified *towns* of Pittston and Providence, and some other lands.

* There lived in this region, some twenty-five years ago, an odd sort of genius, who was a peculiar artist in *his line*. A picture coming from his easel, needed an ARDUBON to determine a bird from a beast. A dauby representation of *his* native Hyde Park, N. Y., being exhibited by the road-side here, gave to this village the pleasant name it still retains.

At the same sessions, Benton was made from Nicholson, being all of what was then Nicholson in Luzerne county.

Newton was made in January, 1844; and at November session, 1845, Fell was cut off from Carbondale. Scott was cut from Greenfield, and Madison from Covington.

ANCIENT DIVISION OF THE SAME TERRITORY,

While under Connecticut Jurisdiction.

In the Delaware Company's Indian purchase, towns were six miles square, while in that of the Susquehanna they were laid out five miles square, with only one exception, and were divided into lots of 300 acres each, running back two and a half miles. The only Yankee, or certified town on the Lackawanna, above Pittston, was Providence.

The original laws of the Susquehanna Company, made at Hartford, Connecticut, set off or appropriated 300 acres for the use of the *first* minister *in fee*, one for the parsonage, and one for school purposes, and three others to remain as commons or public lots, subject to future disposition; the remainder were thrown into market for sale and settlement by the proprietors of the town. *How* a portion of this land was disposed of will be seen in the sketch of

ELDER WILLIAM BISHOP.

The first white man penetrating the wilds of Wyoming and the forest stretching from it to the Bear Moun-

tain, is believed to have been Count Zinzendorf, a Saxon noble, who appeared among the Indians at their village in Wyoming in the summer of 1742,* in the character of a minister or missionary, accompanied by Martin Mack and his heroic wife. To this country he gave the name of St. Anthony's Wilderness.† This was four years previous to the settlement of the Moravians at *Gnadenhutzen*, near Mauch Chunk, and just one hundred years after the first known and celebrated missionary to the American Indians—Dr. Ivaunes Magapolemis—came from Holland and settled among the Mohawks at Fort Orange (now Albany), New York.

The minister who first officiated in the Wyoming Valley, was a Presbyterian named Jacob Johnson, for whom a house was built by the colony as early as 1772. Although he preached in all the settled towns, his salary the first year was only sixty pounds.

At the time of the Wyoming massacre he fled to Connecticut, but returning peace brought him again to the valley, where he was long an effective, venerable pastor.

The Lackawanna Valley, however, had no ministerial labors until twenty-two years after this, and although the early social miscellany of this meridian made up a class of adventurers from Connecticut possessing large intelligence, patriotism, and some little piety, the services of their first minister entirely failed to reduce them to anything like harmonious practice.

The self-chosen one whose labors in the vineyard of the Lord were to effect among the scanty flock in the valley such wished-for results, was William Bishop, an

* Miner.

† Even's Map of 1747, in Ebling's History of Pennsylvania.

Englishman, of the Baptist denomination, who came into Providence in 1794. This was before the Methodist or any other denomination had any organization or existence in the valley. Previous to this time, a church had been built in the town of Hanover, the first one in the colony, or in Luzerne county, which was exclusively used for religious purposes.*

The parsonage lot in Providence, reserved for the use of the first minister *in fee*, lay on the east side of Hyde Park, and extended over the marsh or pond which now gives to the interior of Scranton such a piscatory picture.

The Wyoming House, as well as the greater portion of Scranton, stands upon this lot.

Where now is located the house of Judge Merrifield, in Hyde Park, the log-house and church of Elder Bishop emerged from the forest. One single log-room served for domestic and religious purposes. It was paintless and rude indeed. No bell, steeple, pulpit, nor pews, distinguished it as a house of worship: four plain sides, chinked liberally with the adhesive mud and wood, formed a room where the backwoodsmen met together with a sincerity and an absence of display, impossible now to find in the costly and imposing sanctuaries around us.

The simple habits of the assemblage were in perfect keeping with the dark edifice itself. Women wore dresses made from flax and woollen, fitted so tight and straight as to resemble a bean-pole. These were sometimes plain from the loom, but generally were colored and striped with a maple or hemlock dye, giving to the woollen fabrics every variety of finish and shade. In-

* Judge Conyugham.

stead of the thin, consumptive dresses in use now, which afford but little support to the brittle thread of life, those old fashioned ones were worn, and furnished to the wearer what is so essential to long life and health—a generous warmth.

The showy and often senseless duties of the milliner were but slightly appreciated here at that time, for one instance is related to the writer of a woman whose bonnet, cut from pasteboard and trimmed as plainly as a pumpkin, was worn summer and winter for the long period of *twenty-two years*, with no other change nor “doing up” than the addition of a single new ribbon or string! Appalling and incredible as may appear the fact to the girl or the matron of the present time, the person yet lives in the valley who remembers this pious and economical mother well. Broadcloth coats were rarely seen, unless brought from Connecticut. Their place was supplied by the rough, honest home-spun, or more frequently by a suit of bear or deer skin. The covering for the head consisted of caps made of panther, bear, wolf, fox, or coon skins, with the tails of the different animals suspended to the shoulders or the hips, as best suited the fancy of the wearer.

Boys and men went barefooted until they reached the place of meeting, carrying their sturdy shoes in their hands, putting them on during preaching, and after meeting would walk home many miles upon their bare feet, while they conveyed their shoes in the same manner they were brought. Many of the settlers were too poor to enjoy even this luxury of *carrying* shoes. The women were always seated upon one side of the house, the men upon the other. The habit of the male and female portion of the community being seated promis-

cuously in a country school or meeting-house, is of quite recent origin among New England descendants.

Bishop's efforts, however, appear to have been useless, if not actually pernicious to the cause so unfortunately intrusted to him. His sermons and his statue afforded a perpetual contrast. One was short, while the other was long with sulphuric odor, told in his own expressive language of "infants in hell not a span long." His intellectual fire and logic becoming exhausted, and his sermons

—————"Dry as the remaining sea biscuit
After a voyage,"

dispersed both his friends and congregation.

A clever anecdote is told of Bishop, by an old uncle of ours, who, while a boy, listened to his peculiar and impressive preaching. There are yet living among us a few old persons who well recollect the ancient habit of many preachers, of delivering their sermons and reading psalms in a drawling, singing manner, then deemed musical and appropriate.

The elder was thus reading to the congregation the hymn,

"Come ye who love the Lord
And let your joys be known;"

here he abruptly stopped reading, and lifted his hand to his head where he commenced scratching vigorously for a short time, when he seized something in his fingers, and with the greatest complacency, annihilated it upon the desk before him, accompanied with the remark, "Forty-three years have I been *cussed* with

this *perverse* generation;" and immediately finished reading the verse, as if there had been no interruption.

In a shrewd, financiering transaction of Bishop, exhibiting as little piety as that claimed by the savages just expelled from the valley, he closed his labors and turned away from this land of sinfulness.

When the State of Connecticut gave up her claims to the Lackawanna, and all those lands embraced within the territory known at that day as Westmoreland, the actual settlers upon them at the time of their adjustment, delivered up their previous claims and titles to the State of Pennsylvania, receiving in return a certificate or patent for the land from the State, which made the title forever indisputable. The parsonage lot in Providence being thus surrendered to Pennsylvania by Elder Bishop, he received a certificate for the same in *his own name*, thus financiering the township out of nearly 300 acres of land, whose aggregate value is now over one million of dollars. This land he disposed of for a trifle to parties living in the Capouse, when he wound his way sorrowfully and sad over the Pocono Mountains to another State, where, it is to be hoped, that the genial atmosphere of his sermons resulted to the advantage of many.

THE PROPRIETOR'S SCHOOL FUND.

The fund in the township of Providence known as the "Proprietor's School Fund," had its origin in a provision full of forethought and wisdom in its conception.

The original proprietors of the seventeen towns, cer-

tified to Connecticut settlers in the Susquehanna and Lackawanna valleys, surveyed and laid out certain lots of land for religious and literary purposes. Nearly 2,000 acres were thus reserved in Providence by the Yankees.

The Commissioners appointed under the act, offering compensation to Pennsylvania claimants, passed in April, 1799, issued certificates to the Committees for the time being for the said lots in trust for the use of the proprietors of said township, and the annual Committees had from time to time sold and conveyed, and let upon leases for a long term of years a great part of such lots, reserving the rest for the use of the said proprietors.

As the Committees, however, were supposed by many to be invested with little or no legal powers, the sales and leases made by them were so little regarded that some debts and rents, due the original Yankee proprietors, are yet remaining unpaid.

A portion of the land thus appropriated by the old Susquehanna Company for school purposes, was sold the 17th of September, 1795, to William Bishop by Constant Searles, James Abbott and Daniel Taylor, who acted for the township.

With a view of confirming such contracts and sales which at the time were deemed advantageous for the school fund, the proprietors of the township obtained an act of incorporation from the Legislature during its session of 1835, similiar in its character to that obtained in 1831 by the townships of Wilkes Barre, Hanover, and Plymouth, clothing the trustees of the township with all the privileges and franchises of corporations. John Dings, Samuel De Puy, William Merrifield, Joshua

Griffin and Nathaniel Cottrill were vested with the authority of trustees under this act, until after the annual election.

Although this act did not affect any sales previously made by individuals acting for the township, and consequently failed to reach and recover lands forever lost to it, yet it enabled the proprietors who were subsequently elected by the taxable inhabitants of the district, to sell the remainder of this land lying in the vicinity of Hyde Park, for the sum of \$3,300, which being secured by bond and mortgage upon the property, now furnishes by its yearly interest the "School Fund," a fund which contributes so justly towards the support and success of what is considered so essential to the promotion of national welfare—common schools.

In reviewing the history of the Yankee settlements in Westmoreland, much of the thrift and sprightliness of the New England character can be traced in the elementary education imparted to them from the cabin schoolhouse along the forest. Many of the pioneers were men of deep religious sentiment and principle, and after their families had been sheltered from the storms and the intrusion of the inmates of the wigwam, they laid the foundation for the schoolhouse.

The school records of the various townships in the valley, present no striking peculiarity, but as far as any judgment can be formed from the contents and character of the former records, both of school and society, it leads unavoidably to the conclusion that there has been no relaxation of effort in the cause of education since the earlier settlers passed away. The standard which they created has not been overlooked, nor has the common interest of every citizen in the education of

the community been forgotten. While the district and higher school arrangements in the valley and the adjacent townships are considered by many as superior—and some are eminently so—they would to-day suffer none by a comparison with those of any other older-settled country.

The schoolmaster was at an early period both an object of terror to school children, and deferential importance to the “old folks” generally. The stiff-necked and often stupid parson only received more attention than the country schoolmaster—especially a *new* one, whose reputation for “*licking*” the scholars had happily preceded him.

It is well for the timid, nervous child that the barbarous and surgical whip, the rheumatic ferule and the triumphant blows of a master, strong in muscle and weak in mind, have been laid aside as the coarser husks of the past.

While the writer recollects his own schoolboy days, when he spent many an idle hour in the old district schoolhouse standing on the hill, surrounded on every side but one by the well-trimmed saplings, which were often applied to the coatless backs of the pupils, by some small vender of *a, b, c's*, after the boys had been seated upon a high, hard, hemlock bench six or eight hours, he cannot but rejoice at the progressive character of the *government* in our common schools, as well as their grade.

SETTLEMENT OF JEFFERSON.

With the close of the Revolutionary War, not only a marked change in the policy of the country generally

was felt, but in the succeeding quietude after that all-absorbing period, emigrants began to settle along the frontiers with comparative safety.

Although Jefferson township was only formed in 1836, its settlement dates back to 1784, when Asa Cobb, taking advantage of this repose, chose a point for the location of his clearing and cabin, at the foot of one of the larger and steepest elevations, now called Cobb's Mountain, as it slopes down to the old Connecticut road, which passes over this high and red-stoned region. This was the primitive structure here in this township, and the present residence of his great-grandson Asa Cobb, now indicates its former location. For a long period of years, between the single house in Dunmore and the clearing at Little Meadows, in Wayne county, this was the only intervening dwelling.

Jefferson is quite a wooded and secluded portion of Luzerne county, and it was during Indian times and ravages, one of their retreats. Upon the very summit of the mountain, a little to the north of the old Cobb house, the camp and signal fires of the Indian rose often, as the hunter, the trapper, and the warrior sat around the resinous logs, while the flames of the fire rising up between the tree trunks, high and red, could be seen for many miles to the eastward. At an early period, a large number of Indian implements for hunting, and a few for agricultural purposes, were found around the bald summit of the mountain, near this clearing of Cobb's.

In 1795, Potter made the next pitch in the eastern border of the township and county, upon one of the larger tributaries of the Wallenpannack Creek.

The township is sparsely settled, and generally covered

with timber, yet it possesses a few farms of surprising fertility and beauty.

The Moosic, or Cobb Mountain, interposed between Jefferson and the Lackawanna Valley, has shut off all traces of coal formation, yet a coal mine was discovered a number of years ago, *east* of this range, by an oily-tongued, and an inventive kind of a genius, who had been promised by the owner of the land, a desirable farm in the beech-woods, should the explorer find stone coal in a certain locality. Making an excavation deep in the hill-side, he actually worked weeks in *carrying* baskets of coal upon his shoulder to the point of operations, from a distance of some six miles, before the blackened appearance of the drift afforded satisfactory evidence of the coal mine. The fortunate owner of this coal property was so well pleased with the discovery of the strata of coal upon it, that he immediately deeded over the promised land. Of the profits of this mine, let others write.

The country to the eastward and southward of Cobb's, alternating with meadow, mountain, and forest, yet possesses somewhat of the still, deep gloom so natural to much of the native American wilderness, when swept by the Indian or the elk. Wild beasts, to a limited extent, yet linger among the dark caverns of the woods, extending from this point southward and westward to the waters of the Lehigh, and over the Shades of Death, along the Pococo, and haunt, in places less accessible to the footsteps of the hunter, and making now and then such visits to the farmer's sheep-pen, as must satisfy any one that the keen, frosty, mountain air of autumn or winter, gives a keener whet to the appetite than
rum.

The winter of 1835 was of terrible length and severity, from the prodigious quantity of snow which had fallen. Game perished on the mountains in large numbers, and wolves even sought the settlements for food. A wolf thus impelled by hunger, found its way into the barn-yard of John Cobb, Esq, in Jefferson, during this winter, while all the family were absent but Mrs. Cobb. The bleating of the frightened flock attracted her attention, although the yard was quite a distance from the house. Instead of having a hysteric fit, and upsetting all the camphor bottles in the neighborhood, as many would do to-day under similar circumstances she caught the pitchfork, and hurried to encounter and dispatch the intruder. This was an easy matter for a determined woman, as the brute in its starved condition, had lost nearly all its strength, and although it turned for a moment, its lurid eye, and long, white, sharpened teeth upon the heroic assailant, it soon fell a trophy to the courageous woman. For the scalp of the wolf, the county of Luzerne paid Mrs. Cobb, the usual reward or bounty of ten dollars.

CHASE BY A PANTHER.

To the east of the Cobb clearing, eight or nine miles upon the old Connecticut road, nestles down at the foot of a long hill, a tract of low, wet land, known in the ancient records of Westmoreland by the name of "Little Meadows," where was made, in the county of Wayne, the first settlement aside from those along the Delaware. From this place to the Paupack settlement, a distance of nearly a dozen miles, stretched the unbroken

wild woods, excepting where intervened a single farm, on which stood a tavern, remarkable only for its neatness within, and its slovenish appearance without. A portion of this distance is swamp land, grown full of alder, laurel, beech, and the long wrinkled hemlock, and is a continuation of the swamp or "Shades of Death," extending their desolating aspect for a great space along the Pocono.

Midway through this swamp flows the five mile creek in the most sluggish manner, from which the land upon either side of it gradually ascends for a distance of three or four miles.

In the autumn of 1837, while the writer was passing from this tavern homeward on one bright, frosty midnight, accompanied by a friend, just as the clearing receded from the view, the horse and ourselves were startled by the loud cry of a panther, coming from the thicket along the roadside. The dry limbs cracked as the enormous creature sprang into the road behind us and it is difficult to tell whether horse or the whitened drivers most appreciated the perilous condition. The moon shone bright down among the opening tree-tops, as over the road, frozen, steep and stony, trembled the slender vehicle. Deeper and farther the forest closed up behind us, leaving little chance for us to reach Little Meadows in safety. Turning the eye backwards, and the approaching form of the panther could be seen within a stone's throw, leaping along at a rate of speed corresponding with our own. The silence of the woods, the sound of the nervous horse-feet, the jar of the wagon over the stones, the terribly distinct yells of the pursuing animal breaking in upon the surrounding gloom, and our own defenceless condition, made such an

impression upon boyhood—that although its mention may seem a wide digression here—it was never effaced nor forgotten. We shot down hill after hill, around curve after curve, with fearful rapidity, without uttering a word or hardly drawing a breath, expecting every moment either that the wagon would prove treacherous to its trust, or that every spring of the panther would interrupt our ride. Quite three miles until the brook was passed did this yellow beast follow up our trail, giving, as it came, its clear, appalling cries at intervals of every minute. Crossing the creek on a rude log bridge, the horse hurried up the ascent, while the panther slackened his speed perceptibly, and ceased his shrieks, which induced the belief that the chase was abandoned. Not so, however. As we emerged from the solitude of the woods into the edge of Little Meadows, where breath was longer and courage rose to a wonderful pitch, we gave one “halloo!” so as to ascertain whether we had escaped from its reach. Hardly had the shrill echo of our voices sounded through the recesses of the forest, before there came from the replying panther a scream, so near, so living, and so loud, as to impart terror by its wild accents, and prevent all farther intercourse with the too social animal.

As for the panther, which had accompanied us six or eight miles during our moonlight ride, we took leave of him with less regret than we had left the smiling faces of the fair ones to whom we were so much indebted the evening previous for the stolen but genuine hospitalities of lips.

TOWNSHIP OF CARBONDALE.*

This township, like its settlement, dates but little back. On the 4th of April, 1831, it was formed from parts of Blakely and Greenfield. Its soil and situation is too rugged to tempt the indolent and the aimless as it lies about 700 feet above the level of the Susquehanna at the confluence of the Lackawanna.

The first improvement here was due to the genius of Wm. Wurts, who, as early as 1812, with the compass and the pick in his hand, explored the various gaps in the mountain bordering the Lackawanna Valley upon the east, with the view of discovering a possible outlet to the coal which he had found beneath the high bluff in the western part of the present town, and a vein or two he had opened in Providence, twelve miles farther down the valley.

The lands about Carbondale originally were owned by an Englishman named Russell, who, at an early period, lived at Sunbury, upon the Susquehanna River. These lands came into the possession of Wm. and Maurice Wurts at the time of these explorations. Some five years later they erected here a log-house for themselves and their workmen who assisted them at their laughed-at undertaking of digging among the rocks and rattle-snakes in this wild glen. Up to this time, neither a road nor horse-path led to the site where now Carbondale stands, although a marking of trees had been made through Rixe's Gap to Belmont and Mount Pleasant, in the adjoining county of Wayne. No *frame* house was

* From the vast body of anthracite coal in the vicinity, Carbondale derived its name.

raised here until Oct., 1828, when James W. Goff, Esq.—afterwards sheriff of Luzerne county—built a small, plain one for himself and family.

The progress of Carbondale from that time until now has been rapid, healthy, and comprehensive. Brought into life by the genial influences and operations of those men to whom the Lackawanna Valley was first awakened from its slumber, and placed, at least, one hundred years in advance of what it would have been without them, and in whom that great artery eastward from the valley, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, had its conception, it has received nurture from the developments of this Company, until the village has assumed considerable proportions of commercial importance. Already has it a population of several thousand persons, a number of foundries, factories, and furnaces, of every grade, and buildings varied from the finest architectural down to the barrel-capped, wretched shanty.

Carbondale is now an incorporated city, and although it has probably attained its meridian, its inhabitants are nevertheless active, contented, and prosperous. It abounds in churches. Whatever may be the nature of the religious convictions of the mass, ample scope for their harmonious enjoyment is found in the different churches here representing every Christian denomination.

The principal coal mines of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company are located at this point, which was until recently the western terminus of the railroad leading to their canal at Honesdale, and from where the first coal was taken from the valley eastward to market, by William and Maurice Wurts, after their mines in Providence, which they had opened in 1816, and the

route over Cobb's Mountain to the waters of the Paupack, were abandoned.

LIFE UNDERGROUND—FALLING IN OF THE MINES.

Those who have never entered the midnight chambers of a coal mine, far away in the earth, where no sound is heard but the miner's drill or the report of a blast in some remote gallery, and no light ever enters but the lamps in the workmen's caps which are seen moving about like will-o'-the-wisps as the men are mining or loading the coal into little cars, cannot understand how perilous the miner's occupation, or how much the place he works in reminds one of the great pit itself, only this, in the language of the miner, is free from "the *hate* of summer." Some of the mines are mere low, jet-black coal-holes, gloomy as the tombs of Thebes, while others have halls and chambers of cyclopean proportions, along which are constant openings into cross-chambers or galleries, some sloping downward, some upward, in which roll along cars, drawn by mules, accompanied by a boy as driver. Accidents not unfrequently happen in the mines, by the explosion of powder as the lamps are continually around it; by the falling of slate or coal, before props are placed to support the treacherous roof; and sometimes by the falling in of the mines themselves. After all the coal is taken from one strata or vein, miners frequently remove the pillars or props from the chambers so that the mines can fill in—this, in miner's language, is called "robbing the mines."

During the winter of 1843 and '44, a portion of the

Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's mines at Carbandale "fell in" upon the workmen. Some days previous to the final crash, the mine had in the phrase of miners began to "work," that is, the occasional cracking of the roof over where the men worked, denoted the danger of a fall. It came, and such was its force that all the lights in the mines were extinguished in an instant, while the workmen and horses which were entering or retiring from the black mouth of the cavern, were blown from it as leaves are swept by the gale. The men who were at work in their narrow chambers farther in the mine, heard the loud death-summons and felt the crash of the earthquaked elements, as they were buried alive and crushed in the strong black teeth of the coal-slate.

One of the assistant superintendents of the mines, Mr. Alexander Bryden, was on the outside at the time the low, deep thundering of the rocks within came upon his ear. He hastened in to ascertain the cause of the disaster or the extent of the fall. Penetrating one of the dark galleries a short distance, he was met by three miners who informed him that the mines had broken, killing and wounding many, and that they had just left behind them about twenty men who were probably slain by the crushing slate. Although urged by the retreating men to turn back and save his own life as there was no hope of rescuing their companions from death, the determined Scotchman pushed along the gloomy passage, amid the loosened and hissing rock, which, like the sword of the ancient tyrant, hung over his head. He reached the edge of the fall. Earth and coal lay in vast masses around him, and here and there a body becoming detached from the parent roof, came down with

sullen echo into the Egyptian darkness of the mine. Bryden was not to be deterred. The dim light from his lamp now revealed no passage; it was closed—no—the huge slabs had so fallen as to leave an opening in the angle formed by the side and floor of the gallery. Through this aperture he crept upon his hands and knees, where he found it so small as he proceeded, that lying prostrate upon his abdomen and face, he forced himself along the foul and flinty hole.

About one mile from the mouth of the mine, he reached the "heading," or the end of the chamber where he found the twenty miners alive, unhurt, and inclosed in one fallen, black, solid wall of coal! The brave Scotchman, whose lips whitened not until now, wept like a child, as among the number he found his own son! The boy had all the metal of the father. When one of the three retreating fugitives who had escaped from this point, proposed before leaving to take away the horse confined here with the workmen, young Bryden, who saw starvation before them, replied, "leave him here, we shall need him!"

Bryden was upon the point of leading out his men, when he learned that another lay helplessly wounded in the most dangerous part of the fall beyond this point. On he continued the perilous mission until he reached the lonely chamber. A faint cry from the miner, who was aroused from his slaty bed by the approaching light, revealed a picture of the miner's life, impressive, and sad. Almost covered by the fallen strata, he lay delirious with agony, blackened with coal dust, and limbs gashed and fractured with rock. Lifting the wounded man upon his shoulder, Bryden retraced his steps. For rods he bore him on his hands and knees, with the

broken, flaccid arms of the miner dangling along the cavern.

When the rock was too low for this, he first crawled along himself, and afterwards carefully drew his companion. Through perils which none can appreciate, who have not strode along the gloomy galleries at such a time, he bore him full a mile to the living world. The fall extended over an area of about forty acres, and although neither effort nor expense were withheld by the Company nor individuals, to rescue the living, or to recover the bodies of the dead, the remains of a few have never yet been found. One man was discovered sometime afterwards in a standing position, his pick and his dinner pail bearing him company, while the greater portion of the flesh upon his bones appeared to have been eaten off by rats.

Others, without water, food, or light, shut in from the world forever by the appalling wall of rock, coal, and slate around them, while breathing the scanty air, and suffering in body and mind, agony the most intense, clinched tighter their picks, and wildly labored one long night that knew no day, until exhausted they sank, and died in the darkness of their rocky sepulchres, with no sweet voice to soothe—no kind angel to cool the burning temples, or catch the whispers from the spirit-land.

Eight dead bodies were exhumed, and six were left in—one, the only son of a dependent widow. Mr. Hosie, one of the assistant superintendents of the mines, was in them at the time of the disaster, and escaped with his life. Creeping through the remaining crevices in the break upon his hands and knees, feeling his way along the blackness of midnight, where all traces of the

general direction of the mine had disappeared, he often found himself in an aperture so narrow, that to retreat or advance seemed impossible. Once he was buried middle deep by the rubbish as he was digging through! Another convulsion lifted up the mass and relieved him! After being in the mines two days and nights, he emerged into sunlight, the flesh being worn from his finger bones, in his efforts to escape from the mines.

PATHS AND ROADS.

Aside from the fact of the early emigrants from Connecticut, who settled in Westmoreland, being generally poor, the excited condition of the country along the Susquehanna, and the still wilder aspect along the Lackawanna, while the whole province was under the allegiance of the British Crown, demanded so much of their attention during this absorbing period, that with their constant "*guarding*" or lookout for the approach of the savages, or the rival parties of the Pennymites who menaced the harmony of the colony, they found but little time to devote to the cutting or making of roads.

Mountain trails made by the red-men centuries ago, and afterwards trodden by the whites who sought this region for the purpose of trapping or trading with the Indians for furs, led along the dark fringe of their hunting and fishing grounds in the valley, and over the mountain peaks, where trees were small and scanty, until the year of 1769, when the Connecticut or "*Cobb-road*," as it is called, was opened from the province of New York to Wyoming. All intercourse of the

Yankee settlement upon the Susquehanna with the parent state, was carried on over this road until 1772, when another one was laid out from Pittston to the Delaware, passing through the desolate shades of death, and terminating at Stroudsburg. From the Lackawanna to Canada there was, up until 1788, no other pathway than the old Indian one leading up by their village at Con-e-wa-wah (now Elmira), which was settled by the white adventurer during this year. This was the ancient trading path, and, as a historical item it may not be amiss to mention, that among the characters trading and trafficking with the Indians for fur-robcs and skins, along this trail, as well as in the valley, was the afterwards distinguished John Jacob Astor.

The conflicting claims to the territory embraced by the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys, provoked a controversy between the respective States of Pennsylvania and Connecticut, long and embittered. The claim of the Yankees being annihilated by the Trenton Decree, the Quaker State assumed jurisdiction over Westmoreland. No longer crimsoned by the blood of conflict, the inhabitants of the valley turned their attention towards roads, which, during the war had been so entirely neglected that many of them were completely obstructed by the sprouted and thrifty sapling.

The first appointment by the justices in 1788, of the supervisors of roads in Pittston, was John Phillips and Jonathan Newman; in Providence, Henry Dow Tripp.

At the September sessions, 1788, held in Wilkes Barre—the first court after this decree—a petition was received “of Job Tripp and others, praying that proper persons may be appointed to lay out a road in the town of Providence. It is ordered that Ebenezer Marcy, Isaac

Tripp, Samuel Miller, Henry D. Tripp, Waterman Baldwin, and Jonathan Newman, be, and they are hereby appointed to lay out necessary roads in said town, and make return to this court at the next session." At the December session, 1788, they reported that they had laid out roads through Pittston, but had surveyed none in Providence, so their report was not accepted.

As the road was essential to the wants of the upper township, the court appointed six housekeepers to survey one fifty feet in width. This followed the old road leading up through the Capouse, constructed under Yankee jurisdiction. The next year, John Phillips and David Brown were appointed supervisors of highways in Pittston, and Job Tripp and Wm. Alsworth in Providence.

It does not appear, however, that any *new* roads were laid out or worked up to this time, by any of these supervisors—old roads only, being resurveyed and repaired.

Job Tripp, Constant Searles, Jediah Hoyt, Daniel Taylor, and James Abbott, living in Providence, were appointed in 1791, to lay out roads here. The present road leading from Pittston to Providence was surveyed by them on the 4th and 5th of April, 1791. This began "on the northeast side of the Lackawanna River in the town of Providence, beginning at Lackawanna River, neare where Mr. Leggett now lives," and thence through Providence to the Pittston line. Gabriel Leggett then lived a short distance above the present residence and mill of Judson Clark, in Providence.

Up to this time no bridges crossed the Lackawanna; the only way to reach the opposite bank was by fording it, and this could only be done at some seasons of the

year. A place in the stream where the waters were shallow was chosen for a ford. Different fording-places took their respective names from the respective owners of the land in the immediate vicinity. Thus, at the present Capouse *Works*—located about one mile from the centre of the old meadow by that name—was Bagley's ford, at Providence, Lutz's ford, etc.

Near this last named crossing-place, on the western bank of the stream, were found the Indian graves spoken of before.

Leggett's Gap road was laid out in 1795.

The Lackawanna Turnpike Road Company was incorporated March 22d, 1817, and was the first *turnpike* running along the valley.

The Drinker turnpike was chartered in 1819. In April, 1828, the Carbondale and Blakely turnpike was chartered. May 5th, 1832, the Pottsville, Minersville, Carbondale and Susquehanna Turnpike Company was incorporated.

April 9th, 1833, both the Carbondale and Tunkhannock Turnpike Road and the Carbondale and Lackawanna Turnpike Company received charters.

JOURNEY FROM CONNECTICUT TO PITTSBURGH—MRS. VON STORCH.

One summer's morning in July, 1793, could have been seen in the quiet town of Stonington, Connecticut, knapsacks of bacon, bread and cheese, bundles of homespun, and sundry knick-knacks and culinary utensils arranged upon a covered Yankee wagon, for a journey to Wyoming Valley, where report had given luxuriant soil and

sunny skies to every comer. The ox stood yoked, and, loafer-like, kept busy on his cud, the last mug of the metheglin had disappeared among the gathered friends, and as the last kiss gave notice of departure, none nestled in the wagon happier with day-dreams than Hannah M. Searles—now the widow of H. C. L. Von Storch, and yet living in Providence.

A journey then, with the slow ox team, through a wilderness of over one hundred miles, was no easy matter. A day's drive was about six or eight miles, over a road formidable indeed. When the shadows of night began to grow long, a camping-ground was selected by the road-side, usually by a spring or little brook, where fuel was abundantly collected, and the bright, welcome blaze of the fire among the woods, lonely and deep, afforded light and company while supper was preparing.

If, during the day's journey, no game had been secured by the trusty old gun, the bread and bacon soon smoked upon the chest-top, or some corn meal from the saddle-bags was quickly converted by skillful hands into journey or "johnny cake." Supper disposed of, and the oxen cared for by a good supply of *brouse*, an extra log or two was piled on the fire. After watching its blaze for a while, the little emigrating party either stretched themselves out on the ground or in the loaded wagon, and were soon in the soundest and sweetest sleep.

After reaching the road leading from the Delaware to Wyoming, it was found almost impossible to penetrate any farther into the depth of the forest. Sometimes they had to break their way through low marshes, so gnarled and matted with the laurel and the alder, whose tops, overlapping the opposite shrubbery, formed such a barrier as to be overcome only by the stubborn ox.

Sometimes they coasted along the rapid creek, whose hoarse melody was only interrupted by the intruding cart-wheel; sometimes over ledges, whose ribbed and wrinkled sides, rising to a commanding height, presented mountain scenery, capped as far as the eye could extend with the blossomed woods.

From the "Lackawa" settlement, upon the Paupack, to the Lackawanna, were but three dwellings in 1793—one at Little Meadows, one at Cobb's, and the other that of Alsworth, in Dunmore.

One of the deserted clearings of the Indians on the war-path from Capouse to Coshutunk (now Cohecton), was called "Little Meadows" by the ancient settlers.

Several acres of land, covered with a tall growth of wild grass, and lying some ten miles from the settlement, west, upon the Wallenpaupack, in a low, rich intervale, were found inhabited by the red tribes when the whites passed through it in 1769. A little creek here gropes lazily through the meadow, and flows into a neighboring pond, where fish were found so plenty that Indian parties frequented the place. Their wigwams stood along the western borders of this clearing in 1769.

In the summer of 1770, the white man's hut was fashioned here, simply because this meadow afforded abundant pasturage or wild grass for the cattle of emigrating parties.

Away from the banks of the Delaware, this was the first *real* settlement commenced in what is now known as the county of Wayne. The merit of its success belongs to one Strong. He was living here at the time of the Wyoming massacre.

This farm is now known as the Goodrich property, into whose possession it came in 1803. It was the birth-

place of that eccentric genius, Phineas G. Goodrich, known in every nook and corner of Wayne, as "*long-nosed* Goodrich," who writes of Strong, "I had this from the early settlers on the Paupack, who in 1778 hid their effects in the woods and fled to Orange county, to escape the tomahawk and scalping-knife. There was a skirmish here on our old place (Little Meadow) between the whites and Indians. The whites were mostly slain. I remember the mound that was raised over their one common grave. Indians and whites were buried together. When a boy, I used to find the arrows and broken hatchets of the red-men around the mound and the hill."

At the time of which we write (1793), a man named Stanton lived at Little Meadows, and to the first view of the observer, cranberries and children appeared to have been the most productive crops. Not so, however; for his large one-roomed house furnished *accommodations* for way-faring ones. It was styled an "*inn*." Almost smothered with bushes and wild vines as it stood on the knoll sloping up from the meadow, the fare within was no more simple than its style. This consisted of two dishes, venison and the glowing huckleberry, which hung in great abundance upon the surrounding bushes; but unless they were gathered by the guest, the luxury of a second dish was dispensed with. The huge fireplace was no *small* feature. All the stone in the vicinity, interlaid with great stratas of mud, seemed to have been so piled here in the chimney as to concentrate as much rain and smoke as possible in a small space. The guests, whose energies were emboldened to ascend a tottering ladder to the upper story, where the bare rafters came bouncing on his head, found only boughs and dried wild

grass, spread upon the poles which were substituted for flooring, for his reception and repose.

A little way from the house lay the garden, productive of little else than tansy, horse-radish, and a few sprigs of fennel. Tansy, with its many medicinal virtues, knew no other physician here, while fennel for the Yankee maid formed their favorite smelling-bottle, and the old women used it to keep them awake during the long, dull evenings at home and at gatherings abroad.

Such was the convenience and simplicity of this inn, whose counterpart was found at that day in many of the new settlements. Homely as was its fare, plain as were its pewter dishes and single hunting-knife, the venison or bear-meat swinging from the sooty trammels hunger made always welcome.

Fox-meat, however, seemed not to have been so generally appreciated then. A stranger, who came along about dinner-time, could not resist the inviting smell of roasting meat. He sat down to eat. Taking a morsel of it in his mouth, it stung like cayenne. Thinking that the careless housewife had peppered one side of the meat too high, he turned the dish around and took a slice off from the other, with the same provoking result. He laid down his knife and asked the good-natured landlady, what kind of meat that was. "Why," replied she, very innocently, "this morning my husband killed a fox, so I thought I would roast the hind quarter."

The stranger was furious. "D—m your fox!" exclaimed he as he dashed platter, fox, grease, and all on the floor, and then hurriedly resumed his journey. But we digress.

Cobb's house on the slope of the Moosic Mountain, a distance of about eight miles from Little Meadows, was reached. The white cover of the wagon, jerking up or down as it mounted over a root, or plunged into a rut, passed over creeks never yet spanned by a bridge. The plain house of Cobb, floored, ceiled, and shingled with the split slabs, was too small to accommodate the emigrating party, who found in the hospitable wagon repose for the night. Asa Cobb made the first clearing here soon after the close of the Revolution. It was seven miles, or one day's journey from Cobb's, to where now stands the village of Dunmore.

Here, at that time, one wide, deep sea of tree-tops stretched back to the very summit of the mountain with all its native gloom and grandeur, disturbed at this point only by the axe of William Alsworth, who nine years before had given shape to a rude, warm, comfortable structure, early termed an inn. And, although the rude dwelling had little of the finish about it of modern times, the social comforts, and the substantial meals and beds; it furnished to the casual emigrant, was evidence that Allsworth had lost none of the New England character. The good old man, who acted as landlord, ostler, and waiter, and doing every chore essential to household affairs, never was so delighted as when he saw gathered around him the happy face of the emigrant or his guests, and his greatest pleasure seemed to be, to smooth with his dry jokes and racy stories the ruggedness of each man's daily road.

In thirty-one days after leaving Connecticut this little party reached Pittston, a place, at that time, consisting of only *two frame* houses. Even now, at the extreme age of 74, Mrs. Von Storch retains a bright eye, an elas-

tic step, and all the generous virtues of the descendants of New England.

Her late husband came into Providence in 1795 with Nicholas Leuchens, and, like him, was of German extraction, from Hamburg. Possessing all the frugality and industry of the farmers along the Rhine, he accumulated a handsome property of which his sons are now the recipients, and, bending with the weight of years, he passed away. The seal of their remote ancestors, finely embossed—a Stork's head and neck, which was brought from Germany, is now in possession of the family.

HURRICANE IN PROVIDENCE.

Within the last forty years no less than three of those frequent and fearful tornadoes, so analogous to tropical climates, have swept across or along the Lackawanna Valley. The most disastrous one, or the "great blow," as it is called, visited the village of Providence on the 3d of July, 1834. During the afternoon of that day, which was one of unusual warmth, the thunder now and then breaking from the sky in deep, threatening accents gave notice of an approaching storm. It came suddenly.

A strong northwesterly current of air, probably from above, rushing down through Leggett's Gap, met the main body as it whirled from the more southern gap, contiguous to Leggett's, and concentrating at a point opposite the present residence of N. Cottrill, Esq., commenced its work of desolation. As it crossed the mountain, it swept down trees of huge growth in its progress like rye stubble, and formed a path wild with forest wreck.

At Providence seems to have been the funnel of the northwest current, which, as it arrived at the Lackawanna, was turned by that from the southwest to a northeast direction. Before dusk the gale attained its height, when the wind, accompanied with clouds of dust, blew through the streets, lifting roofs, houses, barns, fences, and even cattle in one instance from the earth and dashing them to pieces in the terrible exultation of the elements.

Nearly every house here was either prostrated, disturbed, or destroyed in the course of a few seconds. A meeting-house, partly built in the lower part of the village, was blown down and the frame carried a great distance. The house and store of N. Cottrill, standing opposite the tavern kept by him at this time, was raised from its foundation and partly turned around from the west to the northwest, and left in this angular position. The chimney, however, fell, covering up a cradle holding the babe of Mrs. Phinney, but being singularly protected by the shielding boards, the child, when found in about an hour afterwards, was laughing and unharmed.

Some large square timber, lying in the vicinity, was hurled many rods: one large stick, ambitious as the battering ram of old, passed endwise entirely through the tavern-house, and was only arrested in its progress by coming into contact with the hill sloping just back of the dwelling, into which it plunged six or seven feet. In its journey—or *forcible entry*, as lawyers might term it—it passed through the bedroom of Mrs. Cottrill immediately under her bed.

Gravel stones were driven through panes of glass, leaving holes as smooth as a bullet or a diamond could

make, while shingles and splinters, with the fleetness of the feathered arrow, were thrown into clapboards and other wooden obstructions, presenting a strange picture of the fantastic.

The office of the late Elisha S. Potter, Esq., standing in the lower part of the village, was caught up in the screw-like funnel of the whirlwind, and carried over 100 feet, and fell completely inverted, smashing in the roof; it was left in its half-somerset position standing on its bare plates. The venerable and esteemed old squire, and Mr. Otis Severance, who was transacting business in the office at the time, kept it company during its *aërial* voyage, both escaping with less injury than fright.

The embankment of the old bridge across the Lackawanna, from its south abutment was sided with large hewn timbers, remaining there for years, and well saturated with water. On the lower side these were taken entirely from their bed, and pitched quite 200 feet into the adjacent meadow. An old aspiring fanning-mill, standing at the front door of the grist-mill upon the ground, took flight in the whirlwind, and was carried in the door of the second story of the mill, without being broken by the power so rudely assailing.

Along the eastern side of the road leading to Carbondale, in places where the focus of the current dipped or reached the earth, all was wreck and disorder. Young hickory trees left standing by the settlers for shade or other purposes, and apple trees bending with the ripening apple, fell like weeds, and the remaining branches and roots twisted, torn, and uprooted, revealed to the passer-by the strength of the blow.

At the present, thriving, and appropriately-named

Capouse works of Mr. Pulaski Carter, there lay at that day a strip of meadow upon the bank of the Lackawanna, where was standing a small carding machine. This building was demolished, the wool and rolls being spun like street-yarn for miles along the fields and woods; extending in an oblique direction even to the very summit of the Moosic Mountain.

One of the most singular incidents, however, in this hurricane, occurred to a young woman; who, like many timid ones of the day, sought refuge in the bed from the thunder and lightning during the storm. While she was smothered and capped in the feathers, the bed on which she was lying was whirled from the house, just unroofed, and carried along by the force of the black current of air several rods before she was landed, whitened and safe.

BOATING ON THE LACKAWANNA.

In early years the Indian's bark skimmed along the Lackawanna; but whether its waters, now deep and then shallow, were navigable for crafts of larger size, remained for an odd genius to determine in 1828.

When the spring freshets raised the stream to a proper height, the hardy raftsman, when the valley was new, rolled in his logs from the heavy-timbered banks, or lashed his boards together in raft-shape, and darted down the stream. When the valley was settled in 1770 by the whites, the dams of the beaver interfered so much with rafting, that it was many years before the raftmen removed these formidable obstructions from the current.

Long after this had been done, this new, unsounded, and unmapped avenue to the Atlantic, began to absorb the old man's attention. This was simultaneously with the commencement of the North Branch Canal (commenced in 1823, and completed to the mouth of the Lackawanna in 1834), and no doubt the influence of this great outlet to the valley, upon the old man's reveries, suggested the beauty and feasibility of this route.

The character of the old gentleman partook strongly of the eccentric, and, had he fallen into the hands of some great tragedian before it took shape, he might have made a fortune; as it was, he made a low, flat-bottomed leviathan scow, which common courtesy called a canal-boat.

About twelve or fourteen miles above the confluence of the Lackawanna was this constructed, and it is an interesting fact that this boat was built not far from the spot where the first anthracite coal was mined in the valley, thirteen years previous, by William and Maurice Wurts, and taken to Philadelphia by a circuitous route.

The scow was completed, and, as the stern slid from the shore into the stream, hope, fortune, fame and dividends of romantic figure came to the old man's eye, as the sheaf yields wheat to the flail. All, however, rapidly disappeared when the boat safely moored in the "dam" was found too wide for the locks of the canal.

He traded this boat for a farm, lying in Providence, which at that time was so encumbered and neglected as to possess no real commercial value to its owner, or to any one else. This same farm, owing to the great rise in coal property, was sold in the summer of 1856, for the sum of \$25,000.

Great occasions, it is said, require great efforts. The problem of navigating this stream so happily solved by the passage of this boat, lent new impulse to another effort of the old man in the same direction, some years later. The coming spring of 1842 was looked for with unusual interest, because of the contemplated enterprise. Down in the little shallow eddy in the Lackawanna, opposite the village of Providence, could be seen in the early part of this summer, two floating structures, assuming such outlines of shape and proportion, as that good old arithmetic of Daboll failed to determine.

The horse, hard driven and starved, and prominent with rib, afforded the best miniature illustration of these craft, as they lay drowsily in the dark water. These, when completed and laden with oars, were to convey to the outside world some idea of the maritime capacity and importance of this neglected stream.

About three hundred years ago, when De Soto caught the first glimpse of the sluggish waters of the Mississippi, he felt little prouder than did the projector of these boats, as he saw moored before him, *his* world of beauty in these rude cut-waters.

Before they were completed, the 4th of July came and passed, with its exciting din. A party of jolly ones from Hyde Park, inspired with patriotic fluid, loosened and manned one of the old man's crafts and ran it down the stream as far as their village, where they deserted its stolen hospitality, and down the current it floated, until stranded upon the bar of an island, where it was afterwards found and finished by the owner.

The single boat was at length launched into the swifter water at Providence. The crowd had gathered upon the bank and stood contemplating the unusual

event. Some of the foolish ones who had grown rich slowly by making potash, or peddling Yankee notions, shook their heads soberly, and doubted his making a fortune so suddenly; but being behind the age, as some men always are, nobody expected anything else from them, and of course, every sensible one laughed at *their* unbelief.

Could the reader have seen the simple good-nature streaming from the old man's eye, and the benevolence smiling upon you as steadily as twilight comes from the sky, as he stood there clad in honest homespun coat and pantaloons, a wide-brimmed hat upon a head oscillating forty times a minute, from side to side, like a disturbed magnetic needle; a shirt opening on a neck bare and reddened with the sun, a sharp-featured face, which had cut the winds of half a century; a nose, careless and liberal with latitude and longitude, coming down to a point like a figure four, and a pair of legs looking as if they were capable, with a little effort, of going over a great space of ground in a very short space of time, and the genius who cared so little for the opinions and doubts of others around him stands before you.

Onward floated his craft, and as they dallied in the lap of the stream, disorder came from quiet along the Lackawanna. Drowsy cattle started from their clover pasturage; old brindle's cow-bell gave from its brassy dome a sudden chime; the housewife left her churn; the plough-boy, forgetting his sober duties, opened wide his mouth upon the passing leviathans; the angler, who but a moment before saw proportion in the fin just tempted from the pool, turned upwards his eye on the intruding contrivances looming up before him; in-door and out-door affairs went wrong, or were neglected en-

tirely, as these boats glided along, and at length disappeared from the sight.

Near Old Forge, the waters of the Lackawanna wash over a strata of rock with such considerable velocity, as to have suggested to the mind of some Alpine genius the name of "falls."

As this point was reached, the ledge and swift current frowned upon the hopes of the unskilled boatmen. The oar, first pulled this, then that way in the most bewildered manner, only made more certain the coming crash. It came, when all the sublimity of one of the wooden structures passed, in one short moment, into a simple wreck. It passed over the feeder-dam, lodging in the throat of a neighboring mill-race, and when the obstruction was removed, the old gentleman's purse was thinner. The other boat shot safely through the rapids.

The oars, of which there were 45,000 feet running measure, had preceded the boats. Thrown into the stream loose, they had lodged upon every bar, requiring weeks of toil and wading to float them to the canal. Arriving here, they were found, from the want of proportion, to possess no value unless remodelled. They were eighteen feet long, with a blade of only three feet. The remaining boat, and the oars after being refashioned, were sold for an infinitesimal sum; this new route to the Atlantic was abandoned, and it is possible that the dividends will ever remain a matter of romance, as a summer's work and \$800 were lost in the operation.

THE RISE OF METHODISM IN THE VALLEY.

Five years before that long, unequal struggle, which gave birth to freedom in America, began, the Lackawanna Valley was explored and settled by the whites. As the emigrants who came here, as well as those who were camped on the fertile flats at Wyoming, were mostly Presbyterians, a religious organization was easily effected among them, by the aid of the Rev. Jacob Johnson, who officiated in the colony at Westmoreland as early as 1772, and who, for many years, was the only minister, with *one* exception, in all the wide, wooded territory lying between Fort Augusta (Sunbury) and the Mohawk. Not so, however, with the Methodists. As the noiseless border of the Lackawanna began here and there to be broken by the pioneer, whose physical wants overshadowed all those of a spiritual and higher character for a time, Sabbath morning with all the youthful, home associations of other days, came and passed with better observance. Hunting, fishing, horse-racing, and wrestling for the drinks, were among the many ways chosen to wear away a Sunday, by a large proportion of the inhabitants many years ago. Religious elements at length began to impress their importance upon the settlement.

Methodism itself, however, only dates back to 1729. The first Methodist preaching on the American continent was in New York in 1766, where an Irish minister with no church * but the barracks, and no congregation but a handful of believers, pointed out to the plain,

* The first Methodist church was built in N. Y. in 1768.

good people who lived in the land of the Knickerbockers, the way to a better world.

Luzerne county was formed in 1786, and up to this time no Methodist preaching had been heard in any portion of the country embraced within its limits.

In two years later, one of those erratic persons who hew out for themselves a character for usefulness among their associates, emerged from a blacksmith shop in Kingston, and commenced to exhort and explain to those who wished to learn and listen to the liberal doctrines of Methodism. This was Anning Owen. Never neglecting the duties of his shop, he officiated in this religious instructive capacity for a few seasons, when he became a circuit preacher of some attainment and note.

During the year 1791, the first Methodist society in the Lackawanna Valley was organized, at the old forge of Dr. William Hooker Smith and James Sutton, by the Rev. James Campbell, who had been sent over the mountain by the Philadelphia Conference, for that purpose. There was at that time but five members here, and of this little group James Sutton was class leader.

In the summer of 1792, Mr. Owen penetrated up the valley as far as the house of Capt. John Vaughn, in Providence (now Blakely) where he preached to the gathered few. Vaughn himself had early imbibed the broad and easy doctrines of Universalism, but their utter destitution of truth was so demonstrated to his mind, that he forsook them all about this time, and became a convert to Methodism. He also held meetings in two or three other private log-houses or cabins along the settlement, where a minister was permitted to stay all night, and enjoy the rude hospitality of the times.

Francis Asbury, Bishop of the United States, in a

reconnoitre of the country in 1793, passed through the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys. He appointed Valentine Cook presiding elder.

In 1800, Methodist meetings were held at the house of Preserved Taylor, in Providence, who lived upon the western border of the Capouse Meadow. After Taylor's removal from here, the dwelling of Elisha S. Potter, Esq., standing farther up the valley, was used for this purpose. In fact, the lonely schoolhouse or the isolated cabin of the settler, afforded the only places for religious gatherings in the valley until a quarter of a century ago, when there was erected the first meeting-house in that very portion of the territory which was last settled—at Carbondale.

Meetings were sometimes held in the woods previous to this, from bare necessity. Some shaded nook, where the waters of a brook trembled along the pebbles, and lost themselves in the distance among blossoms and bird-songs, was chosen for a camp-ground. Here, around a cleared circle, rose the whitened tents, like the wigwam of the Indian, in which were collected joyous groups of old and young, whose pilgrimages to this wild-wood Mecca, were long remembered with deep and pleasant emotions.

Although it is feared that the writer has wandered far away from the good path once trodden by those who were thus battling for the Lord, he yet loves those stirring and life-guiding spirits who along the deep-toned forest, or the sober elsewhere, point the despairing eye towards the throne of Light.

Elder Christopher Fry and Mr. Griffeth, two brave, noisy ones, in 1803, went forth like John the Baptist to prepare the way of the Lord.

They preached at Kingston, Plymouth, Shawney, Wilkes Barre, Pittston, Providence, crossed the Moosic Mountain at Cobb's, journeying through Salem, Caanan, Mount Pleasant, Great Bend, and Tunkhannock, and preaching in all these places before returning to Wyoming. In 1807, a regular circuit was formed and a portion of the same route was travelled over twelve times a year, or once in every four weeks. From 1810 until 1818, Geo. Harman and Elder Owen officiated here in this vineyard. One of the prominent members of the church here then was old "Father Ireland," as he was familiarly called, who emigrated to Providence township in 1795, and settled upon what is now known as the Briggs's farm. He was a long time a class-leader. In his intercourse with the world, his kindness of heart and his calm and virtuous life until his sun passed behind the horizon after a long day, contributed no little towards softening the prejudices of the illiberal against the Methodist Society.

No event, however, transpired which seems to have had so important a bearing upon the development of the church in this vicinity, as the accession to it of the labors of the Rev. George Peck, D.D., in 1818. The progress of this organization from then until now has been so sure, so liberal, and so certain, that it now is one of the largest and most respectable ones found in the valley.

Although many of the uncharitable charge the spiritual advisers of this denomination, with mercenary view as they direct the wanderer on the New Jerusalem, we find them as a body to possess as little selfishness, and quite as much true, honest, available capacity, and appreciation of the right, as can be found in the same

number of men of any creed or profession in the country, and although none within the writer's acquaintance commands a fortune, few a competency, while many are comparatively beggared, thus affording a wretched commentary on the drought of the judgment of the illiberal. And yet beset with every inducement, how rarely do they wield their talents for money, position, or power!

SMELLING HELL.

Anning Owen was a son of Vulcan, a stout, swarthy, genuine specimen of earnestness, who spoke all he knew, and sometimes more, in the most impulsive manner. Often would he remark that he preached just as he would hammer out hot iron, to make an impression. His sermons were always extempore, as good ones generally are, and should be, and after he became once warmed up in his favorite subject his eye grew bright, his voice full and clear, and he then displayed eloquence of a commanding order.

The Methodist at this time labored under one severe disadvantage. The self-sacrificing and sometimes boisterous men, who were toiling for their race merely for the sake of good, with few thanks, with little or no pay, and often with the scantiest and the coarsest fare, were accused of ignorance, heresy, and fanaticism, and yet under the effective appeals of Elder Owen much of this error was removed, while the church began to prosper in every way desirable. The loud "hallelujahs," "amens," and "glorys" which pealed forth from the preachers so sharply as to be heard at least half a

mile from the stand at this period, was so different from the sober mode of worship of the more numerous Presbyterians, that many thought them crazy, and in one or two instances attempted to enforce silence by violent measures.

A good story is told of Elder Owen by an old uncle of the writer, who heard him preach at a quarterly meeting, held at the court-house in Wilkes Barre, in the winter of 1806. Never closing his sermons without reminding sinners of the danger of *brimstone*, it had at length become so proverbial that the boys in a sportive mood (for there were sons of Belial in those days), had a living illustration of the virtues of his doctrine, at the Elder's expense. In the south wing of the court-house there was a large fire-place, in which smoked a huge beechen back-log. Behind this some of the boys had placed a yellow roll of the genuine article before the meeting had commenced in the evening. The Elder—or the son of Thunder as he was called—opened his battery with more force than usual upon the citadel of Satan. He began to grow excited while elucidating the words of his text, "he that believeth not shall be damned." The flames of the fire began to penetrate the region where lay concealed the warming and wicked brimstone, the fumes of which spread through the room in the most provoking manner. The Elder, with such a reinforcement to his brain and his battery, felt inspired. Although ignorant of the joke the devil was playing upon him, he soon appreciated the odor of his resistless agent. Turning his eye upon the unconverted portion of the congregation, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Sinners! unless you are converted you will be cast in the bottomless pit." Pausing a moment as

he glanced indignantly upon the tittering ones who were enjoying the scene in an eminent degree, he raised himself to his utmost height, elevated his voice to a still loftier key, and at the same time bringing down his clenched fist with a powerful stroke upon the judge's desk, cried out, "Sinners, why don't you repent, *don't you smell hell?*"

It may be interesting to note that in 1833 the long-remembered patriarch, Lorenzo Dow, with his long, white beard and imposing equipage, in passing down the valley to his southern death-bed, preached to a vast assemblage in a barn in Providence. This barn was blown over by the great gale here in 1834.

GREENFIELD AND SCOTT.

In the early settlement of the township of Greenfield, from which Scot was formed, nothing transpired worthy of especial note. These two highland sisters, reposing on the western slope of the Moosic range, present a ruggedness of elevation and surface hardly equalled by any other township along the Lackawanna. Until the formation of Greenfield in 1816, this portion of country was designated as the "Beech-woods." Scott township derived its name from Judge Scott, the former owner of these lands. The first settlement was made here in 1797.

Among the old settlers here appear the names of Elijah Hobbs, Hosea Phillips, Joseph Sackett, from Vermont; Joseph Barry, from Rhode Island; Isaac Finch, Joseph and Daniel Waller, Mr. Wetherby and his sons Nathaniel and Levi, Howe, Hollaber, Newton, Potts, and Nokes.

The wildness of this region can be understood by the fact, that in 1798, the wife of Nokes was lost in the woods five days before she was found by one of the parties hunting her. Just at the edge of evening, while looking for the cow in a thicket near her house, she became confused and wandered away, leaving an infant of but few weeks old sleeping in the cradle. One long night she passed in a tree-top, surrounded by a horde of wolves, shrieking and hungry, which, in their efforts to reach her as she clung to the bending limbs, tore the bark from the tree within the reach of their teeth or their feet. In the morning they left, and she ventured down. She subsisted on birch, and on milk drawn from her own breast.

Both of these townships possess land heavily timbered with the finest maple, hemlock, and beech, alternated with strips of pasturage, and farms of the most lasting fertility.

Although the population is not large, there is a greater amount of real hospitality, happiness, and health among them than in many other older and larger townships.

No coal nor any minerals are found in either of these agricultural townships.

CHARLES H. SILKMAN.

Between the village of Hyde Park and Providence bristles from the road-side a clump of yellow pines. Almost under these stands a low cottage, invested with a deserted air, although it once was made attractive by that able lawyer and smoking philosopher whose name

appears above. A brilliant, vivacious, but treacherous companion, he presented a remarkable compound of virtues and vices. He loved nothing with less selfishness than his inspiring pipe whose bowl always smoked in his lips, until night brought heft to his eyelids. His knowledge of mankind, his great social qualities when not embittered with the blood of the *sour* family, and his wonderful insight and control of human character, fitted him for any position in life, and made him at times, profuse in hospitality, elegant in his entertainment, and the fountain of wit and story, provokingly amusing. It matters nothing to the reader, what he did by way of livelihood to sustain animation in that lazy chair, vacated only when his pipe was emptied, counter and diverse, indeed, were the influences he strongly exercised over the interests of the valley in his day.

After all, though many took pains to dislike the now warm and the then icy nature accorded to him, the writer rather admired this erratic spirit. Sharp, clear, and sound in all appertaining to law, few indeed were the lawyers in the northern portion of Pennsylvania whose legal knowledge and position might not have profited more to their possessors than did his. The western bar has met with the accession of this gifted thinker, where he has already attained distinction. For a period of years before the New County and the Feeder to the North Branch Canal up the Lackawanna as far as Providence had attained their meridian, few men done more in endeavoring to mature both of these unfortunate projects than did Silkman himself.

COAL LANDS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Turning your eye to the south of this cottage but a few yards, you look down into a black rocky glen, so worn by the rapid stream dashing through it, after any heavy rain or sudden snow-thaw, as to make it look almost cavernous. Down this rock-rimmed ravine where it gently slopes off into the old Indian meadow of Capouse just below, lived at the time we speak of, Stephen Tripp, who came into the valley from Rhode Island in 1786.

Upon the brink of Leggett's Creek, in the eastern portion of Leggett's Gap, a small grist-mill was erected in 1805, by Joseph Fellows, sen., but as the flinty bank upon one side rose up from the creek, almost vertical to a distance where it swelled into a full mountain, and upon the other ascended quite as abruptly over a hundred feet, neither road, team, nor grist could approach the mill with safety; so the enterprise proved just about as beneficial to mankind, as the famous saw-mill of Thomas Jefferson in olden times.

This virgin mill site, and much of the land in the immediate vicinity of the "Notch," Fellows purchased of Tripp, about half a century ago, for five gallons of whisky; Fellows stipulating in the purchase to pay the expense of survey and deed. Whisky being worth at this time one dollar per gallon, this sale realized about the sum of *five cents per acre* for the land!

A portion of this very property is now operated by the energetic Luzerne Coal Company—a company under the liberal and successful management of B. F. Sawyer—at an original cost to them a year or two since of \$500 per acre.

Some estimate of the value of coal lands at this period can be formed by the following incident. A then young man from Connecticut who yet lives in the adjoining county of Wayne was passing along through Slocum Hollow (now Scranton), and observing a prominent cropping of coal by the road side, asked the owner what it was, and what it was good for?

"Wal," replied the owner, who suspected it was no great credit either to his judgment or his pocket to possess such land, "they call it stone coal, I believe, but I wish the *cusseed* black stuff was off!"

THE DISCOVERY AND INTRODUCTION INTO USE OF ANTHRACITE COAL.

When the whites first landed in America, all the country east of the Susquehanna River was occupied by a race of Indians since known as the *Algonquin Lenape*, or manly men of the Algonquin Mountain (Indian men). No sooner had the white men moored their vessels and stepped upon the coast, than the astonished natives cried out, "MANITTOWOCK!" *they are gods.** This simple illusion, however, was soon dispelled by their intercourse with the Shawenacas (white people) whom they soon learned to fear, and then to hate, from their aggressive character. The loss of much of their hunting grounds, which they had inherited from the Great Spirit, and over which they had camped and wandered undisturbed for centuries, until driven southward and westward by the encroachments of the pale face, and the

* Roger Williams.

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bold and often deceptive manner in which their mineral places were invaded by the whites in violation of law or treaties, naturally made the Indian anxious to conceal from them all localities which were known to possess mineral substances. In fact, so rigid were the laws of the Indian nations in regard to this, that the red man who revealed to the whites any information in regard to any ore or valuable locations, perished by the fagot or the flint.

When land passed from the aboriginal races into colonial or private hands, all knowledge of desirable deposits was carefully concealed by the Indians. Tradition, much of it highly improbable, tells of lead, iron, copper, silver, and gold mines in neighborhoods familiar to savage tribes, but so completely concealed by them at the time of their departure, that the existence of any such appears quite as indefinite as their locality. Although it is barely possible that long before the blankness of the Indian's life was interrupted by the European race, they knew of the existence of gold, silver, and "*black stones*," their commercial value was only taught them by the whites.* Of the value of coal, both were ignorant of until about the middle of the seventeenth century, although coal was dug and worked in England about two hundred years before the discovery of the American Continent.

The colonial wars with the French and Indians, at this period, naturally introduced persons into the country more scientific and reliable than either the trapper or the trader. As early as 1648 iron and copper mines

* *Totem*, or a belt of wampum, was the currency among the wild races before their knowledge of the use of these minerals.

were worked at Durham by the Dutch and Swedes * in a very limited manner, but no mention of coal is made upon any map of Pennsylvania until 1770, when one was published by Wm. Scull, with the word "coal" marked upon it in two places only. This was in the vicinity of the present location of Pottsville.

On the 7th of May, 1792, coal pits were opened by a party of five persons near Machts-tschunk (Mauch Chunk), or Bear Mountain, where anthracite coal was first discovered in 1791 by a celebrated hunter, named Ginthner.*

The Indians, however, appear not to have been entirely ignorant of the nature of coal previous to this.

"At Christian Spring (near Nazareth) there was living about the year 1750 to '55 a gunsmith, who, upon application being made him by several Indians, to repair their rifles, replied that he was unable to comply immediately, 'for,' says he, 'I am entirely bare of charcoal, but as I am now engaged in setting some wood to char it, therefore you must wait several weeks.' This the Indians (having come a great distance) felt loth to do; they demanded a bag from the gunsmith, and, having received it, went away, and in two days returned with as much stone coal as they could well carry. They refused to tell where they had procured it." †

In the Wyoming Valley, coal was first used about the year of 1774 by Obediah Gore, a blacksmith by trade who emigrated from Connecticut a short time previous, and who was one of the brave defenders of Forty Fort, at the time the British and Indians swarmed around it

* Dutch Records. † Wm. Henry. * Mining Register.

in 1778. He was afterwards an associate judge of Luzerne county.

During the later portion of the Revolutionary War, anthracite coal was taken down the Susquehanna River from Wyoming, upon rafts, purposely constructed, to Carlisle, where it was used in the Armory Forge. After the war, coal was used for smith purposes in Wilkes Barre, but all attempts to use "*black stones*" in private dwellings, up to this time, only brought down universal ridicule upon those who wished to make innovation upon the old beecken wood-pile and fire.

A bushel of coal was sent to Christian Micksch, a gunsmith in Nazareth, in November 1798, but after trying it for three or four days by repeated blowing and punching and altering the fire in every possible manner, he grew so impatient at his long, fruitless efforts, that he indignantly threw it in the street, saying to Mr. Wm. Henry of whom he had purchased a bushel, "I can do nothing with your *black stones*, and therefore I threw them out of my shop into the street; I can't make them burn. If you want any work done with them, you may do it yourself; everybody laughs at me for being such a fool as to try to make stones burn, and they say that *you* must be a fool for bringing them to Nazareth." *

The first coal sent down the Lehigh to Philadelphia by the Lehigh Company, was purchased by the city authorities. A portion of this being put under the boiler of an engine, very provokingly "put the fire out," and the remiander of the coal was broken up and used for gravelling the streets. †

* Wm. Henry.

† Mining Register.

The only way coal was successfully burned at that day, was by first pulverizing or grinding it coffee-like, and then sprinkling the black stuff on a blazing, wood-fire.

Mankind, always ready to embrace error, are slow to arrive at great truths. The idea of burning for fuel *stone* coal fresh from the naked hills, was so very absurd that the stooping, whitened old man, and the beardless youth—with all the intermediate layers of life—for a long time laughed at the stupid joke attempted to be played upon them by the stone coal story. Old heads and foolish ones smiled alike in the simple wisdom of their unbelief. Lectures, facts, newspaper paragraphs, and every effort to wake up the public mind upon this important subject, were all pronounced too dull to impose upon the wise and flinty people. Autumn came with its frost, and the coal grates a few liberal operators in coal had caused to be placed in some of our inland and seaward cities reddened with coal heat. Old men looked again on the mass glowing with vermilion as it lay powerful, penetrating, and silent before them. Homeward they went again, half convinced and quite astonished at the sight. At night, *they* were restless but better men. The wasted lips they had fed—for gold; the naked they had clothed—for their remaining silver; the wealth they had spread about them—for the side-aching, earned twenty per cent. of the widow, disturbed their dreams, and they resolved to make amends, as they had seen that “*stones*” from the valleys and mountains of Pennsylvania would burn if once ignited.

So unwilling, however, was the merit of anthracite coal acknowledged by those familiar with its existence

—so slow its invasions upon the green-wood pile, and the old fire-place smoked and smutty with years, that its introduction into general use, in the Lackawanna or the Wyoming—where lie the most northerly of the only like deposits known to America—is of quite recent date.

During the earlier settlement along the Lackawanna, the presence of coal was known to but few; its value to none. We say *none*, only *one* exception is found.

In 1815, there died an eminent physician and surgeon in Tunkhannock, who had formerly lived in the Lackawanna Valley, and who made the first purchase in the county of Luzerne, of the right to mine coal here, of which record evidence is furnished. This was Dr. Wm. Hooker Smith, who made a number of such purchases for a mere song, between the years of 1792 and 1798.

Everything has its first. The honor, then, of *first* burning anthracite coal successfully in a common grate, in the county of Luzerne, belongs justly to Judge Fell, of Wilkes Barre, whose house stood upon the spot now occupied by the hotel of Hon. Geo. P. Steele. This was in February, 1808, only fifty years ago. He had a grate purposely constructed eight inches in depth, and in height, with legs of the same length, and the grate twenty-two inches long. This he set in an ordinary fire-place, and after patient and repeated trials started a coal-fire. The coal burning in a manner so strangely and yet so beautifully, without sparks, smoke, or hardly any flame, was considered an astonishing event among his neighbors, who flocked in noisy numbers to witness the phenomenon of a living coal-fire. This apparently little, but yet fortunate experiment, brought coal into general use for fall and winter fires.

Four years after this event, coal was mined in the Lackawanna and burned at Providence. A curious body of coal, so washed by the waters of the spring freshet, as to give prominence to its bald and blackened features, lying in the bed of the Lackawanna almost before the door of H. C. L. Van Storch, in Providence, led him, in the spring of 1812, to try and burn it as a substitute for wood. His success too, was so complete, that although the wild region around him was one wide sea of tree-tops, the genius of coal was acknowledged, and subsequently was used even in the woods here, on the grounds of greater safety and economy.

This vein of coal, the "B" or three foot one, small as it is, affords some of the strongest coal in the coal basin, and was the first strata worked and burned in the valley. Another interesting item associated with this vein is, that while that adventurous genius, William Wurts, the truly eminent *accoucheur* of the Lackawanna Valley, was impelled hither, in 1812, in search of coal; exploring every gap, and penetrating the loneliness of every gorge, came across this bare-headed and singular deposit, and, had it fallen into his hands by purchase as he desired, and as it possibly would, had it not been for the success of Van Storch in burning the coal, aside from other revolutionary changes it would have effected, it is hardly probable that Honesdale, Carbondale, Archibald, or Jessup would have emerged from the wildness into towns of such sudden and healthy growth. Nor is it to be supposed that Scranton itself, with its marvellous development, would have had any importance, or even an *existence* to-day, if, from the operation of Wurts on the Van Storch property in Providence, "Wurtsdale" or some other town had sprung up.

WILLIAM WURTS—EXPLORATION IN THE COAL FIELD OF
THE LACKAWANNA—CONCEPTION AND EARLY HISTORY
OF THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL.

The war of 1812, interrupting commercial intercourse with Liverpool and Virginia, cut off the supplies of fuel from those places so completely, that charcoal rose to a ruinous price. To the manufacturing interests of the country, the consequences were, of course, highly disastrous. Men familiar with the nature of anthracite coal attempted to relieve this embarrassment if possible, by the introduction among manufacturers of this new kind of fuel. In 1814, a company of gentlemen was formed in Philadelphia to carry coal from the Lehigh summit to the city. The expense of delivering coal was so great (\$14 per ton) that the enterprise was soon abandoned. Long before the coal-heart of the Lackawanna began to throb, there might have been seen in the valley a young man of energy, nerve and ambition, who afterwards performed so important a part in the development of the coal field. This was William Wurts, a merchant of Philadelphia, who for a series of years devoted much of his time and money among the rocks and rattlesnakes of Luzerne county, to an enterprise, considered then so wild and speculative that prudent men dismissed it from their minds with a smile.

His first hope, founded upon the obscure knowledge attainable at that early day of the contour and geological structure of the country, was to trace the coal up the valley of the Lackawanna in the direction of the general trend of the mountain ranges, to the Delaware River. Obligated to resign this idea, and still retaining

in view the Delaware as the grand highway for the transportation of his coal to market, his next conception was to reach the nearest tributary of that stream, the Lackawanna, running upon the opposite side of the Moosic Mountain. This great flinty barrier, interposing between the Lackawanna and Lackawaxen, did not deter him in his enthusiasm for this great enterprise.

The explorations of Wurts commenced about 1812, and were extended by himself, and subsequently by his agents, over the central and northern portion of the valley when it was almost as rugged as when the Indian turned from it to the wider hunting-grounds of the West. The eastern passes in the Moosic Range, viz., Rixes, Wagner's, and Cobb's had neither been trodden, with the exception of the last. These he examined, with a view of finding a passage from the coal places to the headwaters of the Lackawaxen, through whose waters it was supposed that coal could be carried towards an eastern market.

In 1814 he selected and obtained control of some thousands of acres of land in different localities, apparently the best situated for the contemplated enterprise, the land costing at the time from fifty cents to three dollars per acre. These purchases included the district where Carbondale and Archibald are located, with much of the intervening lands, and some a short distance above Cobb's Gap in the vicinity of the present farm of James Anderson in Blakely, where in the same year he opened the seven and nine foot veins of coal to obtain specimens for exhibition in Philadelphia and New York.

The next important event connected with the history of the early coal operations in the valley, was an

attempt made by Wurts in the year 1815, to transport the coal he had mined here at this isolated point, to the Wallenpaupack or some stream leading into it.

On the opposite side of the Moosic Range in the adjoining county of Wayne, threads along its base a narrow creek, whose black languid waters are so hid by the rank alders and iron-like laurel, as to be concealed from the view, until its marshy border is almost passed. This is "Jones's Creek," one of the upper and larger branches of the Wallenpaupack. Being only eight or nine miles from the coal-openings, this creek was chosen as one of sufficient capacity, after the obstructions had been removed, to carry light rafts and a small quantity of coal in their downward passage. The whole summer of this year was spent along this creek by a man named Nobles, in clearing it out. After the raft had been lashed together, two sled-loads of coal—the first ever taken eastward from the Lackawanna Valley—were carefully loaded upon it.

A long heavy rain had so swollen the creek that when the raft swung into the current with its glistening freight, it ran swiftly for a distance of nearly a mile, when it was destroyed by a projecting rock, and the coal sank into the flood. Such was the result of hopes and efforts in the beginning of the great coal development around us.

The old Connecticut road from the Delaware to Wyoming in passing over Cobb's Mountain, came within a few miles of the two mines opened by Wurts. Over this, to the slackened waters of the Wallenpaupack, one of the tributaries of the Lackawaxen, and about twenty miles distant, coal was next drawn on sleds by the slow ox-team. Here rafts were constructed

from dry pine trees, on which coal was taken as far as Wilsonville Falls, where this stream, narrowing to about seventy feet in width at the top, leaps over three consecutive ledges of rocks of fifty feet each with singular force and beauty. The coal being carried around these falls upon wagons to the eddy in the Lackawaxen, was reloaded into arks and taken thence to the Delaware, and if these were not stove up in their downward passage reached Philadelphia, where nobody wanted the "black stuff," as all the blowing and stirring given to it did not make it burn.

But little coal, and this at a ruinous expense, was taken over this route, and it being abandoned as a complete failure, led to operations farther up the valley in the wilderness, in the vicinity of Rixe's Gap. Here we next find Maurice Wurts associated with his brother William, mining coal on the Lackawanna, at the spot now called Carbondale. This was in 1822, and eight years before the North Branch Canal was put under contract from Nanticoke to the mouth of the Lackawanna. The scene of their operations was a bluff which rises upon the western side of the town, then forming the immediate bank of the river, whose channel has since been diverted. Here these determined, far-seeing pioneers in the coal fields kept their men at work until late in the fall, forming a sort of encampment in the woods, sleeping on hemlock boughs and leaves before a large camp-fire, and transporting their provisions for miles upon horseback. The mine was kept free from water by a rude pumping apparatus moved by the current of the river, and when the accumulation of ice upon it obstructed its movements, a large grate made of nail-rods was put in blast, in which a fire of coal was

continually kept burning and removing the difficulty. In this laborious manner, they succeeded at great expense in taking out about eight hundred tons of coal, which they intended to have drawn upon sledges over the mountain through Rixe's Gap, to the Lackawaxen during the winter, in order to be floated down through the Delaware to Philadelphia in the spring. The winter, however, proving unusually mild, snow remaining on the ground but a few weeks, in heavy drifts, only about one hundred tons were thus drawn over the forbidding range.

Instead of arks, which were found to be too expensive and too easily stove in their downward passage, dry pine trees were cut and rolled into the stream raft-like, upon which as much coal as they would safely float was deposited, and thus taken to Philadelphia down the Lackawaxen and Delaware.

The price of anthracite coal in this city, at this time, was from ten to twelve dollars per ton, and as it was estimated by our projectors, that at these prices a remunerative profit would be made upon coal transported in this manner, or even in the frail arks, provided the navigation of the Lackawaxen was made safe by slack-water improvements, which they judged to be entirely practicable.

In 1823, Maurice Wurts, the elder brother, was authorized and empowered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania thus to improve the navigation of this wild stream. In the meantime the supply of coal from the earlier worked *Leehaw* or Lehigh region had so reduced the price as to preclude any hope of a profit such as would justify the expenditure, unless another and a better market could first be found.

The demand for coal, at this time, can be partly estimated from the fact that during the year of 1820 only 365 tons of anthracite were sent to market from the Lehigh—the only place in Pennsylvania where coal was mined.

In 1823, only 6,000 tons of this kind of coal was sent to the sea-board in the *whole* United States; being less than the amount used now in the Lackawanna Valley alone, every *week* in the year.

It was now that the first conception of that great artery eastward from the Lackawanna began to take shape. The original plan thus being frustrated by the reduced price of coal, Maurice Wurts, in whom the privilege of improving the navigation of the Lackawaxen was vested, and who had now become largely interested in the enterprise, conceived the project of reaching the *New York* market by a direct canal communication between the Delaware and Hudson rivers. With the hope of accomplishing this object, the exploration of the route on which the Delaware and Hudson Canal has since been constructed, was undertaken by William Wurts alone, and, after such a superficial inspection as he could give it, without an actual survey, he came to the conclusion that the favorable character of the ground and the abundant supply of water would justify the prosecution of the enterprise.

This conclusion having been reached, this new, deep project, assumed a distinct and definite form, and although there seemed to have been no just appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted of the physical labor and expense which would be incurred in carrying it forward, the Messrs. Wurts determined to bend all their energies to its completion.

The needful Legislation from the respective States of Pennsylvania and New York was obtained by their unaided efforts, and after an abortive attempt to interest residents upon the route, or those living in the valley, so as to obtain a general fund for the preliminary survey, they engaged Benjamin Wright, then the most experienced engineer in the country, to make the necessary surveys and estimate at their expense.

The report of the engineer, made in 1824, confirmed the most sanguine calculations of the projectors as to the practicability of the work ; but the estimate of its cost (\$1,300,000) was discouraging, and to obtain subscriptions for such an amount of money, at that time, for such a work, seemed almost hopeless. Capitalists naturally viewed with distrust a proposition to construct a railroad over a mountain, whose cliffs, high and sharply defined, seemed to exult over physical ingenuity and science, and when these energetic men began to talk of opening a canal navigation through an unknown region, at a period, too, when such undertakings were regarded even under the most favorable circumstances as unremunerative, many of their friends even questioned the soundness of their minds.

Happily for the cause of internal improvement, happily for the life-like development along the minted Lackawanna, where gloom and silence had reigned so long and so supreme, the far reaching foresight in which the work owed its inception, was accompanied by the energy, skill, and perseverance requisite for its prosecution to a favorable issue.

It would seem that at this stage in their progress the Messrs. Wurts were obliged to settle the question whether they would abandon the enterprise and consent

to be classed among visionary schemers, or directing all their abilities to its prosecution, vindicate the wisdom which had conceived it, and demonstrate its value and importance to the valley and the county by its rapid completion. Conscious that their money and reputation were alike involved in the work so as to identify them alike with its failure or success, in the view of the community, they appear to have determined that no interposing obstacle should discourage nor prevent their yet thankless efforts.

Their plans were soon matured; the Moosic Mountain to be crossed by inclined planes, and the railroad * and canal brought into connection on its eastern side at the greatest elevation at which water could be obtained to feed the latter.†

To carry out this plan it was proposed that subscriptions should be opened for a capital stock of \$1,500,000, and the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Banking Company be organized.

The undertaking was greatly in advance of the knowledge and comprehension of the day, but so persevering and effective were the efforts of Maurice and William Wurts to circulate facts, to correct misrepresentations and refute falsehoods, that when the books were opened

* The railroad is sixteen miles long over the mountain, eight hundred and fifty feet above the Lackawanna.

† It may be interesting to the local reader to learn that in the original survey of the proposed route, the western terminus of the canal was to be at Keenes', or Hoadley's Pond, in Wayne county, a distance of only four or five miles from the coal fields. These ponds, estimated at a capacity of sixty acres, when united, were to be converted into reservoirs, and were supposed to be capable of furnishing the contemplated canal with the necessary supply of water at any extraordinary drought brought by summer:

in New York the subscriptions greatly exceeded the amount authorized by the charter.

Coal grates and stoves, adapted to the use of anthracite coal, being put up in New York and Philadelphia by the agency of these untiring men about this time, not only demonstrated at once to the beholder, the great superiority of the Lackawanna coal over charcoal and wood, which was being swept from the country with frightful waste and rapidity, but attracted to the project, in spite of strong-prejudices, increasing circles of friends.

The canal was commenced in 1826, and completed in 1828. Originally constructed for boats of thirty tons, it subsequently was enlarged for those of fifty tons, and within the past few years has again been so altered and improved as to admit boats of one hundred and thirty tons. The arrangements of this prosperous company have been judiciously made at different points, such as Carbondale, Honesdale, etc., for the accommodation of an extensive business. Their capital now exceeds seven millions of dollars.

To show how far the results of this pioneer enterprise from the valley have transcended the narrow views of the community of that recent period, both with regard to its capabilities and the use of coal, it may be stated, that the idea of transporting one hundred thousand tons of coal *per annum* over the railroad and canal (upon which idea the capacity of the former was at first based) was scouted by many as extravagant and preposterous, as regards both the disposal of, and the ability to deliver such an unheard-of amount, whereas, during the last year (1856) there was transported over this canal by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company more than *one million* tons of coal.

When this grand work was weak and comparatively orphaned in its infancy, it did not escape the jealousy of others interested in the transportation of coal to market. Unfortunately for the Company, the small quantity of coal it took to market in 1829, being surface coal that had lain for ages exposed to the action of the elements, furnished plausible grounds apparently for the statements of rival companies, that the Lackawanna coal offered by the Wurts was quite valueless, or if otherwise, it was boldly asserted that the works of this Company were so imperfect in their construction, and so perishable in character, as not to be capable of passing a sufficient amount of tonnage to pay interest upon the original cost.

Indeed, to those who looked searchingly into the matter, with the imperfect knowledge possessed at that day, the Moosic Mountain range might well have proved a great stumbling-block in the way of this artificial outlet to the valley. Habit has now so familiarized us with the triumph of physical science over natural obstacles, that we have ceased to feel or express astonishment at results, which at that day were dismissed from the consideration of rational men as visionary, foolish, and forbidding. The mode of overcoming elevations by means of *inclined planes* was then almost untried, imperfectly known, and little appreciated. The works at Rixes' Gap were the first of this kind projected in this country on any considerable scale. Much credit is due to the engineers having charge of these works, and especially to Mr. James Archibald for many ingenious and highly efficient contrivances connected with them.

There is one interesting feature connected with the

early history of this road. The *first locomotive engine* in America was first run on it in 1828. The engine was purchased in England by this Company, with a view of using it upon the *first* level of this road in the place of horse power.

Honesdale, the eastern terminus of the railroad and the western of the canal, lies snugly in the bottom of a basin-like glen, where, a week before the conception of these works, rose one dark, gnarled mass of high laurel and hemlock, through which the Lackawaxen—famous for its fine trout fishing—after meeting with the waters of the Dyberry, gropes silently along.

The road passed out of Honesdale by a sharp south-westerly curve, with a moderate grade, and was carried over the Lackawaxen by a hemlock tresselling, considered then too frail by many to support the great weight of the mysterious-looking engine. As the crowd expected that bridge, locomotive, and all would plunge into the stream the moment passage was attempted, no one dared run the locomotive across but Major Horatio Allen, who passed over the bridge and a portion of the road in safety. The engine, however, was soon abandoned, as the slender tresselling forming much of the road, although sufficiently strong for ordinary cars, was found to be too feeble for its superior weight and wear.

This singular, yet venerable machine, instead of being preserved as an interesting relic in some appropriate place, as it should be, lies along the railroad, broken, neglected, and unobserved.

It might have been supposed that when the authors of this great work had shown its operations to be practical; when, by long expenditure of means, time, and labors the most exhausting, their enterprise was com-

pleted, their physical efforts and mental anxieties would have been rewarded with both respite and profit; but it would seem from subsequent events that their labors had just begun. The cost of this outlet from the valley had greatly exceeded the estimate, and a large debt had thus been necessarily contracted in its progress. The market for coal was so small that little supplied the demand, and while the resources of the Company were yet undeveloped, financial difficulties accumulated with terrible weight.

The Messrs. Wurts probably again felt that their reputation was in some degree involved in its fate, for Mr. Maurice Wurts (who had superintended the canal during its construction, and resigned his office when it was completed), in this exigency, undertook the superintendence of an important department of the Company's business, while his brother, Mr. John Wurts, then a prominent member of Congress, and of the Philadelphia bar, assumed the presidency. They have devoted their lives to the promotion of the Company's interest, and the proud, high, and firm position it has attained, is mainly due to the anxious care, and laborious industry with which its affairs have been conducted through accumulated difficulties, by these men, during a series of years.

Not only have financial dangers of a formidable character threatened the existence of a company whose operations in the coal basin awoke the valley from its long sleep, but legislative bodies have been moved by the levers of personal jealousy and fancied rivalry to crush it; and this too at the instigation of men who, for their private fortunes, and social positions in life, were indebted solely to the very operations they were

now seeking to arrest. The hollow, absurd cry of monopoly has been raised against it, and this, too, at a time when the shares originally costing \$100 each, had been for six or seven years on the hands of the stockholders without yielding a single dividend, and had therefore in effect, cost about \$140 per share, and could actually be bought in the market at the time, for from \$60 to \$70 per share, or half what it had already cost.

The benefits which have arisen out of this undertaking, the general and *generating* influences it has exerted in the Lackawanna Valley, are various in kind and character, and are diffused over a wide region of country, as well as concentrated in special localities. Prominent among these special localities, may be named New York City, and the Lackawanna Valley. Who can estimate the magnitude of the impulse which the introduction of cheap fuel has given to the growth of New York? To this great outlet, conceived and matured by Maurice and William Wurts, is this great city indebted, for the cheapening and supply of this desirable and indispensable fuel. This history of the company struggling for many years through appalling difficulties, indicates that even here, neither the benefits, nor instrumentality by which it was attained, were appreciated by the many recipients. But no estimate can be made of the power which a work like this exercises over the affairs of a nation, in encouraging private and stimulating public efforts for internal improvements.

The success of this enterprise, while it directed the attention of thinking men to portions of the country before obscure and remote, has also indirectly given birth to other arteries now pulsating eastward and westward from the valley, with its rich, black deposit.

The material benefits thus conferred upon the Lackawanna Valley, may be soon and safely estimated by simply comparing the average value of coal land and property *now* and *before* the operations of this great work were exhibited. To enumerate the numerous beneficiaries of this company, it is only necessary to point along the canal and rail road, and at each respective terminus.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL COMPANY.

The second Railroad *operating* in the Lackawanna Valley was the one belonging to this Company. After the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Railroad had become a fixed fact, and they began to introduce their usefulness to the country in such a quiet, but impressive manner, the attention of capitalists was naturally directed towards the Lackawanna coal basin.

The first to obtain charters for railroads in, or from the Lackawanna Valley after Wurts, were Meredith and Drinker; but the absence of the necessary capital rendered their efforts and charters of little or no practical value at the time.

In the winter of 1838, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act incorporating the Pennsylvania Coal Company, with a capital of \$200,000. This road was to connect Pittston with the Delaware and Hudson Canal, at some point on the Lackawaxen, below Honesdale. James W. Johnson, R. D. Lathrop, C. D. Pierson, Lewis S. Watres, M. Curtis, and Charles Fuller, were the Commissioners appointed under this act, who organized the Company, in the spring of 1839, and commenced operations in Pittston. After mining a small

quantity of coal from their lands—of which they were allowed to hold one thousand acres—it was taken down the North Branch Canal, finding a market at Harrisburg, and other towns bordering on the Susquehanna.

Simultaneously with this charter, was another granted to the Washington Coal Company, with a capital of \$300,000, and allowed to hold two thousand acres of lands in the valley. After the commissioners had dreamed over their charter for a period of nine years, they sold and assigned it in 1847, to William and Charles Wurts, and others, of Philadelphia.

Over the Moosic or Cobb Mountain, skirting along the eastern edge of the Lackawanna with such a graceful sweep, and forbidding intercourse with the Delaware or any of its tributaries, no one yet had sufficient boldness to think of crossing its untamed summit with a *railroad*, until this last named charter came under the jurisdiction of Wurts and his resolute associates, although it was thought practicable at one time to construct a canal over the mountain to the Lackawaxen, which was to be supplied with water from Cobb's Pond, a little sheet of water giving a quiet beauty to the summit.

Two years previous to this, the first impulse or excitement in coal lands began in the valley. In many of the townships bordering on the Lackawanna, large purchases of coal property were made for a few gentlemen of Philadelphia, who had reconnoitered the harsh features of the country, with a view of constructing a coal road from these lands to some eligible point upon the Delaware and Hudson Canal, near the mouth of the Paupack.

Hardly had the preliminary surveys upon the proposed route commenced, before there sprang up along that portion of the territory through which the road was to pass, opposition of so formidable a character, that it amazes those who look back only through a period of ten years. Men, whose opposition had before seriously annoyed, if not actually embarrassed, the Company mining coal at Carbondale during its infant helplessness, found scope here for their remaining malignity. The most plausible ingenuity was employed to defeat the entrance into the valley of a road whose operations along its border could not fail to inspire with commercial life a region before so dozy and obscure. Meeting after meeting was held at disaffected points, having for their object the defeat of the very measures which, when once matured, were calculated to result to the advantage of the very ones opposing. It was urged, with no little force, that if these Philadelphians were allowed to make a railroad through Cobb's Gap, the only natural key or outlet eastward from the valley, the rich deposits of coal and iron yet remaining in the hands of the settlers would be locked in and rendered useless forever.

After much unnecessary and embittered excitement in Providence and Blakely, in regard to the entrance into the valley of this lonely coal road, those amicable relations, which have since existed with the country, commenced.*

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its sessions in 1846, passed an "act incorporating the Luzerne and

* If truth was not severe as well as libellous, the secret history of transactions connected with this road could be written in safety, and read with astonishment.

Wayne Railroad Company, with a capital stock of \$500,000, with authority to construct a road from the Lackawaxen to the Lackawanna."

Before this Company was organized, however, its charter and that of the Washington Company being purchased, were merged into the Pennsylvania Coal Company, by an act of the Legislature passed in 1849.

The road was commenced in 1848, and completed in 1850. It is forty-five miles in length, passing with a single track from the coal mines on the Susquehanna at Pittston, to those lying near Cobb's Gap, terminating at the Delaware and Hudson Canal, at the spirited village of Hawley. It is worked at moderate expense, and in the most simple manner for a profitable coal road--the cars being drawn up the mountain by a series of stationary steam-engines and planes, and then allowed to run by their own weight at a rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, down a grade sufficiently descending to give the proper momentum to the train. The movement of the cars is so easy, that there is but little wear along the iron pathway, while the too rapid speed is checked by the slight application of brakes. No railroad leading in the valley makes less noise; none does so really a remunerative business, earning over 10 per cent. on its capital at the present low prices of coal; thus illustrating not only the great superiority of a "gravity road" for the cheap transportation of coal in this portion of country, but affording abundant evidence that the general management of the road by its superintendent, J. B. Smith, is eminently judicious and able. The ingenious application of steam power and planes upon this road is due to the genius of James Archibald. Capital of this Company about \$3,000,000.

TRIP OVER THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL COMPANY'S ROAD.

Reader! you have read enough just now, so jump on the cars generous with grease, and ebony with coal-dirt, and ride to Hawley. The scenery along the road, varied as it is, will present as much to interest as the history of the road. Stand upon the car in front, for there are no bullets nor battles ahead, and you soon feel the big rope, massive with tar and hemp, pulling you rapidly up plane No. 3 at Pittston. Turning your eye westward and northward from the head of the plain, and the landscape of Wyoming Valley, like the vale of Chamouni, spreads out before you with all the variety of river, meadow, and mountain, made classic with song and carnival with blood. The Susquehanna flows along, equalled only in beauty by the Rhine, through a region interesting for its Indian history—its lore and legend—the great massacre along the fertile plain, and the early sanguinary conflict between the Yankees and Pennymites, nearly ninety years ago. The cars, freighted with coal, move their spider feet towards Hawley. Slow at first you move around curves, then, life coming to the train, over woodland, water, and ravine you oscillate upon the long, snaky train. Emerging now and then from deep cuts or dense woods, possessing no sort of interest, you pass along up the southern border of the Lackawanna Valley. Crossing Spring Brook upon a hemlock tresselling, which is here thrown across the stream and ravine for a quarter of a mile, the cars slacken as they enter the sharp rock cut at the foot of the next plain. While looking upon the chiselled precipice all around, mixed with a feeling of

cheapness, as the eye is turned to the right or the left, to discover some egress to this apparent cavern, the buzz of the pulley comes from the plane and through the granite passage, deep and jaw-like, you are drawn to a height where the glance of the surrounding woods is interrupted by the sudden manner in which you are drawn into the very top of engine-house, No. 4.

The Lybian desert, once juiced with Roman blood, furnishes even to-day in the lonely desolation of its sands, more to admire than the scenery along the level intervening between No. 4 and 5. Groups of rock, wild, crusted and ragged with age, lie on every side, and now and then tower around you like old pyramids of the East; trees grow dwarfed and strange, as if they were ashamed of their situation, and only here and there a tuft of wild grass infringes upon the solitary sameness of the scene. The babbling of a mellow trout brook at the foot of No. 5—the sweetest of all music—is all that falls pleasantly upon the ear along this entire level. Up the bold hill rolls the cars, bringing the country north and eastward before you on a scale of refreshing magnificence. In fact, the features of the scenery become more broad and picturesque. The Moosic range skirting along upon either side of the valley, and so completely robed with forest to their very summits as to present two great waves of silent tree-tops, encircle completely the old Indian clearing of Capouse. As you look down into this deep amphitheatre, breathing with commercial and village life, and now and then catch a glimpse of the Le-haw-hanna of the Indian, as it gives a deeper shade to the flats where but eighty-six years ago, rose the slender wigwam of the warrior, it awakens astonishment and pride. In fact, the whole

prospect seems like a picture framed by the mountains. The immediate scenery along this level is dull and coarse, while the view from it for almost its entire distance is one of quiet and singular beauty.

At No. 6, upon the northern bank of the Roaring Brook, are located the most eastern mines of this Company, being those which are situated the nearest to New York city. These consist of a series of coal deposits, varied in purity, thickness and value, but all profitably worked. The largest vein of coal mined here is full eight feet thick, and is the highest coal mined on the hill northwest of plane No. 6.

Upon the opposite range of the Moosic Mountain, in the vicinity of Leggett's Gap, this same stratum of coal is worked by other companies. Each acre of coal thus mined from this single vein yields about 10,000 tons of good merchantable coal.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad crosses that of the Pennsylvania at No. 6, giving a little interest to the most sterile rocks and soil in the world. No. 6 is a colony by itself. It is one of those humanized points, without a pleasant feature of its own, and which in its primitive formation, escaped every smile of Nature. On each side of the track of the road, the ground, or *rock* is covered with wretched shanties of a kennel size, and a pig-stye cleanliness, the tenants of which you soon learn by the rich brogue issuing from them; a few respectable looking houses stand in the background, and the offices and workshops of the Company located on the northern edge of the brook. About fifty years ago, a saw-mill, erected here in the woods by Stephen Tripp, was the only mark to be seen in the laurelled jungle, until the survey of this Company. This

jungle was more formidable from the fact, that during the early settlement of the valley it was the retreat of hordes of wolves. Over this savage nook, industry has triumphed, and imparted a little life to a point apparently consigned to eternal barrenness by the Power once frowning upon it. At the head of No. 6, stand the great screens for preparing the finer quality of coal, operated by steam power. The Lackawanna railroad running from Jessup to Throopville, a distance of nine miles, crosses the Pennsylvania road at this point.

Up the mountain slope, plane after plane, you ascend along the old Connecticut road and Indian path, having a prospect so wide and welcome as you turn westward, that for a moment you forget that in the streets elsewhere, you meet so many bodies wanting souls.

Down the mountain side, over ledge and tree, the eye wanders. Yonder in the bit of green sward, nestles the village of Dunmore, with its few tasty dwellings and its many barrellled shanties. Scranton, Hyde Park, Providence, and smaller village-buds are seen beyond, and farther still, the Moosic range with its round, plump breasts sloping gently down into the valley, where long lines of pasturage, spotted with the drowsy herd, and the red, long-necked chimneys looking from the coal works, give it a beauty contrasting strangely with the bleak summit of Cobb's Mountain, as it rises here over one thousand feet above tide water. The tunnel is before you, and you roll through its midnight mouth, where the cool air of underground comes in a grateful flood upon the brain. Passing over a mile or two of barrens, a few farms are seen, which in spite of the many disadvantages of cold, high soil, seem to be tolerably productive. From the tunnel to Hawley, the intervening

country along this road partakes much of the hilly aspect of northern Pennsylvania, diversified by cross-roads, clearings, farm-houses and streams. Here and there, a loose-tongued torrent plays bass and tenor with the revolving car-wheel, as it hums along some shady glen, and farther along, the narrow cut like the Sea of Old, opens for your passage. Down an easy grade, among tall old beechen forests, you roll at a speed of twelve miles an hour over a distance of some thirty miles from the tunnel, when, turning sharply around the base of a round, steep hill to the left, you land in Hawley, a new settlement which commenced with the construction of the railroad, and already has it expanded into a village of some beauty, and a good deal of consequence to the employees of the road, and to the boatmen who here load their boats with coal.

— A little distance below the village, the Wallenpau-pack, after taking one grand leap of 150 feet over the broken rock, becomes drowsy in the bosom of the eddy below and unites with the swifter Lackawaxen, forming a respectable sized stream, down whose waters coal was originally taken from the Lackawanna Valley in arks to the Delaware by Wurts. It is fourteen miles to Lackawaxen upon the Delaware, where, in 1779—one year after the Wyoming massacre—a bloody engagement took place between John Brant, the famous chief of the Six Nations and ally of the British, and some 400 Orange county militia.

The Tories and Indians had burned the town of Minisink, ten miles west of Goshen, scalping and torturing those who could not escape from the tomahawk by flight. Being themselves pursued by some raw militia, hastily gathered from the neighborhood for the purpose,

they retreated to the mouth of the Lackawaxen. Here Brant with his followers formed an ambuscade. The whites, burning to avenge the invaders of their fire-sides, incautiously rushed on after the fleeing savages, ignorant or forgetting the wily character of their foe. As the troops were rising over a hill covered with trees, and had become completely encircled in the fatal ring, hundreds of savages poured in upon them such a merciless fire, accompanied with the fearful war-whoop, that they were at once thrown into terrible confusion. Every savage was stationed behind the trunk of some tree or rock which shielded him from the bullets of the militia. For half an hour the unequal conflict raged with increasing fury, the blaze of the guns flashing through the gloom of the day, as feebler and faster fell the little band. At length, half of their number were either slain or so shattered by the bullets as to be mere marks for the sharpshooters that the remainder threw away their guns and fled, but so closely were they in return pursued by the exultant enemy that only thirty out of the entire body escaped to tell the sad story of defeat. Many of these reached their homes with fractured bones and fatal wounds. The remains of those who had fallen at this time were gathered in 1822 and deposited in a suitable place and manner by the Goshenites.

The Pennsylvania Coal Company contemplate a connection of their road with the Erie, in the vicinity of this old battle ground. This will dispense with the use of boats by them upon the canal, while the wholesome impulse it cannot fail to impart to that dishonored father of railroads—the Erie—will be mighty indeed, as about one million tons of coal will be taken over it

per year, finding a market at Newburg, Piermont, and Jersey City.

At Hawley the coal is now unloaded from the cars into boats upon the Delaware and Hudson Canal, of which 612,500 tons from the Lackawanna was carried over last year (1856) at a net profit to the Company of \$320,913 60. Once emptied, the cars return to Dunmore or Pittston, upon another and a lighter track where the grade is much heavier as the cars generally return empty.

Seated in the "Pioneer," a rude passenger concern, which loses some of the repulsive character of the coal car in its plain pine seats and arched roof, you rise abruptly up the plane from the Lackawaxen Creek a considerable distance before entering a series of ridges of rugged, scrub-oak land, as barren of interest as they were of value until this road by its various manipulations gave signs of life to hills singularly woeful and useless. A few half-starved sheep and gaunt cows are seen grazing upon the scanty herbage, and now and then a dark log-cabin, its broken windows reddened by the petticoat protruding from the sashless aperture, stands in a lonely patch inclosed for potatoes or cabbage. Leaving Palmyra township, this barrenness disappears in a great measure as you enter the richer rolling uplands of Salem, where an occasional farm is observed of natural fertility, but where the accompanying houses, barns, and fences, show great contempt for Heaven's first law. About one mile from the road nestles among some quiet hills the village of Hollisterville. It lies on a branch of the Wallenpaupack about ten miles above the old "Lackawa" colony. AMASA HOLLISTER, with his three sons, Alanson, Alpheus, and

Wesley, emigrated from Hartford, Connecticut, to this place in 1814, when the hunter and the trapper only were familiar with the unpeopled forest. Many of the social comforts of the village, and much of the rigid morality of New England character can be traced to these pioneers. Up No. 21 you rise, and then roll towards the valley. The deepest and greatest gap eastward from the Lackawanna is Cobb's, through which flows the Roaring Brook. This shallow brook, from some cause, appears to have lost much of its ancient size as it breaks through the picturesque gorge with shrunken volume to find its way into the Lackawanna at Scranton, three miles below. The gap itself is one of unusual wildness, and, although somewhat subdued by the ingenious applications of man, it yet possesses much of its original grandeur. Contemporaneous with the general disturbance in the great Alleghany basin, this opening was probably fractured from the mountain by the same superior agency which here elevated, and there depressed ranges. In fact, like the magnificent Delaware Water Gap, it seems to have been the margin of one of the lesser or larger lakes covering the country at some period. Emerging from the heavy wooded upland, you catch the first glimpse of a long, colossal ledge of rocks, rising vertically almost 3,000 feet, curving with such a graceful sweep as to remind one of the power which once swept its sides of their sterner features. Its high, grey, impressive face reminds one of the palisades along the noble Hudson. As you approach it, the huge mountain flank appears to defy farther progress, when the cars with a sudden bend to the left, wind the train away from the apparent danger, and you move down the narrow gateway deeper and deeper into the sur-

rounding solitude, where the rocks, broken a thousand centuries ago, lay in gloomy masses on every side. The strong-limbed hemlock assumes the mastery of the forest along the brook whose waters whiten as they pour over precipice after precipice into the blacker pools, which only a few years ago were so alive with trout, that, fishing half an hour with a single pole and line in any one of them, supplied the wants of a family for a day with this delicious fish. In the wildest portion of the gap the cars pass along on a mere shelf cut from the rock nearly a hundred feet up from the brook, where the Moosic Mountain rises up and hangs over your head as once hung the sword over the ancient tyrant. Directly opposite the narrowest portion of the gorge, lies on a rugged slope of the mountain, the village of Throopville or Greenville, which in the hands of its generous owner, Dr. B. H. Throop, does a snug little business in the way of lumbering. The Lackawanna railroad terminates here.

Cobb's Gap, the great *piloric* orifice through the Moosic range so rudely formed by some stern force, the period or nature of which must ever remain a mystery to man; once forbidding passage to the Indian's frail canoe or the lonely hunter, now illustrates the triumph of art over great natural obstacles. The Roaring Brook, a wagon road, and *three* different railroads find ample passage through it now.

A ride of about an hour, at moderate speed, along the western slope of the mountain hugging the Lackawanna brings you again to Pittston, where, after passing twenty-two stationary steam engines and planes upon the road, you gladly take leave of its coarser hospitalities.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AND DELAWARE CANAL AND RAILROAD COMPANY ("DRINKER'S ROAD")—THE LEGGETT GAP RAILROAD—THE DELAWARE AND COBB'S GAP RAILROAD COMPANY, NOW THE DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

Imperfect and so little as was the value or even the existence of anthracite coal generally understood throughout the country thirty years ago, new and extensive bodies of it being discovered in the valley by those who were exploring, the grand idea was conceived by Henry W. Drinker, of connecting the Susquehanna River at Pittston, with the Delaware River at the Water Gap, by a railroad, operated by hydraulic instead of steam power, running up the Lackawanna to the mouth of the Roaring Brook, thence up that noisy stream along its blackened sides to Lake Henry, and crossing the head waters of the Lenigh upon the swampy table land, which forms the dividing ridge between the Susquehanna and Delaware River, and down the Pocono, one of its lesser tributaries, through Stroudsburg and along the main stream to the Delaware Water Gap at Dutotsburg. This was as early as 1819, but, although no instrumental survey of the contemplated route, which lay over mountains and ravines and through lonely defiles, was made until eleven years later, a superficial examination of the country by Drinker, satisfied him that the intersecting line of communication was not only feasible, but must necessarily result to the advantage of all who should become interested in the enterprise. At the session of the Legislature in 1826, he obtained an act of incorporation of the "Susquehanna and Delaware Canal and Railroad Company," by the assistance of George M.

Hollenbach of the House of Representatives, and Geo. N. Baker, a senator from Philadelphia.

The Commissioners were David Scott, Henry W. Drinker, John Coolbaugh, James N. Porter, Daniel Stroud, William Henry, A. E. Brown, S. Stokes, and Jacob D. Stroud.

Among the very few persons in Pennsylvania who saw at a glance the importance of a route, so boldly and so wisely conceived, and who in 1830 became warmly interested in its favor, was a man to whom, more than to any one else, the old Indian Capouse region around *Slocum Hollow* is indebted to-day for the exchange of its ruggedness, for the present village of Scranton—WILLIAM HENRY.

Two of the most indefatigable and energetic members of the Board, were Henry and Drinker.

In this year a subscription of a few hundred dollars was obtained from the Commissioners, and in May, 1831, Mr. Henry, in accordance with the wishes of the Board, engaged Major Ephraim Beach, C.E., to run a preliminary line of survey over the intervening country.

By reference to the old report of Major Beach, it will be seen that the present line of the southern division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad is, in the main, much the same as that run by him at this time. Seventy miles in length the road was to be made, at a total estimated cost of \$624,720. 336 wagons (cars,) capable of carrying over the road 240,000 tons of coal per year, were to be employed.

Coal at this time was worth \$9 per ton in New York, while coal lands in the valley could be bought at prices varying from \$10 to \$20 per acre.

It was not supposed by the Commissioners that the

coal trade alone could make this road one so profitable, but it was originally their object to connect the two at these points, so as to participate in the trade upon the Susquehanna. For the *return* business it was thought that "iron in bars, pig and castings, would be sent from the borders of the Delaware in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and that lime-stone in great quantities would be transported from the same district and burned in the coal region, where fuel would be abundant and cheap."*

Simultaneously with this survey, was The Lackawanna and Susquehanna Railroad—or the "Meredith Road," as it long was known—running up the Lackawanna to that bold loop in the Susquehanna at the Bend, a distance of forty-seven and a half miles from the mouth of Leggett's Creek, in Providence—undertaken by the late James Seymour, although it was chartered in March, 1826. Near Providence these two roads were to intersect, and the Meredith one, like its mate, running eastward, was to operate with seven inclined planes in a similar manner.

The report of the Commissioners, although it presented the subject in its most attractive aspect, failed to excite the attention it demanded or deserved. Men reputed to be wise and reliable read it, and soon dismissed it from their minds as treating of a scheme unworthy of notice. Those who had seen the valley when the moose and the deer, sweeping along its sides, were thought to be its only inheritance, and who had sought to give the country nurture from its virgin breast, were looked upon as feeble and foolish ones.

The few sanguine spirits who appreciated the coming usefulness of the road, were not, however, dismayed.

* Commissioners' Report of the route, 1832.

In the spring of 1832, a sufficient amount of stock having been taken through the agency of Henry W. Drinker and William Henry, the Company was organized: Drinker being elected President, John Jordon, Jr., Secretary, and Henry, Treasurer. At a subsequent meeting of the stockholders, the President and Treasurer were constituted a financial committee to raise means to make the road, by selling stock, issuing bonds, or by hypothecating the road, etc. The engineer's map, the Commissioners' report, newspaper articles, were distributed freely, and every honest expedient employed to make known the happy influence upon every surrounding interest by the building of this road.

Shadowed so deeply in the forest of Pennsylvania as was the Lackawanna Valley, known in New York City only by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, which had been in operation only four years, up to this time neither Drinker's nor Meredith's charter were looked on without suspicion.

The times were too unripe for the road. To render the scheme, however, more comprehensive and general in its character, and make more certain the building of the Drinker Railroad, a continuous route was explored for a gravity railroad, "from a point in Cobb's Gap, where an intersection or connection can be conveniently formed with the Susquehanna and Delaware Railroad, in Luzerne county," up through Leggett's Gap, and running in a northwesterly direction to the State of New York.

This was the Leggett's Gap Railroad, an inclined plane road which, when completed, was expected to receive the trade along the fertile plains of the Susquehanna, Chenango and the Chemung, now enjoyed so profitably by the New York and Erie Railroad.

H. W. Drinker, Dr. A. Bedford, Elisha S. Potter, N. Cottrill, and T. Smith, were among the original Commissioners.

Public meetings were now called by the friends of the Drinker road, at the old Exchange in Wall street, New York, to obtain subscriptions to the stock of the Company, and, while many persons acknowledged the enterprise to be a matter of more than common interest to the country generally, as it promised when completed, to furnish a supply of coal from the coal hills of Luzerne county, a county where thousands of millions of tons of the best anthracite coal could be mined from a region of more than thirty-three miles in length, and averaging more than two miles in width, underlaid with coal probably averaging fifty feet in thickness, and besides this, unlike most other mining portions of the world, it abounded in agricultural fertility.

While all these facts were conceded, they produced no other effect than the finding of several capitalists whose favorable opinions buoyed up the hope that final success would triumph. In Morristown, Newton, Belvidere, Newark, and other places in New Jersey, and at Easton, Stroudsburg, Dunmore and Kingston, in Pennsylvania, meetings were called, to draw the attention of the public mind, and enlist the requisite means to open this highway through the rugged wilderness, where the wolf, with his grey eye, as he sat crouched in the swamp, bestowed as friendly a glance upon the project as capitalists generally were inclined to do. Every sanguine hope, every flattering promise, passed away like an idle shadow. Engagements were at length made with New York capitalists, which renewed and excited every reasonable expectation, they agreed to carry the matter for-

ward, provided that Drinker and his friends would obtain a charter for a continuous line of gravity railroad up the Susquehanna, from Pittston to the New York State line. In 1833, a perpetual charter for such a road was obtained by their agency, and the first installment of five dollars was paid, according to the act of Assembly. In itself it was considered, that in connection with other roads, at or near the Delaware Water-Gap to New York city, it would be with its terminus at Jersey city eastwardly, and the State line near Athens, in Pennsylvania, westward, the shortest, and the best line, the natural avenues indicated from New York west; it was shown by the official report of a survey made in 1827, by John Bennett, of Kingston, Pennsylvania, that the distance from the mouth of the Lackawanna of eighty-six miles, had but two hundred and fourteen feet fall, or about two and a half feet per mile, the acclivity for the whole distance being in general nearly equal, and beyond this to the city of Elmira, at about the same grade.

Their New York partners having full faith in the realization of so splendid a project as that of having, with them the entire control of a line reaching the same point on the New York and Erie Railroad line (as laid down by Judge Wright, C. E., but on which nothing yet had been done), at a distance of eighty-one miles *short* of this line, while running through both the anthracite and bituminous coal districts, and upon grades much easier, were greatly encouraged to hope for success; several sections in the "Susquehanna Railroad" law, were by supplements, so amended and supplied in accordance to the wishes of their New York friends, as to cheer and aid the hopes of the long toiling ones.

In October, 1835, the services of Doctor George Green, of Belvidere, who was a friend of this improvement, and who originated the "Belvidere Delaware Railroad," were procured. William Henry's note, endorsed by H. W. Drinker, accepted and endorsed by the cashier of the "Elizabethtown Bank" as "good," was taken by the doctor to the Wilkes Barre Bank as a deposit and payment in compliance with the law called the "Susquehanna Railroad" act of Assembly of 1833.

In consequence of the commercial embarrassments, which spread their gloomy and crushing influences throughout the country, in 1835 and 1836, the parties in New York interested in the road became so utterly prostrated as to need assistance themselves, instead of being able to render any to the railroad. Other parties being broken up by insolvency or death, it again seemed as if all the anxieties and labors of years must prove abortive.

Ten years had thus rolled away, without a single rail having been laid upon this road, although many portions of it had been cleared of trees, and a few points had been graded, when a simple circumstance enlivened the hopes of the desponding board of directors.

In 1836, there was travelling in the United States an English nobleman, named Sir Charles Augustus Murray, who, learning the important character of this road, from one of his friends, became interested in its success. A correspondence ensued, which led to a meeting of the friends of the project, at Easton, June 13, 1836, Mr. Drinker and Mr. Henry on the part of the Railroad Company, and Mr. Armstrong of New York, Mr. C. A. Murray, and William F. Clemson, of New Jersey, wrote out articles of association; the Railroad Committee fully

authorized Mr. Murray to raise, as he proposed to do, 100,000 pounds sterling, in England, conditional that the Company should raise the means to make a beginning of the work. Mr. Henry accompanied him to New York, and furnished him with the power of Attorney, under seal expressly made for the purpose, and on the eighth of August, 1836, Mr. Murray sailed for Europe. Mr. Henry at once met and made arrangements with the Morris Canal Board of Directors to raise \$150,000 on stock subscriptions to commence the road, but before these arrangements had been of any advantage to the Railroad Company, discouraging news came from England. Mr. Murray, in the month of December informed the Company that the monetary concerns of Europe were so paralyzed, that he could do nothing for their interests.

To this meeting, which lasted three days in the rural town of Easton, can be traced the starting-point of Vulcan's works in Slocum Hollow, whose wide operations and varied influences have inspired with life a valley once obscure and lost.*

The first Iron Works in Scranton, were erected in 1840. In the summer of 1842, after iron was satisfactorily made in small quantities, the directors of the railroad had a yearly meeting, and as Drinker and Henry both had invested years of toil to interest capitalists in a scheme, whose comprehension was in advance of their day, it was thought best to await the developments in the iron and coal interests in the valley.

The want, however, of a better communication with the sea-board, than the slow mule team or the sluggish

* See History of Slocum Hollow.

waters of the canal, manifested itself so urgently to the makers of iron at Scranton, that Col. Geo. W. Scranton conceived the idea, in 1847, of opening a communication northward to the lake county, by a *locomotive* instead of a *gravity* railroad, which Drinker's, Meredith's, and the Leggett's Gap Railroad charter contemplated.

The charter of this last named company, passed into the hands of the "Scranton Company;" a survey was made in 1849, and in 1850 the road commenced.

In April, 1849, "The Delaware and Cobb's Gap Railroad Company"—a road to run from the Delaware Water Gap, to some point on the Lackawanna near Cobb's Gap—was incorporated. The commissioners were Moses W. Coolbaugh, S. W. Schoonmaker, Thomas Grattan, H. M. Lebar, A. Overfield, J. Place, Benjamin V. Bush, Alpheus Hollister, Samuel Taylor, F. Starburd, James H. Stroud, R. Bingham, and W. Nyce. The first meeting of the commissioners was held at Stroudsburg, December 26th, 1850, when Col. Geo. W. Scranton was chosen president.

The northern division of the "Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company" was opened for business in October, 1851.

A union with the "Cobb's Gap Railroad Company" was effected at this time, so that nothing was wanting to carry out the original plan of the Colonel, of connecting the iron-works at Harrison with the city of New York, but the necessary means, as the route was then being surveyed and adopted.

In 1853, the Railroad Company purchased of H. Drinker, Esq., his charter, for the sum of \$1,000.

As one of the Committee, and as its aged parent, it

had after all its reverses and blasted hopes, been committed to him.

A joint application was at this time made by the "Delaware and Cobb's Gap Railroad Company," and the "Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company," for an act of the Legislature for their consolidation; which was granted March 11, 1853, and the union consummated, under the present name of "The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company."

Of this consolidated road Col. George W. Scranton was elected President; and how well he filled this position until compelled to exchange it for the invalid's shelf, let the satisfactory adjustment of the many conflicting interests; the liberal, comprehensive spirit of his administration; the progress and the completion of this artery, now pulsating eastward and westward along the iron-pathway, from the Lackawanna Valley, and the confidence with which his address was able to inspire capitalists, so that he could *raise the money to do it*—let them all attest.

John Brisbin is the present Superintendent.

THE LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.

After the locomotive railroad from the Lackawanna Valley had become a fixed fact by the genial efforts of those to whom its failure or its success had been intrusted other roads began to spring into a charter being. Among such, was the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad. An act incorporating this Company was passed in April, 1852, but until some valuable and essential amendments were obtained for the charter the next

year, by the able efforts of one of the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature—Hon. A. B. Dunning—did it possess any available vitality. This road is fifty-seven miles long, running from Scranton to Rupert, and, passes through the historic valley of Wyoming, where the poet Campbell drew, in his *Gertrude*, such pictures of the beautiful and wild. It also passes along the Susquehanna, over a portion of the old battle-ground, where, in 1778, a small band of settlers marched forth from Forty Fort, in the afternoon, to fight the spoilers of their fire-sides, and where after the battle, the long strings of scalps dripping from the Indian belts, and the hatchets reddened with the slain, told how sorely was the rout, and how terrible the massacre which followed. The dweller in wigwams has bid a long farewell to a region so full of song and legend, and where can be found the one to-day who, as he looks over the old plantation of the Indian Nations, once holding their great council fires here, upon the edge of the delightful river, surrounded by forest and its inclosing mountain, can wonder that they fought as fights the wild-man with war-club and tomahawk, to regain the ancient plains of their fathers?

Wyoming Valley, taken as a whole, compensates in the highest degree for the trouble of visiting it. The grand beauty of the old Susquehanna, and the dark current of its sluggish waters, nowhere along its entire distance appears to better advantage than it does here. Where along the Po or the Rhine, loom up the grey walls of some dismantled castles stained with the blood of centuries, here lies upon the Wyoming flats, rural and sociable evidences of prosperous life with none of its eastern mockeries.

The tourist who wishes to visit this truly interesting valley, can step into one of the cars of the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Company at Scranton, and in twenty minutes look "on Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!" Across the river, nearly at the head of the valley, is seen the battle-ground. About three miles below Pittston, a little to the left of the railroad, rises up from the plain a naked monument—an obelisk of grey masonry sixty-two and a half feet high, which commemorates the disastrous afternoon of the third of July, 1778. Near this point, reposes the bloody rock around which, on the evening of that day, was formed the fatal ring, and where the Indian Queen of the Senecas, with her death-maul and battle-axe, dashed out the brains of the captives. The *débris* of Forty Fort, the first fort built on the north side of the Susquehanna by the Connecticut emigrants in 1769, is found a short distance from the rock.

This road, while it is a valuable tributary to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and forms, an intermediate link so important to northern and central Pennsylvania, also possesses many local advantages of its own. Above Pittston, eight collieries, having a yearly yielding capacity of 750,000 tons of coal, lie upon this road, while below twelve mines of coal, capable of furnishing each year almost a *million* of tons of anthracite, must find a market only by the aid of this iron path-way.

In three counties alone, along the line, are *fourteen* iron furnaces in the very midst of the richest fields of ore, besides many iron mills at Danville, a little distance below the southern terminus of the road. We know of no railroad in the country, lined with scenery, which would better repay the visit of a few days in summer or

autumn, than will this. It is, in fact, all picturesque, while portions of it are really magnificent. Thundering along the border of the river and canal, at a rate of thirty miles an hour, a glimpse is now caught and then lost, of old grey mountain crags and glens, covered with forest just as it grew—of sleepy islands, dreaming in the half-pausing stream—of long, narrow meadows, stretched along with sights of verdure and sounds of life, and now and then a light cascade, tuned by the late rains, comes leaping down rock after rock, like a ribbon floating in the air! How the waters whiten as they come through the tree-tops with silver shout from precipice to precipice in the bosom of some rock, cool and fair lipped! The scenery is especially grand at Nanticoke—the once wild camp place of the Nanticokes—where Wyoming Valley terminates, and where the noble river, wrapped up in the majesty of mountains, glides along as languidly as when the red-man shot along its darkened waters upon his birchen wing. This road, under the immediate supervision of its efficient Superintendent, A. N. Rogers, promises to be as successful in its operations and as remunerative to the stockholders, as it already is acknowledged to be beneficial to the public generally. Wm. C. Reynolds is the President of the road; H. C. Silkman, Assistant Engineer.

THE LACKAWANNA AND LANESBOROUGH RAILROAD.

As early as February 5th, 1817, an act was passed to incorporate a Company "for improving the navigation of the Lackawanna Creek," but the act and the Company perished in their birth. Drinker's charter for his railroad was obtained in April, 1826. A few days pre-

vious to this, however, was the "Lackawannock and Susquehanna Railroad"—or the Meredith road—chartered. After its survey, in May, 1831, but little energy or ability was bestowed on the project, so nothing whatever was done with it, except to infuse a little animation by supplements now and then, thrown into its expiring years. The road was to be a gravity one, and to run from the mouth of Leggett's Creek in Providence to the bend in the Susquehanna. This road was conceived more in a spirit of opposition to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company than to promote the interests of the Lackawanna Valley.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, in February, 1849, granted a charter to the "Lackawanna and Lanesborough Railroad Company," a Company which almost over the neglected route of Meredith, contemplated to build a locomotive road. Connecting with the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg at Hyde Park, it is to extend to the mouth of Starucca Creek about one mile north of Lanesborough, and pass alongside of the imposing Starucca Viaduct of the New York and Erie Railroad. Regarding Oswego as the most important key to Canada and all the country bounding the five great lakes, this road expects to enjoy the advantages of the market for anthracite coal, not only at this point, but at Albany and along the Mohawk and upper waters of the Hudson. Unlike all other roads entering the valley, this one possesses neither mines nor mining privileges, although it passes twenty-two miles along the great coal basin; it simply will rely on the *carrying* business alone. It is $53\frac{3}{4}$ miles in length, with an easy grade. Following the eastern slope of the Lackawanna for a distance of about thirty-six miles, up to the very head of the stream and about 2,040 feet above tide water, it passes along the villages

of Hyde Park, Providence, Blakely, Archibald, Baconville (Carbondale lies three quarters of a mile east of the road), Eho, and Starucca village.

The route has been surveyed and located, and should the road be built as there is every reason to hope it may, will not only enhance property along the entire valley, but supply, at a reasonable rate, southern, central, and even northern New York with the best of anthracite coal. John C. Trautwine is the Civil Engineer of the road.

LIST OF COAL OPERATORS AT, OR PREPARING FOR WORK,
1857.

Some general idea of coal operations in the great Lackawanna coal-basin can be had by the following table, furnished the writer by the politeness of Mr. Wm. Needham, Mining Engineer, Scranton, as well as by the fact that over \$12,000,000, most of which is New York capital, is invested in coal property in the valley :

| | AMOUNT OF COAL SENT TO MARKET. | HOW WORKED. |
|---|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| | Tons. | |
| Pennsylvania Coal Co., 1856..... | 612,500 | Slopes & Shafts |
| Delaware & Hudson Canal Co..... | 499,650 | Sl. Sh. & Drifts |
| Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R.R. Co. | 305,530 | " " " |
| Baltimore Coal Co..... | 100,000 | " " " |
| Judson Clark*..... | 60,417 | " " " |
| Wilkes Barre Coal Co..... | 40,000 | Slope & Drift |
| Mordecai Diamond Colliery..... | 35,000 | Shaft |

* About one mile northwest of Providence, the mountain opens with a rough majesty, forming a passage known as the "Notch," or "Notches," occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, a plank-road, and the white waters of Leggett's Creek. The gap is narrow, about one mile in length, and so walled with long, grey ledges of rock, swung

| | AMOUNT OF COAL SENT TO MARKET. | HOW WORKED. |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| | Tons. | |
| Lee, Payne & Co..... | 34,395 | Drift |
| Maryland Coal Co..... | 33,000 | " |
| Sharps & Oliver..... | 32,000 | " |
| Tompkins, Price & Co..... | 30,000 | " |
| Pittston Coal Co..... | 25,000 | " |
| Luzerne Coal Co.*..... | 21,722 | Slope & Drift |
| Boukley & Leysen..... | 20,000 | " |
| Mammoth Vein Coal Co..... | 20,000 | Drift |
| James Freeland..... | 20,000 | " |
| Mill Creek Coal Co..... | 14,000 | " |
| New York & Pennsylvania Coal Co..... | 13,899 | Slope & Drift |
| Howell & Brother..... | 20,000 | |
| Hartford Coal Co..... | 12,000 | Slope & Shaft |
| North Branch Coal Co..... | 11,000 | Shaft |
| Geneva Coal Co..... | 10,000 | " |
| Nassau Coal Co..... | | " |
| John J. Shouk..... | 10,000 | Drift |
| R. Hutchinson & Co..... | 6,500 | |
| Ravine Coal Co..... | 6,500 | Shaft |
| Junction Coal Co..... | 3,000 | Slope & Shaft |
| Thompson, Morgan & Co..... | 400 | Drift |
| Erie & Susquehanna Coal Co..... | 300 | |
| Northampton Coal Co..... | None | |
| John Stanton & Co..... | " | |
| Wren & Brothers..... | " | |
| Jameson Harvey..... | " | Drift |
| West Pittston Coal Co..... | " | Shaft |
| Scranton Coal Co..... | " | Drift |

out almost over your head, as to render a glance at them anything but tedious. Save the dull, slow, then the thick, rapid drumming of the partridge upon a rotten log, or the girlish romp of the brook leaping along the gorge, or doing the drudgery of a neighboring saw-mill, all was silence here until the works of Mr. Clark commenced. His are upon a safe and remunerating principle, and the coal he mines at this point, like all mined by other companies in the vicinity, is delivered in merchantable order to the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company. Mr. Clark was the *first individual*, after Wm. Wurts, to send coal from the Lackawanna Valley.

* This Company, with a capital of \$225,000, and with a growth of only two years, has established for itself a character, by the prompt and pru-

| | AMOUNT OF COAL SENT TO MARKET. | HOW WORKED. |
|---|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| | Tons. | |
| New York & Scranton Coal Co..... | None | Shaft |
| Scranton Anthracite Coal Co..... | " | Drift & Shaft |
| Hanover Coal Co..... | " | Drift |
| Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal Co..... | " | " |
| National Anthracite Coal Co. (Capt. Lewis Carr, Manager)..... | " | " |
| Hyde Park Coal Co..... | | |
| Union Iron and Coal Co. (works burned June, 1857) | | Shaft |
| Lackawanna Coal and Iron Co..... | | Drift |
| Spring Brook Coal Co..... | | Shaft |
| New York & Pittston Coal Co..... | | " |
| Fellows' Coal Co..... | | Drift |
| Luzerne Anthracite Coal Co..... | | Drift & Slope |
| G. H. Coursen..... | | Shaft |
| Excelsior Coal Co..... | | Drift & Shaft |
| Van Stork Coal Co..... | | Shaft |
| Lackawanna Railroad and Coal Co..... | | " |
| Stevenson & Co..... | | Drift |
| New York & Lackawanna Coal Co..... | | |
| Tinklepaugh Coal Co..... | | |
| Simpson, Eaton & Westcott. (Now deliver- ing 200 tons per day at Archibald)..... | | |

dent management of its affairs, equal to any in the country. On the road leading from Providence to Abington, and contiguous to those of Clark's, their mines are located. By the curious and ingenious application of steam power and planes, the cars are drawn from midnight holes in the earth loaded with coal, up to the top of their great coal cracker, operated by steam; and after it is cracked in the iron teeth of the works, with as much ease as the beech-nut crumbles in the squirrel's mouth, it falls ready sorted and screened into the cars of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company, ready for transportation. B. F. Sawyer, Jr., is the soul and principal of the concern.

| Date | Description | Amount |
|------|-------------|--------|
| 1890 | | |
| 1891 | | |
| 1892 | | |
| 1893 | | |
| 1894 | | |
| 1895 | | |
| 1896 | | |
| 1897 | | |
| 1898 | | |
| 1899 | | |
| 1900 | | |

STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE
January 15, 1900.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE
MAY 15, 1899.
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